A HAIRDRESSER'S EXPERIENCE

IN

HIGH LIFE.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

ELIZA POTTER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.

THE AUTHOR'S APPEAL.

It may perhaps be considered presumptive for one in my humble sphere of life to think of writing a book; but, influenced by the earnest persuasions of many ladies and gentlemen, I have at last concluded that I might just as well note down a few of my experiences for their amusement as not.

The unlettered of all ages have numbered in their ranks many with sufficient observation and intelligence to have written more entertaining books than many which have emanated from cultivated pens, had they only possessed the courage to tell what they knew in simple, plain language—could they only remember that the mouths of babes and sucklings have, in other days, perfected the praise of the mightiest. Those days may come again.

The physician writes his diary, and doubtless his means of discovering the hidden mysteries of life are great. The clergyman, whose calling inspires the deepest confidence, and into whose ear the tales of sorrow are unreservedly breathed, sends forth his diary to an eager world, and other innumerable chroniclers of fireside life have existed; but the hair-

dresser will yield rivalship to none in this regard. If domestic bitterness and joy, and all the heart-emotions that exist, cannot be discovered by her, she defies all the rest of the world to find them out.

My avocation calls me into the upper classes of society almost exclusively; and there reign as many elements of misery as the world can produce. No one need go into alleys to hunt up wretchedness; they can find it in perfection among the rich and fashionable of every land and nation. Oh! if tesselated hearths and satin tapestries could speak, what tales of agony they might tell! If the marble statues that adorn the riches of lordly mansions could open their mouths, how would they outrival all poetry and romance in the incidents they could proclaim! and could the nuptial couch, with its silken hangings, unfold its memories, could we bear to listen to its disclosures? But nowhere do hearts betray themselves more unguardedly than in the private boudoir, where the hair-dresser's mission makes her a daily attendant. Why, then, should not the hair-dresser write, as well as the physician and clergyman? She will tell her story in simpler language; but it will be none the less truthful, none the less strange.

A HAIR-DRESSER'S EXPERIENCE

IN HIGH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MY DEBUT.

I HAVE promised to give you a sketch of my experiences in those walks of life where fate has led me, up to the present time. You will find them somewhat rambling and desultory; but I beg you will overlook much that you will find a little *harum scarum*, considering the humble condition of your narrator.

I was brought up in New York, and went out, at an early age, to earn my living, in the service of people of *ton*. For some years, this occupation was agreeable to me; but at length I wearied of it, and being at liberty to choose my own course, I determined to travel, and to gratify my long-cherished desire to see the world—and especially the *Western world:* so I started as soon as possible toward the setting sun. At Buffalo, however, my journey was suddenly arrested by a sort of ceremony called *matrimony*, which I entered into very naturally, and became quieted down

under it for a length of time, *just as naturally.* I have seen other persons do the same thing, and so, I suppose, I need not be ashamed to own having committed a weakness, which has, from the beginning of time, numbered the most respectable of the earth among its *victims.* But it matters not how or why, after a season of quiet, or unquiet, just as you please to call it, the desire for roving again took possession of me; and I determined to visit Canada, before going to Ohio. I therefore proceeded to Queenstown, and there took passage on a steamer for Toronto.

I was alone in the world—self-exiled from home and friends, to be sure—but it was not until we were out some distance upon the rolling waters of the lake, that I realized my isolated condition. I sat upon the deck, surrounded by people; but being a stranger among strangers, I had no claim upon the notice of any one; and I gazed out, with somewhat saddened feelings, upon the waste of waters before me. My nature is sympathetic, however; and as confusion reigned everywhere upon the boat, I soon grew nervous with excitement. Among the passengers was the Governor-General of Canada, with his family and suite, beside many distinguished persons of the Province. They observed my embarrassed manner, and spoke kindly to me; for which I was extremely grateful, and did not fail to express to them my thanks. But at dinner, these kind people really made me feel uncomfortable: my situation was a novel one; I had never before been associated with those who considered themselves my superiors—*at table;* but upon this occasion, I was invited to sit and take my meal with those who, had they been educated in my own country, would have

indignantly repudiated any such arrangement: and it was not until after repeated solicitations from them, that I consented to take my seat. The whole party was merry and pleasant, and I soon felt at my ease, and not at all like an intruder. Well-bred people perfectly understand the art of making all comfortable around them, no matter what their color or condition may be. I have observed that *parvenu* ladies and gentlemen know nothing whatever of this gentle art: born and brought up in coarse atmospheres, *refined conduct* should never be *expected of them*. Society is made up of varieties; but it is easy for the *humblest servant* to distinguish the well-born and highly-bred lady, under the *plainest garb*, from the *parvenu woman*, whose sudden good luck and well-filled purse dresses her in lace, seats her in a carriage, and places her in circles where she is more *endured* than courted.

The table was loaded with every luxury; but the excitement occasioned by the novelty of my position deprived me of appetite. I was entirely unfamiliar with table etiquette, and felt conscious of looking awkward and embarrassed; but the kind ladies and gentlemen, understanding the nature of my discomfort, spared no pains to put me at my ease.

On sped the vessel, with its precious freight of human life, each heart beating quicker as the distance from land, and home, and friends was shortened by the revolutions of the mighty wheels. How much of the happiness of this world is comprised in such anticipated meetings! and how miserable they must be who know nothing of such joys as these!

Before we touched the shores of Toronto I felt perfectly at home among my new-found friends. They

had descended from their high position to be civil and agrecable to the humble stranger, and from my heart I shall *bless* and pray for them to the end of my days. Their gentle treatment will never be forgotten, and I hope the eyes of these dear people may some day meet this poor tribute to their kindness and worth.

At Toronto I was welcomed by my own relatives and their numerous friends and acquaintances, and received many invitations to balls, parties and social gatherings. After mingling in these gay assemblies for some weeks, I felt strongly inclined to identify myself with the English soil. Still I resisted the impulse. Thinking it was time to leave pleasure for something more important, I again returned to Buffalo, where there was no attraction to detain me for even a moment. As my husband had already preceded me to the West, I therefore hastened to Pittsburg by stage route, which was not without its incidents. Those who have traveled in those primitive days, before the invention of railroads, will readily recognize the truth of many discomforts which I might here relate, but for the fear of fatiguing the indulgent reader, who is about to follow my footsteps over land, ocean and prairie. We broke down innumerable times in the dismal recesses of the forests, were sheltered and fed by the kind Samaritans who inhabited the wilderness, where snow and ice-clothed field and dell, and where Winter seemed too firmly established ever again to yield to Spring's soft influences.

The day was dark and dreary upon our arrival at Pittsburg. Smoke hung like a pall over town and country, and but for the sociability and hospitality that reigns within doors, Pittsburg would be the gloomiest

of places. I could dwell for pages upon this theme; but the steam is up, I am seated upon the deck of the "David Marshall," and to the cloud-enveloped city and its heart-lighted homes I must bid farewell, and wend my way down the beautiful Ohio. Lovely river! how I turn to thee, as to an old, pleasant friend, upon whose bosom I have laughed and wept, thinking my joys and sorrows over and over again. Our boat proceeded slowly, in consequence of the floating ice, and at Wheeling we were obliged to cast anchor for days and days. Here, though the passengers resorted to many means for beguiling the hours, the time dragged, and the morning of our departure was one of joy to all on board. The weather had softened, and earth and sky were clad with a serenity I can not describe. The ice floated thinly upon the waters, and the boatmen sang cheerily as we glided over the moonlit and sunlit waves. Buoyant and happy were the hearts of all upon the deck and in the cabin. The outward and the homeward-bound seemed equally excited by some bright hope. The number of our passengers had increased. Among the new ones was a *negro trader*, whose name was W.; he had with him a number of unfortunate beings in chains and shackles. They were destined for the *Southern market*, and were all confined, with the exception of *one*—a good-looking, well-formed girl, for whom he had obtained a *cabin passage*, and who was treated better than her unfortunate companions. Why? Because the trader doomed her to *ignominy*. He knew he would be paid for his trouble and expense. She had beauty enough to arouse the *base lust of some Southern buyer*. I objected to sit at table with her—not through any feel-

ing of superiority on my part toward the girl, but I thought if she came to that table her companions on the lower deck ought to have the same privilege—and it grieved me to contemplate the *cause* of the distinction shown between those who had been equally bought, and were alike to be sold. My objection caused some disturbance, and considerable discussion arose in regard to it among the passengers. Mr. W was highly indignant that *I* should have questioned his right to treat his *goods and chattles* as he pleased. Those of the passengers who were opposed to the system came to my aid, and Mr. W., not possessing arguments sufficient to silence me, thought his best plan was to brow-beat me, and called me a meddler, an abolitionist, and many other such names. Not noticing these epithets, I pursued my way untroubled by anything he could say.

On my arrival in Cincinnati, I obtained a situation as lady's maid, in the family of Mr. W.,whose wife was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Major O., of Kentucky; they were then stopping, temporarily, at the "Broadway Hotel." About a week after I had been with them, I had the pleasure of witnessing the distress of a Louisville lady, consequent upon the sudden disappearance of a beautiful slave girl, whom she had brought with her for a few day's stay in the Queen City. This girl was fairer and more lovely than her mistress, and despising the low servitude which oppressed her, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that, finding herself on free soil, she should seize the first opportunity to escape from it. She was sent out one morning to make purchases, and never returned, but found a happy home, I trust, on English soil. The

lady related to me her loss and grivances, but, as I could not recognize the right of *one human being to own another*, I did not sympathize with her in the least.

Shortly after this, Mrs. W visited Louisville, and I accompanied her as child's nurse. We stopped at the Louisville Hotel, where it happened that the brother of the missing slave, of whom I have just spoken, was employed as a servant. This brother the lady had publicly *threatened to sell unless the girl should produce herself.* I saw him—pitied him, and had some conversation with him, during which he told me a sad story of suffering, and asked me, in imploring accents, if I knew of a spot on this wide earth, where he could be free? I frankly told him all I knew of Canada. I informed him how he could reach there; and yet I trembled for his youth and inexperience in a strange country, and a doubt rose in my mind, as to whether I had been his friend, or his enemy, in thus directing his footsteps to a new world and a new home. Future accounts of him, however, set my heart at rest upon this point, and on my knees I thanked God that I had been the humble means of unloosing the shackles of one upright and manly soul. His owners pursued him, but he was beyond their reach, and I was pounced upon by them, after having returned to Cincinnati, and arrested as accessory to the deed. When the officers came for me, I was alone with the baby, and refused accompanying them until Mrs. W 's return, to which determination they reluctantly assented. I also refused *riding* to the *place of justice* in a carriage which they had provided for the purpose, which very much disconcerted plans on foot

in my behalf, as they intended, doubtless, conveying me to Kentucky, where I should, probably, in the excitement of the moment, have been severely handled. At the court of justice, I was questioned, with great minuteness, as to my complicity in this affair, which was now creating a wonderful stir in the sister cities. I did not deny giving the boy all the information I possessed upon the subject, and for *this*, I was sentenced to be tried before the bar of my country. Before the bar of God, I know *well* how such a trial would terminate, but in presence of human justice, I could not so easily decide the matter. At the expiration of three days, during which time I was under bail, given by Mr. W., I was delivered over to Kentuckians, notwithstanding the opinions to the contrary of Judges Spencer, Starr, Storer, and other distinguished lawyers. Thousands of persons followed me to the ferry-boat, which was to convey me across the Ohio River—some in sorrow and some in joy; all believing that I had made my final exit from Cincinnati —which, however, as the reader will see, was a mistake.

It is many years since those dark events transpired, and yet, under my own vine and fig tree, in the very heart of that same populous city, am I *now*, endeavoring to recall to myself, and those who may honor me with a perusal, some few of the strange incidents of my life.

I was placed in the jail of Newport, where I remained three days, without experiencing any very great discomfort, owing to the kind and sympathizing attentions of the jailor, whom I have always thanked, from my inmost heart, for a jail is not a place to be coveted under the best of circumstances. I was then

removed to Louisville, where I was for three months a prisoner, and *this* for doing what I conscientiously felt to be a Christian deed. Here every persuasion was resorted to, to induce me to confess having committed a wrong. Then I was threatened, and told that I should be tried with Jones and Leavitt, the murderers; but, like Job, I adhered to my integrity to the last, preferring to be tried with, and die with (if necessary), those who had killed the body, rather than shrink from owning that I had boldly aided in rescuing the soul of an oppressed fellow-being. I said in reply to those who examined me, that I recognized no crime in what I had done—meant none. My speech to the court resulted in my acquittal, and I was permitted to go free ever afterward, in both free and slave states.

After the proceedings, I sojourned awhile in Madison, Indiana, in the family of Mr. W., whose wife was the daughter of Mr. L., of Baltimore, well known from his interest in the colonization cause. But Madison was too quiet a town for me, and I returned to the Queen City, where I was fortunate enough to obtain a situation in the family of Mr. N. L., as nurse to a favorite grandchild, son of Mrs. A. This dear lady I can not thank too much for her kind advice on many a serious occasion. I had a fiery temper, and she taught me to control it to a degree astonishing even to myself.

Of my little charge, I was very fond; and am as proud *now* of the grown young gentleman, whose little feet I trained to walking, and whose lips I taught to lisp many a childish sentence.

In the family, the cook and myself fell to open war,

and I left. After this I obtained a situation in the family of Mr. G., our recent member of Congress; and the little baby girl I nursed *there*, is now in the full blush of early womanhood, whom none can behold but with admiration and respect; and when I see her floating along, with the dignity, grace, and ease of a sylph, upon the street and in the drawing-rooms, I can scarcely realize that it was I who taught her, in her *babyhood*, to walk. But, as I had rather a vagabond disposition, and loved change, I, soon after this, left the service of this pleasant family, and engaged again as child nurse to a sister of this lady, who was soon to embark with her husband and family for Europe — *he* having been partially promised a FOREIGN APPOINTMENT by General Harrison, who had just entered upon his office. The *paternal* [redacted] both sides of my new employers were judges, in [redacted] position, and possessed much public influence.

Having accomplished the ceremony of obtaining passports in Washington City, we sailed from New York in February on the "Louis Phillippe," and had a rough passage of twenty-four days across the ocean. A storm, which lasted fo[redacted] eight hours, drove us into the Bay of Biscay. The passengers were all fearfully alarmed, and gathered themselves together in groups in the cabin to die together, if such must be their fate. But our vessel weathered the gale, while many others sank beneath it, to be heard from no more till the sea shall give up its dead.

On the twenty-fourth day "Land ho!" was shouted from the mast-head, and in a few hours [redacted] our feet touched the soil of France.

It was night when we arrived in Pa[redacted]re all

looked gay, brilliant and strange. At the gates of the city our baggage was examined, according to custom, and we proceeded to the Maurice Hotel, the rendezvous of nobility and fashionable travelers. We were all glad to take an early sleep; but morning usually opens the eyes of the most fatigued sleepers, and a natural desire to take a peep at the strange world I had landed in, roused me earlier than usual from my slumbers.

I dressed myself and my little responsibility in double-quick time, and we sauntered forth into the area of the hotel to see how things looked. Order prevailed everywhere. All the world seemed to be doing just what it ought to do, and to have just enough time for its duties, and no more. We did not venture into the streets far, but nevertheless returned laden with news of the little which had already engaged our attention.

The next day the American Minister to France called with his daughters upon my lady and gentleman. The young ladies were perfectly French in manner and *accent*, very agreeable, and altogether pleasing. In a few days more, through the polite invitation of General Cass, we found ourselves inmates of his own delightful residence, where, the servants being all French, it was with difficulty I could make myself at home among them. Gradually, however, I acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to understand what was going on around me, and to make myself understood. They were very kind to me, and I accompanied them to church on Sabbath mornings, where, instead of pews, *chairs* are made use of, for which each occupant pays a few sous. The

Sabbath evening church in France is generally a *ball*, which startled me a little at first; but it is astonishing how naturally we fall into the tastes and customs of people with whom we are for the time associated. I was miserable at first about it, and very much conscience-stricken at this innovation upon my usual American habits; but finally, *I regret to say*, I became as French as the rest of them, and dancing on the Sabbath evening, after the day had been spent in strict observance of religious duty, no longer offended my notions of propriety. But the older I grow, and the more I see the necessity of devoting *one entire day in the seven* to the service of God, the more I wonder that I could ever have been so misguided.

Day after day my little charge and I wandered up and down the Champs Elysees and in the Tuilleries gardens, admiring French sights and delighted with foreign objects. The shop windows upon the Boulevards often claimed our attention, and hour after hour, upon our return home, would we rehearse the events of our promenades.

Our visit to the hospitable home of General Cass having expired, my lady and gentleman took private apartments, where we remained a short time, acquiring every day more knowledge of the French language, and becoming hourly more accustomed to French observances; but at length Mr. ———, wishing to have all in fitting style upon the arrival of his *appointment*, took a private house, and set up his carriage, horses and servants in livery. The carriage my little responsibility and myself usually had the advantage of while my lady was making her toilette for visiting or the promenade, and everything went on

charmingly *until news arrived that Mr. ——— would not receive his anticipated appointment, it having been given to another.* This was a damper to us all, inasmuch as the vexation of his disappointment did not fail to evince itself in the bearing of my gentleman, upon every occasion and to every person.

About this time the baptism of the Count of Paris took place, a ceremony I *determined to witness*, though my gentleman, on leaving home with my lady to be present at it, *peremptorily ordered me not to absent myself* from the premises during his absence; but through the kindness of an English lady, living in adjacent appartments, who had sprained her ancle, and could not go, I was provided with tickets which secured to myself and little responsibility a window commanding a fine view of the entire procession and paraphernalia of the occasion. Such a scene of splendor I never expected to see, and suppose I never shall witness anything so grand again. On reaching home I found my lady quite pleased that I and the child had enjoyed the scene, but her husband was boiling over with wrathful emotions at my disobedience. He never seemed to recognize that *I* had any right to amuse myself or to be happy upon any occasion; but for this I invariably cared precious little, though I never permitted myself to behave toward him as perhaps he deserved, in consequence of the high regard and esteem I bore my lady, who possessed a noble, unselfish disposition, and always treated me with the greatest kindness.

Subsequent to this event we removed to a house in Versailles, overlooking the gardens of the Prianon Palace, which was formerly occupied by a favorite

mistress of Louis Quatorze. To these gardens my lady had free access at all times.

It would be impossible for my feeble pen to describe the beauty of the environs of the Palaces of Versailles. The gravel walks, innumerable fountains, *jet-d'eaux*, over-arching trees, and velvet lawns, are only things I can *name* as existing there, without possessing the power even to describe the emotions they occasioned me; and beside, they have been so frequently pictured by less humble historians than myself, that I can not presume to say more than that I saw, admired, and enjoyed them through many a long and idle day.

As I have said before, my lady was kind and indulgent to me at all times. Three days in the week we were permitted to stroll through the palaces and gardens; and if my little charge were living to-day, her memory would be filled with bright visions of those pleasant times. But, both mother and daughter now sleep side by side, in Death's cold embrace. Peace to their ashes!

I enjoyed nothing more, in visiting the parks and other public places, than the splendid music, played by bands employed at government expense, to amuse and enliven the people. It was very pleasant to saunter about, and sit upon the rustic seats beneath the trees, and be regaled by the inspiring sounds, as they floated over the scene. Such hours as these, I fear, will never come again: but, at least, they will ever be pleasant memories.

It was curious to see and hear the people wonder who I was, and what country or nation I had come from, as I strolled through the parks, palaces and

promenades, with my little responsibility by my side. She was very beautiful, and attracted the attention of every one, as her little lips first began to lisp the foreign tongue; and her mother, whom she greatly resembled, was the most admired American lady in Paris at that time.

I acquired the French language with a good deal of facility, and was not long learning to understand remarks made of myself and the child, as we passed along. I can not forbear mentioning a pleasant compliment paid to me, on my birth-day, by some very kind ladies. By a little stratagem, I was sent away by my lady, in the morning, upon an errand to General Cass' residence, quite a distance from home; so that I had necessarily to be gone an hour or two. On my return, I found my bedroom, which was always shared by my little charge, literally decorated, from floor to ceiling, with flowers. The bed and window curtains were looped up, and festooned with roses, carnations, peonies, jessamines, and every flower that adorned the gardens at that lovely season: white lilies hung in garlands over the bed curtains of my little charge; and in the center of the room stood a table, covered with cakes, wines, ices, and fruits. Not dreaming of the pleasant intentions of my friends in sending me away, I thought, on returning, that I must have mistaken my apartment, and so wandered in and out, puzzled as to the meaning of the transmogrification, until informed that it had been done in honor of my birth-day—a time-long and beautiful custom of France. It will be readily imagined that I was made happy and grateful by these kind attentions. The ladies wished a happy birth-day to Iangy; and many

valets and *bonnes* came to pass the evening with me. My lady enjoyed the scene very heartily, and was not in the least deterred from expressing her satisfaction even by the furious scowls of her husband, who was averse to all comfort and contentment except his own. The company did not break up until a late hour; and altogether, it was one of the happiest events of my life.

Not long after this, I had a dispute with Mr. —— about my wages. When we left America, he agreed to pay me two dollars per week. Having spent all the money I brought with me, I one day asked him for the amount due me. He refused to give it to me, saying I need never expect to get any more from him than Paris wages. I was very indignant, and told him, in very plain words, what I thought of his conduct. Of course, after this scene, I left the gentleman's service.

I was sick of France, and longed for home; but did not yet leave Paris. I entered the service of the Countess M., as maid to herself, daughter, and young son, about ten years of age. A few weeks of leisure before going into this family, however, gave me an opportunity of enjoying many of the amusements of Paris—concerts, balls, hippodromes, theaters, operas, and *fetes champetre*, without number. No people love this latter amusement more than the French. I became very fond of it, and always regretted when I could not attend one. On one occasion particularly, I lamented being deprived (by arriving too late for the cars) attending a splendid *fete champetre* at Versailles: but it was well I did not go, as the whole train, by an accident, was destroyed by fire, and all

the passengers were either burnt or disfigured for life. This determined me never again to deplore any disappointment too bitterly.

I saw more in France than Americans of the highest position see generally. I had made up my mind to confront every difficulty in sight-seeing, and I shall never regret having done so, for it has given me many a pleasant hour and thought since.

At the Countess M.'s I was very pleasantly situated, but found it necessary, in the service of a fashionable lady and her daughters, to understand hair-dressing; so I improved the hours occupied by M'lle M.'s music lessons by taking lessons in this art of one of the best hair-dressers in Paris.

Lady M. and her family had determined to go to England, and I was to have gone with them, but their time of leaving was so indefinite, and I became so weary of my monotonous duties, that I concluded to quit my place and learn the art of flower-making. In this I succeeded pretty well, though I soon grew tired of it, and thought I should like dress-making; but, after a short trial, finding that did not suit me, I took a notion to learn cooking, but soon gave that also up. Nothing but hair-dressing pleased my fancy for any length of time. With amusements, alms-giving, and learning the *fine arts* I have mentioned, my money was at length exhausted; and learning that M'lle M. was ready to start for England, I made arrangements to go with her, and, bidding farewell to La Belle France, started across the channel.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND.

We arrived in London on the morning Prince Albert was to lay the corner-stone of the Royal Exchange. There was a crush of people in the streets; but as I was determined to see the procession and other grand doings, I rushed after the crowd, and in the course of of the day lost my way and lost my reticule, containing the card of my hotel; consequently, when all was over, and I had been sorely disappointed in not seeing the queen as well as Prince Albert, I knew no more where my lodgings were than the man in the moon. Whether I had come from the East, West, North, or South End, I could tell no one. The day was intensely cold, and I was fearfully hungry, but where to go I did not know. At length some kind ladies and gentlemen saw my perplexity, and interested themselves in my behalf. They even descended from their carriage, and offered to take me to their home, and shelter me until by some means or other they could find out where I had wandered from. Every sort of question was put to me about the appearance of my hotel, and at last a clue was obtained to it by my remembering a statue of Queen Elizabeth somewhere in its vicinity, by which it was conjectured by one of the gentlemen that it must be the "Hotel de Paris."

I was immediately driven there, and found, sure enough, by the welcome I received from my young lady and others that the conjecture was right. Several people had been sent out to look for me to no purpose, and, on thanking the gentleman for his kindness in bringing me home, I cried with a joy I never felt before, and wondered what rich or grand person in America would have done so charitable an act. I was overwhelmed with gratitude, and flew about like a big crazy child, crying and laughing alternately for hours afterward.

I had never heard of London fogs, and the next morning when I awoke the sun looked so red and glaring through the dense smoke that I thought the Judgment Day had certainly come; but it was not the Judgment Day at all—it was only a *London day*. My morning duties to my lady over, I sat down and laughed heartily over the events of the day previous. They were queer enough.

After a short stay in London, M'lle M. returned to France, taking with her, as she had intended, an English maid. Before her departure I had become acquainted with a Mrs. R., who very kindly interested herself in getting a situation for me. During the next week I had a great many offers of places. One wished me to go as maid; another as chamber-maid; some wanted one thing, some another; but none of the places suited me, and I did not accept any of them. However, at length a family named S., from Snaresbrook, Essex county, engaged me as child's nurse. As they did not want me for a month, I made the most of the interval in sight-seeing. I went to Windsor; saw a good deal of the palace; attended St. Paul's

Church; saw the baptism of the Prince of Wales; caught a glimpse of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia; witnessed a grand illumination, in the midst of which, hearing of the death of the Duke of Orleans, I posted off immediately to Paris, to see the funeral ceremonies — stayed two weeks in France, enjoying myself as much as possible, going wherever I pleased, feeling perfectly independent of everybody. I was tempted at one time to engage myself for the winter as ladies' maid in the family of a distinguished physician, but refused, not wishing to break my promise to the English family. I staid, however, in Paris till my money was all gone, and only raised the means to get back to England by pledging my watch and other trinkets, which was my first and last transaction of this kind. But I knew that without money I should soon be without friends, for in France and England I had seen this fact exemplified, in many painful instances, among the high-born as well as the low.

I have seen those who seemed to have plenty of means caressed and made much of to-day, and cast off to-morrow, when their means were gone. "Better be born lucky than rich;" for riches often take to themselves wings, but something always seems to turn up just in the right time for the lucky. I traveled once, however, with an *individual* who seemed neither to have been born lucky nor rich. She and I chanced to be in the same diligence from Paris to B., where she was engaged as governess in the family of Count R.—an engagement which had taken place by letters simply, neither of the parties ever having met each other. Upon the occasion I speak of, she was on her way to the residence of the count. Her man-

ners were haughty and proud, and I saw at once that she was a *parvenu woman*, though I did not then know what I afterward learned of her.

We stopped about thirty miles from Paris for dinner. It was customary for the outside passengers of a diligence to eat in one apartment, and those inside in another of a little better caste. Among the outside travelers was a well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing man, who had evidently taken his place there to enjoy the pure air and fine views. He came in, in a quiet way, to the inside passengers' table. When he seated himself at the table, the *parvenu* woman, looking very indignant, called to the landlord, and asked if there were not regulations prohibiting outside passengers from eating at that table. He replied that such were the rules. She then said she wished he would enforce them, and pointing to the gentlemanly-looking aggressor, requested that he should be ordered from the table. Without speaking a word, the gentleman arose and walked with the landlord into the inferior dining-room.

Having finished our meal, we again started on our course. After traveling for a few hours across a very beautiful country, the diligence stopped at a magnificent chateau. The beauty of this place attracted the admiration of all; it was surrounded by grand forest trees, and the grounds were adorned with the most exquisite taste. It was evident such an abode must be the dwelling of persons of rank and wealth. Soon a fine looking lady, accompanied by four lovely children and several servants, were seen approaching the gate, with their eyes fixed upon the top of the diligence, from which Count R., in the shape of the ver-

itable gentleman whom his engaged governess had ejected from the superior dining apartment, alighted to meet his family, from whom he had been absent for a few weeks. It was with great delight that all the passengers saw the discomfited looks of the governess when she discovered that the despised outside passenger was the Count R. The diligence started immediately, so that we had no opportunity to hear what was said; but I afterward learned that the governess was politely invited into the house, shown into handsome apartments, and treated with extreme kindness for the night. The next morning the countess paid her a month's wages and dismissed her. So much for *that parvenu* woman!

ESSEX COUNTY.

Upon my arrival in England, I went immediately to Essex county, and commenced my duties with the S. family. The child assigned to my charge was not as bright as most children of his age, but nevertheless I became very much attached to him. I made up my mind to love him, and devoted to him my whole attention.

The day after I had entered this family, I received orders from my lady to be ready dressed, with the child, at three o'clock, to go to London. The carriage, with four horses and servants in livery, appeared at the appointed hour before the door; a coat of arms was emblazoned upon the panels of the carriage, and the servants were in black velvet knee breeches, and had cockades upon their hats. My lady, her daughter and my little responsibility having entered the carriage, the door was suddenly closed, and

I was pointed to a seat beside the footman, behind the carriage. I very respectfully declined this honor, and *marched myself back into the house.* They returned at five to dinner, but I heard nothing that night of my refusal to ride with the footman. The next day, however, I was summoned to the lady's presence, and asked my reason for not accompanying her to London. She was surprised when I told her that in America, even a female *slave* acting as lady's maid, or child's nurse, always had a seat inside of the carriage with the family. She then said that, in consideration of my being an American, she would overlook the matter; but had I been *English*, she should certainly have discharged me. Afterward, when they required my attendance from home, I always went in the carriage.

The four daughters of this family were very lovely persons; the eldest of whom, hearing the conversation between her mamma and myself, stepped forward and said, "Mamma, I think Iangy's excuse is quite satisfactory, and with your permission I will hereafter take charge of her myself." After this we had a regular understanding about everything. Servants in England are paid monthly, and it is customary for them to provide their own tea and coffee out of their wages; but my lady exempted me from this tax upon my own means—a privilege the other servants beheld with no little envy—and every Monday morning my little private caddy was filled. I took my breakfast and supper in my own room, but always dined in the servants' hall, having no other association with them. The upper valet and lady's maid in England never mingle with the household servants.

Ladies and gentlemen in England manage their private affairs as they think proper; but many American ladies dare not engage a servant, unless he or she happens to suit all the other servants in the house; they dare not give a five-cent piece to one, or a bite of meat, or a drink of ale, without giving the same to the others, lest they may pout and grumble, and perhaps go and talk and tell stories about her. This is a deplorable evil in America.

In England, no family will engage a servant without the best recommendations from his or her last employer, but the families of England rarely part with an old servant. Sometimes they live thirty or forty years in one family, and what their master or mistress says is law and gospel with them. Servants, in England, are not allowed to call young ladies and gentlemen by their christian names, without prefixing to them Miss or Mr.; in America it is different. My little charge wanted me to call him *Master*, but I told him I would not do so, if he were as old as Methuselah. I will leave that word for the *South*, where it is exacted.

Often, in the afternoon, with my little charge, and the young ladies, I went to a little cottage or bower, at the end of the grove, where the young ladies passed much of their time, with their embroidery, battledore, and other amusements. We never resorted to this retreat unless accompanied by an enormous house dog for protector, as one of the young ladies, having strolled there upon one occasion alone, was met by a band of gypsies, and her watch-chain, earrings, and other jewelry demanded of her, which, from fear of her life, she gave up, and never recovered them after-

ward; but the noble animal which now protected us, divested us of all fear.

The next day was "Hallow Eve," and large parties came up from London to ride steeple-chases. I was very anxious to see these steeple-chases, as I had often heard of the daring feats of horsemanship displayed in them; of the exciting races over the fields, and terrible leaps over walls and ditches, and the excitement always created by them; but, when I came to see the reality, I was not a little disappointed—the gentlemen did the racing, but the valets did the ditch jumping. Sometimes horse, rider, and all, fell into the ditch, and it was a miracle if arms, legs and necks were not broken in the leaps. This amusement was, generally, carried on outside the parks, where large crowds of people assembled to witness it, which I found was rather a dangerous thing, for upon these occasions, the steeple-chasers have the privilege of riding over everything and every body, and, for my part, I was for getting out of their way. Hallow Eve night is devoted to various innocent amusements, by old and young, rich and poor. Prince and peasant hold a jubilee together—the children burn nuts to find out whether their future partners will be ill-natured or good-natured, count apple seeds, and try all manner of charms; the servants have their feasts in the halls; the nobility open their grandest drawing rooms; and every sort of fun is sanctioned on "Hallow Eve;" but good bye to that pleasant "Hallow Eve," I never expect to witness anything like it again.

My young lady was a fine horsewoman, and sometimes joined in the deer hunts. She asked me if I would like to witness one? I thanked her, and after

she was seated in her saddle for the chase, she handed me a note, and requested me to take it to her groom. On delivering the note and turning away, I, by some mistake, took the same path the deer were in, and the groom let off the whole pack of hounds upon my footsteps, which of course set me to screaming and running at the top of my speed; and when I arrived, breathless, in the court yard, I found my young lady and her attendants ready to die with laughing. I discovered that the note sent to the groom contained an order to have the hounds let loose upon the deer, as soon as my back should be turned, knowing that I would not be hurt at all; but, indeed, it was about as bad to be scared to death. I took it all good humoredly, as I saw my young lady only meant to have a little innocent fun at my expense.

The gentlemen were all in hunting costume, and the servants in hunting livery. The deer hunt was a brilliant and exciting scene, and my young lady was the most graceful rider I had ever seen.

For weeks after Hallow Eve, everything was quiet —the long walks and rides on horseback were part of every day's occupation, but all other amusements were carried on within doors. I remember nothing of interest for a long time, but a breakfast at Lady R.'s, at which, by some means or other, I managed to get a peep, as I did at everything else that was going on. It was a gay and splendid affair; the grounds about the mansion were superb; the grand old trees, artificial lakes, with swans and pleasure boats upon them; music in the open air; elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen; groups of footmen in livery; all delighted me, and, after enjoying the scene, I quietly returned

home, to set it down in my book of English recollections.

Time passed on rapidly, and Prince Albert came one day, with a great retinue, to the vicinity of Epping Forest, to lay a corner-stone for an orphan asylum. All the neighboring ladies contributed toward the object—some more, some less, according to their means—and it was amusing to see the airs they put on, on delivering the purse to the prince; I thought I should die with laughing at some of them; but I did not: I lived to bid farewell to this happy English family, and to wander away, in the watering season, to Ramsgate.

This far-famed English watering-place, upon whose dangerous coast so many wrecks occur in the stormy seasons of the year, and, indeed, the strolls of the pleasure seekers, in August and September, upon the cliffs and beaches, are often disturbed by harrowing sights of suffering and dying fellow-beings upon the distant rocks. But at last I tired of gathering shells at Ramsgate, and began to have a longing for home. A berth was procured for me, on board of a merchant ship, bound for New York. On arriving on board, and finding but one woman upon the ship, I got off at Gravesend, where I was sent to the pilot's house, and treated very kindly by the pilot's wife and family for some two or three months. Here I had an opportunity of seeing still more of England. I visited all the watering-places in my capacity of hair-dresser, Dover, Brighton, Broadstairs' Bend; saw the curiosities of every place, and was delighted with everything but the canal passage through the Tunnel, which I attempted to perform; but when I found myself

in the boat, I hallooed so that they had to send me back.

But again I grew homesick, and, though all around were kind to me, I felt like a stranger in a strange land. I had but ten dollars in the world, and, at Gravesend, as well as everywhere else, I knew I should lose my friends as soon as they discovered I had no money I desired to go home, but could not do so without money I had health and a trade, and though I felt a little lazy, yet I went to work to recruit my exhausted treasury I went to London and taught ladies' maids to dress hair, got a little ahead in purse again, and returned to Gravesend, upon an occasion when the queen embarked, on a small royal cutter, for her estates in Scotland. I stood upon the pier until the fairy vessel passed by, and distinctly saw her majesty, standing upon the deck, surrounded by lords, ladies and gentlemen, with liveried servants in attendance. The vessels in the harbor, bearing the flags of every nation, suddenly hoisted them as the royal cutter glided along, and the roar of cannon was so tremendous that I was deafened for hours afterward; but I was so inspirited by the scene, that, for a few moments, I wished myself a man and in her majesty's service.

This fete day ended with a dinner party, at which I was dressed in my best, and a visit to Covent Garden Theater in the evening.

I now began to think I had seen about all I could in England, and resolved, for about the fiftieth time, to go home, but, again, I had no money. I went on board of the packet ship Philadelphia, however, told the captain I was penniless, but must go home on his

ship or die. He thought it best not to let me die so forlornly on a foreign shore, and so, as the cabin was crowded with ladies and children, he placed the little responsibilities in my charge, and in this way I earned my passage back to my native land. I made a great many friends on shipboard, and felt very sorry to leave them; it had to be done though, and soon we all parted, probably never to meet again.

CHAPTER III.

AMERICA.

It seemed to me that I was destined always to arrive at places upon confused and excited occasions. The Colt hanging was the order of the day upon my arrival in New York, and the whole populace was in the streets; but a few moments before the scene was to have come off, his prison was discovered to be on fire, and when it was extinguished, a body was found in Colt's apartment, stuck through with a knife; but there were many doubts as to whether it was the body of Colt or not; all was clothed in mystery then, and probably always will be, about the affair. It is more than likely that Colt, the murderer, now walks the earth, and eats, drinks and enjoys himself in some remote corner of it, like other people; for he had wealthy relatives, and wealth will unloose prison bars and untie the knot even upon the very scaffold which is to launch the foulest wretch to his merited doom.

But I had no wealth, and what was I to do without it in New York? I took passage on a freight boat bound for Albany, where I staid until I had accumulated enough funds to start out again to the West, where I had friends who would take care of me. And so I got on in the world by a little energy and perseverance.

The first person I met in Cincinnati was my beloved

friend, who treated me so badly in Paris. "Why, how do you do, Iangy?" he said, as I was passing his door, on my way to my lodgings. "Not dead yet, I thank you, sir!" was my reply, as I passed on, which was rather unbecoming in me, I must confess; for I had recently had serious thoughts of becoming a Christian, and with this intention had no right to harbor resentment, even toward my bitterest enemy

All welcomed me kindly. My first patrons, the L—s, made me happy by their hospitable treatment, and their grandson, who had been my first little responsibility, had grown to be such a princely-looking little fellow that the royalty of England might have been proud to claim him for their own. I went every day to see my little King of the Butterflies, as I used to call him, and in so doing I was obliged always to pass the door of my little Versailles responsibility, who, with her gentle mother, were always dearly beloved objects to me. I grieved because I could not see them, every time I went to see my King of the Butterflies; but I only saw the little creature once when she cried after me as I passed the door, and I stopped and kissed her—for which she received a tumbler of water in her face, thrown by the interesting valet who lived with my gentleman in Paris.

After staying eight or ten days in Cincinnati, I heard of a gentleman going South, and as I always had an inclination to travel, and was particularly desirous of seeing the sunny South, I engaged with him and started for Memphis, having in my charge a little boy and girl. I was with them but a short time till they were quite attached to me, and I to them.

After a few days we reached Memphis, and went to

visit Dr. O., an uncle of the lady, who was very wealthy, and lived in style. A little to my surprise, I was treated very kindly; the whole household, old ladies, young ladies, gentlemen, and even the children and servants all treated me as kindly as if I had lived among them for years.

Dr. O. had a great many slaves, and was very kind to them. Many of these slaves worked on a farm, and every Saturday night on their coming in he would give them something, if only a quarter, as an encouragement to work, and they seemed to work through love and not through fear. They were very bright and intelligent, notwithstanding they came from North Carolina, where it is generally known that the poor whites and oppressed slaves are proverbially ignorant; so much so, that an old white woman, once, at a great meeting, when the preacher was trying to impress on the minds of his congregation their duty to God, and what he had done for them, and ended by saying, Christ died for them,—started up and said, "Why, brother, is Christ dead; when did he die?" Dr. O.'s servants, however, were not of this character; they were all very intelligent, and I was quite astonished at the amount of general information displayed by many of them. But although the servants in this family were well treated and happy, in the neighborhood were masters of a very different character from that of the kind Dr. Often very early in the morning I went out walking with Dr. O.'s daughter. During one of these walks, while passing near the residence of a gentlemen in the neighborhood, our attention was attracted by screams and groans; stopping, we peeped through the fence, and discov-

ered a woman tied to a tree, being severely whipped by a person much younger than herself. This aroused me, and I determined to find out what offense she had given. It so happened, in a day or two one of this neighbor's servants came over on an errand to the doctor's. I asked her why this woman had been whipped; she told me she had failed to perform her duties before going out to work. I asked her what were her duties; she said she had the marketing and washing to do from four o'clock till it was time to go to work; sometimes she failed, and then she was whipped; again, at times, she would be so tired she would hardly be able to do her day's work after working so long in the morning; but the money she must bring home with her, come from where it might. During my stay in Memphis, I witnessed many such cases, some even worse than this.

The time had now come when my lady and gentleman were to go to Alabama; they expected me to go along, but by the advice of the uncle I did not go. Both the lady and gentleman treated me well, yet they were disappointed—I did not go with them.

Having heard a great deal of New Orleans, I wanted to go there, and to judge for myself of its perfections and imperfections; so I went on board the steamer Champion. When she landed at New Orleans, I staid on board, and did not go off but once in a while to look around me. In a few days the boat was bound upward for Cincinnati.

There was a great crowd of passengers, among the rest, a Colonel C., with a large family, from Steubenville, Ohio. On my way up I engaged myself with Mrs. C. as nurse; went to Steubenville and staid

there some ten months. I liked the family very much, but again the old desire for traveling came over me, and I started for Cincinnati, and there engaged with a private family. Having been so long away from Cincinnati, the climate did not agree with me, and I was taken sick, when the doctor ordered me South. I started again from Cincinnati to Louisville on the old Ben Franklin, which was said to go so fast, gentlemen had to tie their hats on, and the ladies pin their bonnets to their heads. However, she landed me safe in Louisville, where I took passage on the Great Western for New Orleans.

There was a tremendous crowd going down; among them there were a Mr. and Mrs. A. The lady had been accustomed to have her hair dressed while South, but on her going East she could not get it done. While on board, I dressed her hair for her all the way down. She asked me why I did not go South and dress hair. I told her I feared there were too many hair-dressers there, and I might not be able to dress hair as well as they did, though I had learned the art in Paris. She said there was no one there could dress hair any better than I could, which was very encouraging to me. She was going to the St. Charles, and I went with her; she allowed me so much a month, and to make what I could when she did not need me. I made that season two hundred dollars. Having been so long without money, I fancied myself rich. I staid in New Orleans till late in the season, and then went to Drennon's Lick, a watering-place in Kentucky, which at that time was attended by all the fashionables of Cincinnati, Louisville, Lexington, Ky., and Madison, Ind. We had a

great many belles there from Cincinnati, Louisville and Madison. I now had an opportunity to display my talent in hair-dressing; combing a young bride who, in a freak of passion, cut off her hair to vex her husband, when she was dressed many ladies could not believe her hair was cut off; she was food for the envious; they all envied her beauty and the position she held while in her father's house, but after her elopement she lost caste. She was at this time alone with her husband, and from some cause they seemed to be in a continual excitement. There was at this time a great fancy ball; she went, dressed very simply as a little flower-girl, and looking very sweet and pretty; her husband came into the ball-room and wanted to take her out; she would not go, and they had quite a fuss. Some gentlemen there asked him out, and threatened him with what they would do, if he did not behave himself. She soon after left the ball-room, and going into the cottage of an acquaintance, she begged the protection of the lady and gentleman till her mother and father could be written to. They were on East with her elder sister, who was a great belle. It was a great mortification to them to find in adjoining columns of the same newspaper the success of the one sister as a belle, her beauty and accomplishments, and the whole scenes at Drennon's Lick, and the other sister's adverse fortune. Her mother and father returned as soon as possible, and set to work to get a divorce. Some few months passed over; all things went on bright and brilliant; the daughter seemed as happy as possible under her father's roof; but, unknown to them, she was receiving messages from her husband. A few days before the divorce was to be granted, the

elder sister gave a polka party, and while the guests were dancing and enjoying themselves in the front of the house, the sister slipped out of the back door and joined her husband again. Her father and mother were though disappointed and displeased, without the power of doing anything. This was not the last of their separations. Every once and a while they seperate, and live apart a short time. Nevertheless, the lady has raised a pretty little family, and is herself one of the handsomest women in Kentucky.

Another of the notables at Drennon was a famous married belle, whose delight it was to fascinate all men, married or single. There was also there a gentleman from the South, with his wife, a mild, delicate, lady-like person. This belle took a great fancy to the Southerner, and flirted with him on all occasions, greatly to the displeasure of his wife. They used to walk about in the evenings, and sit till late at night, even under the very window where his wife was waiting for him. One night, about one o'clock, she was sitting up in the room waiting for her husband, when she heard this belle say to him: "Let us sit till three, and see if she will wait up for you." Was not this trying to a delicate wife's feelings? The next season the belle was back again, but the gentleman and his family did not make their appearance.

We will for the present leave this lady, and give you a little sketch of a married belle from Georgia. This lady's husband was a man of high standing, and very wealthy, but in very poor health. They went to Drennon's Lick for his health, and to have quiet; but the lady entered into all the gayeties of that gay place. She would leave her husband coughing and bleeding

at the lungs, her children fretting and crying, dress herself, and go down to the ball-room, where she would stay, it may be, till one or two o'clock at night. She returned home with him, but before the end of the season death came and rid her of him. The next I saw of her she was in a hotel in New York, reclining on a sofa, elegantly attired, covered with diamonds, and everything about her exquisite. Ostensibly she was under the care of a physician, but I learned the physician was but a cloak to cover her long stay from her second husband; and occasionally a gentleman from New Orleans came to see her, making business in New York the excuse to his wife and family for his absence. The last time he visited her, on his return home he found his wife had taken laudanum and destroyed herself. Full five hundred such scenes have come under my notice since I've been a hair-dresser.

During that season there were many exciting scenes at Drennon. A number of young men took to robbing, and got taken up. The evidence was clear, and they tried to get one of the young men to tell where the money and valuables were concealed. To make him confess, they put his hand in a vise. His screams were dreadful, but nobody minded him. This young fellow had made his haul, buried his share of the plunder, and was coming back after more when taken up. They were far from any city or officer, and as he would not confess, they had to let him free. He was watched by some of the party, seen to go after his plunder, get it and leave.

The season closed at Drennon with a grand fancy ball, after which the visitors left for their homes.

Fall, winter and spring passed, but during this time nothing occurred to me worthy of narration. Early in the summer, hearing that great preparations were making at Drennon, I concluded to again spend the season there. On arriving, I found that a large number of visitors were expected. Gambling rooms, billiard saloons and ten-pin alleys were fitted up, and every arrangement made that could add to the amusement and excitement of the pleasure-seekers at a watering-place.

The principal building was very large, and adjoining on either side was a row of smaller buildings, with family rooms; then around were numerous little cottages, where families from Cincinnati, Madison, Louisville, Lexington, and a great many Southerners were accommodated. At the foot of the hill were cottages without number, called Texas, where the servants and commoner class of people resided. Before the hight of the season came on, the great monster, Cholera, made his appearance. It was on the 3d of July, and all the gentlemen had gone to Cincinnati, or other neighboring places, to celebrate the Fourth, leaving their families behind. Those that remained had fire-works, and various other out-door amusements, to amuse themselves and gratify the villagers around. In the evening was a grand ball. I looked on and saw them dance till about ten o'clock, when I retired to my room, as I did not feel well, having drank considerable of the sulphur-water during the day. A little after twelve the ball broke up. Just then the carpenter was taken very ill. They said it was from eating cherry pie and drinking milk, but during the night the proprietor and his family had all a slight attack,

but, for fear of frightening the boarders, it was kept quiet. I roomed in the same cottage, and heard a great stir during the night, but did not think anything of it. At five o'clock I was awoke by the chamber-maid, who told me a man named Allen, from Cincinnati, was dead. I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and went down to Texas, where I found the man dead indeed, of cholera in its severest form. A moment after word was brought of another death, and yet another, and another. There were five deaths in all during the first twelve hours.

I felt a great deal alarmed, and went to see a lady from Cincinnati, who was there with her mother, Mrs. D., and Mrs. Judge M. They advised me to stay, and said it was dangerous to fly from disease. While we were in conversation, a chamber-maid came running to me and told me the other chamber-maid, whom I had just left about five minutes before, was ill with cholera. I at once went to her assistance.

On entering the room I found her all cramped, and black around the eyes and mouth. I was terribly frightened, but determined to do what I could for her, so I gave her a large dose of laudanum and brandy, put a large plaster of mustard to her chest, feet and hands, and staid with her till I got her into a perspiration; then I left her, went into my own room, and got everything I had ready to put in my trunks. During the short time I was out from her room an old doctor, who was good for nothing but attending on babies, went in and gave her something which acted on her as an emetic. Knowing there was no physician near, and finding the book-keeper and this old man were trying the most desperate experiments, I

became so alarmed I went out and inquired what time the stage started. It left at two o'clock, and it was then half-past one, so I crammed in my trunks what I could easily, and gave the rest away, and was ready by the time the stage came along.

Some of the ladies that I had worked for came to the gallery and said: "Good bye, Iangy; go in peace, and sin no more." My reply was: "I wish some of you would go with me, as I fear when you get ready to go you will not be able."

There were many servants and poor people around to say good-bye to me. Many wished it was in their power to leave, but it was not. Some of them I never saw again, as very many were carried off by that desolating scourge. There were fourteen in the stage that left Drennon that morning; out of this number but five lived. When we got to the foot of the hill where we took the steamboat, which was two miles from the house, we were fortunate that got on board, as the steamboat only came every other day. Those who came off the boat to seek their friends took sick and died.

Being afraid to go to Cincinnati, as the cholera was very bad there, I went to Madison. One of the wealthiest families in that place took me to their house and gave me one of their best spare rooms, where I was very sick for several days. After I recovered I learned some of the horrors of Drennon. As I before told you, the cholera broke out about twelve o'clock on Thursday night, and I left at two o'clock on Friday. From twelve on Thursday till twelve on Friday there were twenty-three deaths. Some of those ladies who bade me go in peace and sin no more, were stricken

down, and had no time to leave. In their sore sickness they had no help, no aid, no physician, and their eyes were closed in death; without help of any kind they entered that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns. In their agony and helplessness many of those who had laudanum and morphine took it, and slept themselves away.

I learned, by those who were there helping to nurse the sick, that it was one of the gloomiest nights ever witnessed on earth. They had few lights, and even those seemed to glimmer away; it appeared as if they could not burn brightly amid so much misery, where nothing was heard but groans and sighs of agony. Bells were rung, but there was no one to answer them. The sick had to take care of the sick, and the dying to bury the dead.

The proprietor and his family fled, taking with them all the medicines, leaving nothing, nor even letting the boarders know they were going. As I before said, many ladies were there whose husbands were gone, and many who had some member of their family sick, and could not leave them.

One circumstance occurred, the remembrance of which is horrible to me. To this day I shudder to think of it. A lady was left at Drennon by her husband, who had gone to Lexington to buy some land. she got so frightened she left in the care of a gentleman and went to Louisville. Her husband came for her, and, not finding her at Drennon's, he went on to Louisville. On his going up the hotel stairs, he met persons bearing down a corpse. His horror and despair on finding it was his wife's remains they were bearing, may be imagined, but can not be described.

The hearse was in waiting, and, under the circumstances, he could not even get one look at her he loved so well, and had left so short a time before in the enjoyment of good health and spirits; to find her on his return shrouded and coffined, ready for bearing to her last resting-place, was almost too much for human reason to bear.

There were full forty or fifty deaths occurred in that little place, and only the notice of about a dozen was given. There was neither physician nor coffin within fifteen miles. They had to put up a kind of box, and into that put their dead. The scenes there were heart-rending. All around were the sick, and nobody to attend them. Many happy families came there that season with numerous members, and but one or two, it may be, were left. Many husbands and their wives came there from the toil and heat of the city, to spend the summer in quietness and peace; one was taken and the other left; or, in some cases, both were stricken down, and both were carried by strangers and laid in a stranger's grave. All this occurred within a short distance of four of our most populous cities. After this it was found impossible to make a watering-place of Drennon's and they turned it into a military school.

CHAPTER III.

SARATOGA.

I HAD for some time intended going to Saratoga, and, having entirely recovered my health, concluded to start immediately, and spend the summer there. I arrived in the hight of the gay season. Belles were there from all parts of the country. The North vied with the South, the West with the East in beauty and wit, in elegance and splendor.

I have always been very fond of Saratoga, and I believe it to be the favorite watering-place of all the world in the summer season. The United States Hotel, which is the rendezvous of fashion and splendor, occupies a large space of ground, extending on one extremity to the railroad depot, where passenger cars arrive from every direction, several times a day. The immense stretching lawns upon all sides of the hotel are finely ornamented with trees, gravel walks, and shrubbery. The barber's saloon, with its marble baths, basins, and perfumed attendants, are the first objects that meet the eye on entering the left gate of the premises from the depot. Then comes the room where passengers register their names; then the ladies' reception-room, adjoining which is a large hall, well supplied with servants, devoted to the service of the newly-arrived people; next to this is the

wine-room, and then the great dining-room, within the door of which stands, like a *polite statue*, the ever-majestic Morris, the steward of the household. The gentlemen's promenade skirts the dining-room, and leads off in a triangular direction to a long smoking gallery, which divides the dining-room from the ladies' parlor, opposite to which is the ladies' promenade. Here the fair votaries of fashion can be distinctly seen by the occupants of the smoking gallery, and commented on to their heart's content. Besides these two promenades, there is again a general promenade, fronting in another direction from the hotel, which is so commodious as to admit of eight hundred or a thousand promenaders at once, without the least crush of crinoline or inconvenience whatever. This promenade is kept so scrupulously clean and neat, that ladies have worn their dresses sweeping over it for the whole season, and then passed them off as quite fresh and new at other watering-places.

The groups of ladies and gentlemen assembled upon this immense piazza pass their time usually in comments upon each other; and here, of all the world, is the place for diamonds, brocades and satins to *make a sensation.* A lady might as well stay at home as to go to Saratoga without *real lace and diamonds;* there *was a time* when a lady could *hire* jewelry for the season, and thus impose herself upon the *elite* circles at the "United States Hotel" for, *at least*, a person of *wealth*, very successfully. But *lynx-eyed fashion* found this trick out, and *wouldn't stand it;* since which a lady's diamonds must be *her own*, or she can't shine at Saratoga; and so perfect is the *system now* of investigation into these matters practiced at

Saratoga, that it would be utterly useless for any lady, from Maine to California, to go there and attempt to pass off as *her own* the smallest articles of *hired* or *borrowed* jewelry. It would be found out before she had been there twenty-four hours, and the whisperings of the Paul Pry circles and their accomplices would drive her out of the town in twenty-four more.

The ball-room at Saratoga is between three and four hundred feet in length, and proportionate in width; it is adorned with huge mirrors and glittering chandeliers; the floor is smooth and glassy, and the music always the finest in the world. Upon dancing evenings, dress is here displayed in every variety of elegance. A Saratoga ball is a gorgeous scene. The "Lanciers" and the round dances form the almost entire amusement of the evening at the present time—to the utter exclusion of the old-fashioned and monotonous quadrille. The *German quadrille* is usually danced in the drawing-room in the mornings, between breakfast and dinner.

From the ball-room, after the ladies are disposed of, the gentlemen usually repair to the club-rooms of the hotel, where they generally make a night of it—and where, by some strange process or other, many of them find themselves, at the dawn of the next day, divested of means for remaining any longer in this fashionable atmosphere—the consequence of which is that the wives and daughters who shone the most brilliantly upon the promenade and in the drawing-room the day before, are to-day hustled off for home, very mysteriously, in the first train of cars. No one knows why or wherefore, only that Mrs. So-and-So was heard scolding and ranting, and her daughters

crying and sniveling; while Mr. So-and-So was seen pitching finery into trunks without ceremony, and piling *oaths up mountain high*, by way of *an accompaniment.* But no wonder that crying, scolding and swearing should take the place of *praying sometimes*, with persons so suddenly and cruelly disappointed; for Saratoga swarms with delights for people who can afford to enjoy them. From dawn till midnight, it offers a continued round of pleasures. The walks to the springs in the early morning—the display of an elegant breakfast toilet upon the gallery or promenade—bowling in the forenoon—strolls to the Indian encampments, musical *matinees*, private concerts, lessons in the new dances in the ball-room, battledore upon the lawns and in the parlor, sherry cobblers, mint juleps and brandy smashes, groups for intellectual conversation, everywhere—then the dinner toilet preparations, the evening drives, excursions upon the lakes, moonlight flirtations and pleasant dreams—combine the excitements of a Saratoga day and night. No wonder the ladies flare up, when the losses of the husbands at the gaming table make it necessary to hustle them away, without warning, from such pleasant scenes.

Among the elegant ladies who visited Saratoga a few summers since, was Mrs. R., daughter of Lady R., of Toronto. She was eminently handsome, sang divinely, and was the first who ventured to wear the gipsy hat and feathers, which she did with a grace I have not since seen rivaled, though I have often seen it attempted; indeed it was amusing to witness the innumerable efforts made to imitate this lady's costume and style. Occasionally there might be seen some *feeble resem-*

blance to them, but this was all; her tall, elegant figure had no equal among these who courted her society and envied the admiration created by her noble deportment. In this lady's party was the family of Bishop T., of Toronto, and other distinguished persons. Madame R., of Philadelphia, was her most intimate friend at the Springs. No one can ever forget this truly beautiful and accomplished lady of Toronto who has seen her.

The fancy ball of that season, which was perhaps the most brilliant for many years at Saratoga, was a scene I shall long remember. The costumes of the ladies upon that occasion could scarcely be surpassed in taste and elegance. I often wonder what are the destinies that have overtaken the fair votaries of that brilliant evening. I well remember Miss M—, of New York, in the gala costume of an Italian Peasant Girl, in a skirt of white silk, with white and crimson alternate flounces, and head dress gaily festooned with jewels. Also, Miss J. M—, of Natchez, as the "Maid of the Mist," with a rainbow across the corsage of her floating white robe, and a zephyr vail adorned with pearls like dew-drops, enveloping her entire person; Miss N., of New York, as a Spanish lady, in black lace and diamonds; Miss M. M—, of Natchez, as "The Morning Star," in a soft dress of white lace, with rose-colored vail, studded with golden stars; Miss G. M—, of Mississippi, as Night, in black tulle dress and vail, with silver stars, and a crescent upon her forehead; Miss F., of Philadelphia, *a la* Pompadour, with skirts of pink *moire antique*, looped with bunches of roses, and roses in her powdered hair; Miss C., of New York, as a Vivandiere,

with red skirt, red shoes, blue jacket, fancy hat with streamers, and the *cantin* suspended from her leather girdle; Mrs. B—, of New York, as "Undine," in a dress of blue and white tulle, festooned with shells and water lilies, and pearls wreathed in her hair; Miss D—, of New York, as a Gleaner, in a white dress with corsage striped with black velvet, and hair adorned with sprays of wheat; Miss R., of Philadelphia, in a dress entirely composed of newspapers, which was much noticed—and numbers of other elegant costumes which I can not remember. It was a night for very brilliant and very lovely women to display their tastes, their jewels and their fascinations.

The South and the North were at one time at great rivalry at Saratoga; the Southerners had it all their own way for many years, but at length New York succeeded in taking the lead, and up to this time has kept it with unrivaled success. But the New Yorkers are very far from being at peace among themselves at Saratoga, or any other place. New York has its cliques, and the maneuvering practiced among them is curious to observe. Sometimes one is ahead, and sometimes another; but there are always certain ones whose dignity, wealth and bearing keep them beyond the fluctuations that worry and fret the rising generation; they feel that they have triumphed, that their foundation is sure, and they wear their laurels quietly but securely. These elegant people sit calmly down, and amuse themselves with beholding the heart-burnings and strivings of new aspirants to the throne of fashion.

Very romantic dramas are occasionally enacted at Saratoga; I remember one among many, worth relat

ing perhaps in these pages, as causing a great excitement at the time it transpired. It was in the summer of 18—. Saratoga was at its hight of revelry, when one evening it was announced that the wealthy and fashionable Mrs. —, who had recently returned from Europe—where she had flown to prevent her daughter from marrying the man she preferred of all others—had just arrived at the hotel, in a high state of indignation at having caught sight, in the depot, of her daughter's still adoring lover. This was rather too much for Mrs. — to bear; but she stormed and fretted in vain. The engagement was renewed between the lovers, and arrangements forthwith made for an elopement; but the clergyman engaged to unite them was, unknown to them, one of her father's intimate friends, who immediately made the matter known to both of her parents. He, however, appeared on the ground at the appointed hour for the ceremony, accompanied by the lady's father. Here was a scene; the lady fainted, was borne to her apartments, and after a consultation with the respective parties it was deemed advisable to let them be married. Accordingly, preparations upon the grandest scale were commenced, and the wedding took place before the fashion of Saratoga, the next day, in the village church. The bride was simply but elegantly attired, and the nuptial pair, with their twelve bridesmaids and twelve groomsmen, made a splendid wedding array. All the attendants wore white satin rosettes, and the footmen and servants, carriages and horses were streaming with white satin ribbons. The bride's favorite riding horse was decorated off for the occasion, and having been left standing in the rear

of her carriage for a few moments, quietly walked himself round to the side of it, and laid his head affectionately in his mistress' lap; she caressed him lovingly for a few moments, and the party drove to the church, elated with happiness; from the church to Saratoga Lake, where a splendid supper awaited them; after which all returned to the hotel in time for the ball in the evening.

In those times they held their balls in the dining-room, and the guests then seemed to enjoy themselves more than they do now-a-days in the new and splendid hall. I can not account for it in any way, unless it is that the ladies who reigned over society then were more ambitious, and cared more for display than those who preside at the present day. They were certainly not superior to those who congregate at this attractive spot of late years, but different tastes, I suppose, will have their sway at different periods; and it matters not to what expense gentlemen may go to change the state and tone of society, it is the ladies who give it its tone after all; and the fact is, that so many new people are springing up upon the Saratoga platform now-a-days, that the old select circles are beginning to retire from the scene to more rural and quiet retreats. Nevertheless, Saratoga will always be the great watering-place of the New World. Newport has endeavored in vain to rival it; but, being at the sea-side, Newport will always have its worshipers, and so will Nahant, Cape May, and Rye Beach—especially for Western people, and those living in the interior—but for those living permanently at the sea-side, Saratoga, Niagara, Sharon Springs, Catskill Mountains, and Lebanon, offer the most attractions, and are al-

ways crowded with elegant people. Some who formerly went habitually to those far-famed watering-places, now cross the Atlantic and pass the season in Europe: others go over in May, purposely to supply themselves with a Parisian wardrobe, and return to Saratoga with a glittering display in August.

A lady informed me, last summer, that she had made a three-months' tour in Europe, with her family, and enjoyed herself very much, at about half the expense it would have required to pass three weeks at Saratoga, and not half the trouble. But fashion, in our country, is carried to an extreme which is positively vulgar, and *I*, the poor hair-dresser, can see it as well as the poor devils of husbands who have it all to pay for, and who are often reduced to penury and *madness* by the extravagance of their wives and daughters. I knew a lady—and her name is now *notoriously known*—whose habit it was to travel with fifteen trunks, containing a hundred and fifty costumes. These trunks were called by the gentlemen "young log-cabins." This lady was from the South, and was monstrous hard to please. It usually required her several days to get suitably roomed; and she grumbled and scolded continually, no matter how much pains were taken by her husband to please her. Poor Mr. W——! no gentleman ever came to Saratoga more pitied than he was. He was pitied by some because he was *hen-pecked*, and despised by others for the little authority he asserted over his domestic affairs. But people may talk as they please on this subject, when a woman makes up her mind to *govern*, it is of no use for a man to interfere. Women are greater tyrants than men, all the world over. The

poor hair-dresser has not lived in the fashionable world, and presided at the toilets of fashionable women twenty years, without having well ascertained this fact. Women, to be sure, are often imposed upon, but it can not be denied that the husbands of fashionable women are too often the most to-be-pitied-wretches that walk the earth. Mrs. W. had a hundred and fifty dresses, and made five toilets a day. Wretched slave that she was to fashion! For four successive seasons I dressed her hair, and each year she became more and more disagreeable, from a frantic desire to obtain a standing in fashionable circles, which, from some cause or other, was always a failure with her. Not that her dress was not elegant, her jewels her own (a great desideratum), her conduct perfectly proper, so far as the world could judge; but her efforts were two *perceptible* to succeed with the ladies, and her waist too small for the tastes of the gentlemen. She could not be the married belle she aimed at, and this was gall and bitterness to her heart. But as I said before, the ladies rule the day everywhere, and Mrs. W did not take with the ladies. This was her downfall. Undoubtedly the gentlemen would have paid her attention, but at Saratoga the gentlemen of the higher circles *dare* not make a movement outside of the charmed coterie to which they have been admitted; they are slaves to certain female *leaders*, and, if I were not a poor hair-dresser, I would not hesitate to say they are cowards under petticoat government. They dare not pay attention to a lady out of a particular set, for fear of being black-balled, no matter how meritorious the lady may be, and this is a well understood thing at Saratoga. But gentle-

men do not know how contemptible they make themselves by this servile deference to certain *ton* women. And these very women do not know how much good they could do, in place of the evil they yearly commit, by paying *respectful* attention to really clever persons, who are nevertheless weak enough to desire their notice. The unfortunate lady of the fifteen trunks and the hundred and fifty dresses, was unsuccessful with the *ton*, and so threw herself away upon a fashionable Lothario, whose name has figured with hers in public print since, to the scandal of all the world. He saw her craving for excitement, and won her affections. She went to Europe for her health—which is the fashion now-a-days—where her husband left her in care of a physician. The lover soon followed. A season was passed in Paris, a superb wardrobe got up, and the next summer saw them again at Saratoga, the lady making five toilets a day, as usual, and wearing shoes and gloves very much too small for her hands and feet. Her next winter at the South was a tolerable success, but Saratoga was always a failure with her. Many ladies were as critically situated, however, in *love affairs* as Mrs. W., but, managing their cards with more shrewdness than she did, they passed the ordeal less harmfully. For instance, there was among the belles of that very season a very young, beautiful and newly-married lady, with an old *rich husband*. His wealth enabled her to carry on a magnificent career, and she did n't care a fig for the tyrant women of the *ton*. She had a circle of her own, who hovered about her perfectly indifferent to all others. Her coachman, footman and servants were all in livery. The husband was a merchant, de-

voted to his business, but rushed up to Saratoga every Saturday night, to console his lovely wife, who was, by the by, *very much more consoled all the week in his absence;* but she did not let him know *that.* The Monday morning cars took away the husband to his business, and brought back her weekly consolation in the shape of a favorite lover, who as regularly disappeared in the Saturday evening cars. It was curious to see the sober dress and quiet habits of the lady while the poor old husband was by; and the transition to gayety was just as curious when the husband was gone and the lover came. Sometimes, it is true, suspicions of her affection occurred even to *him;* but all disappeared before her devoted attentions to his comfort, and her well-disguised *penchant* for anybody else. Her beauty fascinated him, and her arts deceived him to perfection. The utter indifference of this lady to her loving old husband, was, however, a well-established fact at Saratoga, though she managed the thing too dextrously to occasion anything more than whispers here and there. But this was only one affair among a thousand I could name, just as well carried on, at Saratoga as other places, public and private.

Our American ladies are greatly taken by *hyfalutin prefixes to names;* they perfectly glory in being gallanted by counts and dukes, but the affections of European noblemen are generally pretty well frittered out by the time they are of age, and they rarely seek *American wives*, except to recruit their fallen fortunes. Saratoga is full of this sort of interesting strangers every season. Sometimes it happens they are married and bring their countesses and duchesses along; but

if they *do*, they don't know how to behave themsleves as they ought; they are generally a very quarrelsome set of people, whose domestic fights are proverbial. But the foreign ladies are mostly well educated and *accomplished;* while their husbands are jealous and eat garlic. The ladies appreciate the true nobility of our American gentlemen, *who do not eat garlic*, and hence there are occasionally very audible fusses, when these delectable counts and countesses retire for the night to the solitude of their private apartments.

But very queer domestic scenes take place, even among Americans, at Saratoga. Many remember the circumstance of the married lady who roused the whole hotel by her screams of murder and fire, upon a midnight occasion, and threw a loaded pistol over the door into the hall, declaring that her husband had threatened her life with it; they remember also how the door was burst open, and the husband found quietly in bed, both of them declaring that nothing but civilities of the most proper character had passed between them; and also how, to the great astonishment of everybody, the pair had left the hotel by sunrise the next morning, and were found quietly breakfasting at Congress Hall, as though nothing had happened.

This was a queer *private* incident, but one night an awful *general* panic occurred in the hotel, occasioned by the cry of fire. Ladies in every variety of *dishabille* rushed into the halls like so many scared ghosts and witches; and I was then particularly struck with the transformation made by dress in the fair *habitues* of Saratoga. One of the most beautiful,

for example, among the *day promenaders*, was certainly the ugliest woman I ever saw, in *undress*. In her fright she had hastily gathered up some valuables, among which was a full set of false teeth, with which she rushed into the hall; but when the alarm was over, and she returned to her room, she found, alas! that, among other things, she had dropped her false teeth, and what on earth should she do? Unfortunately for her, they had fallen into the clutches of a rival of hers in a *love affair*, were retained by the lady and shown to the lover, to the utter downfall of the bereft belle. The lover at first doubted the story; but as she remained in her room for days after the incident, and subsequently fled suddenly from Saratoga, his belief was confirmed, and the lover fled also from both the toothless woman and the ungenerous exposer of the defect—to be heard of no more, that season *at least*. It was easy to replace the teeth, however, and the owner of them flourished the next year at Cape May as brilliantly as ever.

The next excitement was that of a young man of high rank, and a guest in the hotel, being caught robbing the safe of money and valuables, and being hurried away by his parents from open disgrace, in the middle of the night. Evil doers would oftentimes be terribly nonplussed if there were no night and no darkness; but misdeeds are transacted by day as well as by night.

There came a lady during that season to Saratoga, with her husband, mother, sister, and a gentleman whom report said was the married lady's lover. The gentleman was a Baltimorean, and flourished extensively with the aforesaid lady until people of position

began to arrive from both Kentucky and Maryland, when they quieted down a little, and became suddenly more circumspect in their conduct. Still there were whispers about the parties.

But Saratoga is a queer place, and the married belles and beaux of certain *parvenu* cliques play the strangest games during the watering seasons. For instance, they are fond of "euchre;" but a euchre party is generally a married belle's excuse for a *supper* party to her lover and a few female friends with *their* lovers. These parties are generally given in the absence of the husbands, but the husbands have to foot the bills, which are often very long, and the occasion of dreadful matrimonial squabbles. Still these people go, year after year, to the watering-places, getting on somehow or other, with their husbands and their lovers, the dear knows how.

There was one lady who glittered throughout a whole season in jewelry that was the admiration and envy of all who beheld it; but the lady remaining unusually long at the Springs, the owner of the jewels posted off to Saratoga to see what had become of her, taking his wife with him, as he did not wish to be seen talking with the lady alone, for fear of exposing her, knowing she had passed all summer as a person of great wealth. The *lady* treated the jeweler's *wife* very *uncivilly*, which she need not have done, for Saratoga at that time was greatly ruled by jewelers, brokers, pillmakers, dressmakers and servants. How the flareup was settled between them, I know not; but the lady was not politic. People never lose anything by being polite, especially to those in whose power they have placed themselves. I do not say

they should be servile, but politeness *costs nothing*, and often *gains a good deal.* I myself upon several occasions dressed the hair of a person *who had once been my fellow-servant*, and though she then had her carriage and livery, she certainly lost nothing by being kind and polite to me. I do not intend to convey the idea by this, that I should have exposed her former humble position, if she had been *otherwise;* but I repeat that she lost nothing by her politeness.

I could have pointed out the daughter of a fishman, in Washington Market, N. Y., in one of the greatest dashers at Saratoga, if I had chosen; and in another dasher, who was the wife of a man in high position, the former keeper of a house of ill-fame; but though she did not obtain access to the high circles of Saratoga, she conducted herself with perfect propriety, and offended no one in any way. It is, though, astonishing to me how such people rise in the world as they do, and link themselves to respectable circles.

There is but little that has passed at Saratoga for years, that I have not known myself; even the village has its romances, and the hair-dresser is everywhere chatted with, and confided to. Indeed, I have often wished I could absent myself from conversations that I knew ought to be confidential, and that I had no business to hear; but I could not tell ladies to shut their mouths, and hence I was much oftener the receptacle of secrets than I desired to be. I often wished that they had better sense; though, after all, I did not care much *what they did*, so they paid me my wages. I could not help laughing, though, sometimes; and I was particularly amused at a quarrel

between four married belles, about one poor unmarried beau, who had somehow or other undertaken to please them all, and ended by pleasing neither, not having tact enough to keep one from being jealous of the other.

But society is gradually changing its tone at Saratoga; the old *elite* set of ten and fifteen years ago, who reigned in queenly style, are passing away, and seeking more quiet resorts; some still remain, but not enough to keep up the old aristocratic prestige of the place, as is always the case when circles swell to too large an extent.

I hope the few incidents mentioned by me in these pages will *injure no one.* I merely write them out for the amusement of those who may wish to indulge themselves in a little gossip which has no evil intention in the world. My anecdotes are not intended to have any connection one with the other at all; and, as I said in the beginning, I hope my readers will excuse my rambling, desultory style. Some who were at Saratoga at the time of the following occurrence, may be amused to have it recalled to them, and as I shall call no names, I trust I shall do no harm.

In 1853, there came to Saratoga a wealthy widow, with her aunt. A gentleman visiting Saratoga, saw her, courted her, and married her. The next season they came to Saratoga again, where, when they had first met, all had been so bright to both—but now clouded over with discontent and misery. The aunt was still with her, and they seemed to cling to each other with great devotion, which I thought a little odd, until I saw the changed character of the husband; he dissipated in every way, and coming in

drunk one day, to his wife's room, threw himself upon the bed in a disgusting condition. She was reading at the time, and continued doing so, until he fell into a profound sleep, when she drove off to the Lakes in company with a gentleman of their party. In a short time he awoke, started wildly up and called for his wife; flew about in every direction asking for her, and when told she had driven to the Lakes, ordered a span of fast horses, and drove after her with all speed, his dress disordered, and his hat blown off, which he did not mind. His wife, who was sitting upon the gallery of the Lake Hotel, saw him coming, and desired the gentleman who was in her company, to leave her, which he did; when the husband approached her in an infuriated manner, and ordered her to get into his buggy. In starting off hurriedly, he dropped his whip, jumped out to get it, and being evidently very much intoxicated, she desired a couple of gentlemen whom she knew, to drive her back to Saratoga, where she arrived a long time before her husband, who was brought home by somebody else. Not being able to find out by questioning who had driven his wife home, he offered a hundred dollars reward—which he placarded upon the columns of the house—to any one who would inform him who had been her escort; but no one came forward, as he expected, and steeping his senses deeper and deeper in liquor, he finally went to bed, leaving his wife the most sorrowful and mortified of human beings. At length she by some means procured morphine and drank it to put an end to her griefs; but only took enough to endanger her life, without destroying it. The husband was frantic at this, and tried in vain to rush from the apartment in

which the proprietor had had him confined; physicians were sent for, and the greatest excitement prevailed in the house; but the lady recovering after a few days, sent for me, paid me my wages, and said she intended getting a divorce from him as quickly as possible. I, of course, never expected to see those two people together again. But, bless your heart, dear reader, they breakfasted together one morning, and went off on the cars as loving as a pair of turtle doves. I ought not to have been in the least surprised at this, for I had known several cases as strangely inconsistent before.

I knew a man who *pinched* his wife when they were *alone* together, and told her he did not love her, and tortured her in every way imaginable; while *in company* you would have thought him the most devoted of husbands and lovers. He was positively *cruel;* and I threatened to inform her mother of his conduct, when she implored me not to do so, saying, "Charles is only a little hasty; don't tell anybody about it, Iangy."

Watering-places betray many characters, and much misery, that would never be found out, if people who certainly *know* they *must* cut a ridiculous figure, and make an entire failure of it, would only be wise enough to stay at home. Envy, hatred and malice all show themselves at watering-places.

I remember one summer there was to be a fancy ball, at which it was expected Miss H., of Baltimore, would shine pre-eminent in dress and manner. Her figure was elegant, and her toilet exquisite; but it happened that on the evening of the ball news came of the death of an intimate friend of hers in Cincinnati, which, by unanimous consent of her acquaint-

ances, was to be kept from her until after the ball; but there was a gentleman who had made up his mind that his two daughters might stand some chance of shining on that occasion, provided Miss H. could be kept out of the ball-room; so he slyly went and told her of this death, knowing at the same time how much her friends desired she should not know it, but the daughters did not make much of a sensation after all—there was too much brilliancy elsewhere. Miss J., as the Morning Star, in a spangled illusion robe, with a diamond star upon her forehead, was lovely. Miss F. F., from Virginia, shone as Night in black spangled illusion and a diamond tiara. Mrs. W., of New York, in a blue moire antique, covered with point lace and flounces, and diamonds among her massive curls, was superb. Miss A., of Augusta, Ga., as a Flower Girl, was spoken of as the loveliest among the lovely.

A season or so rolled on, and the ladies grew very tired of fancy balls. This was not regretted by the proprietor, as they were very expensive, and required a great deal of preparation. The whole house had to be illuminated, and the garden and trees filled with colored lights.

Full-dress balls succeeded the fancy balls, and in the hight of the season at Saratoga the ball-room presented a magnificent sight. The wealthiest persons in the country were there congregated, each trying to outvie the other in magnificence and costliness of apparel. The jewels that sparkled amid fine laces and rich silks were only outshone by the beauty of those they adorned. The proud lady of fashion was there, who, having outlived all her better feelings, was only

happy, only really existed amid such scenes; and near her the young metropolitan beauty, brilliant in appearance, but in feeling almost as old and heartless as her companion; while not far off could be seen the belle of some small city, blushing, beautiful, trembling, showing plainly, in her innocent countenance, how unused she was to such scenes of splendor. Among the gentlemen were some celebrated over the whole country for their talents—men of high station and ability; others widely known on account of their great wealth or their energy in business; and occasionally one could see in the crowd a few well-dressed, handsome gentlemen, apparently intellectual, exceedingly agreeable in conversation, and polite in manner, yet mostly avoided by ladies and gentlemen. These are the fortune-hunters, many of whom every season congregate at Saratoga, staying from the beginning of the season until the end in search of wealth. Even then they are often able to leave only when some friend is kind enough to step forward and pay their bills, or they leave their whole wealth—their trunks—in the possession of the proprietor.

A description of some of the dresses worn at one of the full-dress balls may not be uninteresting to some of my lady readers. Two ladies, *protegees* of Mrs. Captain H., attracted general attention. One was dressed in pink, flounced; each deep flounce had on the edge a small flounce, fringed; her hair arranged *a la* Pompadour, with pearls. The other's dress was blue, and made in the same way. She had a feronia of carbuncles, a necklace of the same; her hair put up *a la* Grecque, and bracelets and ear-rings of carbuncles. They were called, during the evening, the

Southern belles. One was Miss H., from New Orleans, the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman; the other, Miss C., was from Georgia. Mrs. H.'s dress was silver-gray silk, with flounces of very costly black lace, a full set of pearls. She and her *protegees* were the light of the evening. Mrs. O., who is known throughout the United States for her elegance and her husband's talents, was dressed in a rose de chenie silk, with flounces edged with blond. Her ornaments were rubies and diamonds. She used her fan with more grace than any lady I have ever seen. Mrs. D., of Boston, had on a white silk dress, with over-dress of elegant Swiss, flounced; each flounce fluted and edged with costly lace. She looked really elegant.

The most beautiful dress in the ball-room that season was worn by Miss D. It was a very handsome India muslin. She was not called the belle of the evening, but belle of the season. She was not only beautiful and graceful, but so winning and attractive in her manners, so amiable and lovely, that the *belle-pickers*, who picked all to pieces, could not find anything to say against her. As to her mother and father, whenever they came to Saratoga they were sought after by every one. It was like mother, like daughter. She was different from the most of New Yorkers, for they generally think the Western people wild until they happen by chance to visit our Queen City of the West, and many of them are then thrown in the back ground. My readers all know every city has a belle, but we have one that is not only a city belle, but a United States belle—Miss G. From her girlhood until now I have never seen any change in her. Not only is she beautiful, but always mild, gen-

tle, amiable and lovely, and remarkable for her talents and superiority of education.

An occurrence came under my observation this season that shows how trifling a circumstance can almost destroy the character of an innocent girl. A young lady from one of the Eastern cities came to Saratoga under the protection of her friend, a married lady, living in the same city. After the latter had staid her time, and was going home, Miss — wrote to her guardian to allow her to stay longer. The consent was given, should she find a suitable person to stay with. Two families having just arrived with whom she was well acquainted, she remained under their protection as long as they staid. When they left for Newport she went with them. On their leaving Newport, she wished to stay there a little longer, and was put in the charge of a married lady, who paid every attention to her.

She there became acquainted with a gentleman who paid her a great deal of attention. They in a short time were engaged to be married. This so enraged a number of ladies that he had for years past been paying attention to that they went to work to slander her. They were not satisfied with watching and peering around themselves, but set the servants of the hotel to watch her too. She having received a letter from her guardian, made an appointment with this gentleman to walk on the beach early in the morning, when she would show him her letter concerning their marriage.

It was a very common occurrence for ladies to walk on the beach as early as six o'clock. She being young, did not see any impropriety in his coming for

her to her room at that hour. She was looking over her letters when he came, so she asked him in and handed him the letters to look over. While he was reading them the door was opened by a servant, who informed the proprietor that this gentleman had been in her room all the night.

Those would-be ladies, who were so envious of her, were exulting at her supposed downfall, because she was young, beautiful, wealthy, and connected with some of the best families in the country. The lady under whose care she was sent her immediately home, supposing that was the best thing to be done. On her arrival, her particular and best friend, Mrs. —, who was a belle at the time at Saratoga, and is known and sought after at all the watering-places, went immediately to Newport to see what the trouble was. On her arrival she made inquiries, and found there was neither more nor less the matter than her engagement with this gentleman, who had disappointed several ladies, and were angry that she should succeed where they had failed. However, they were married in a short time after, and went to Europe.

It is not often young people who try to blast each other's characters; it is the married belles who do so.

The season of 1857 was very gay at Saratoga. Ladies were there from all parts of the country. I missed but very few of the gay throng who for many seasons had added so much to the gayety of the place by their presence. There was a young married lady there under the care of her mother; her husband was not along. There was also at the hotel a gentleman who had formerly been a lover of hers, and he now paid her so much attention as to create quite a talk.

This went on for a week or so; then the time came on that her husband was to come, when the young gallant took his departure. He could not stay and see one he had loved so fondly, and felt as though she ought to have been his, loved by another.

All this gave room for a good deal of talk. Many slandered her behind her back, while to her face they were all kindness and love. I once asked a lady why she did so? Her reply was, "She is so beautiful and gentle I love to talk to her." I said, "Excuse me, but I think it is her carriage and horses you admire, as well as herself." This lady was often out riding with her, though she slandered her.

That season Saratoga was blessed with musicians. There was a young gentleman from New Orleans there who was famous for fascinating all the ladies, both married and single, in New Orleans. He then went to New York, and was a teacher there. He gave lessons in some of the higher schools. He then came to Saratoga. While there the ladies kept him playing so much that he ruined all the pianos. At length the proprietor ordered him to leave, and I assure you it was amusing to see them go after him to the other hotel, while the ladies there were quite indignant that the ladies from the United States should come there and monopolize their favorite musician.

There are hundreds of people go to watering-places from their own birth-place to meet with those that, had they stayed at home, they never would have known. I know some in New York and Philadelphia who have spent hundreds and thousands of dollars going to watering-places to make the acquaintance

of others from their own city. Some have succeeded, but others I know never can. In Philadelphia there is a certain set that no money, no dashing, not even the influence of friends, can get into but their own circle. I knew some young ladies in Washington City who gave a large ball every year during the sitting of Congress, and invited every person of note and every stranger of rank in the city—all would go. These self-same young ladies, on making a visit to Philadelphia, could not or would not be received into that clique. I have myself heard the ladies say they could not ask them. I asked the ladies why did they go to their balls. Their reply was, they were in Washington, and wished to see the strangers from different States.

I was quite amused one day, on looking out of the window on the promenade, to see a lady, who had always something disagreeable to say of a certain Doctor or his wife, in close conversation with the Dr.'s lady, and seeming to forget how little she thought of her; the next day when I went to comb her hair, I asked her how she could talk to, and seem so pleased with one she looked down on so much. She told me every one here thought so much of them, and the Doctor was at the head of all the gayety and amusements going on, so while there she did not care; at home, she would not know them, only as some others did, call on them. Then, when they returned the call, not be at home; and when they gave large parties, they never noticed them; but, she said, she understood they intended to sell out their establishment and go to Europe. On their return they were going on the most fashionable street in Philadelphia, and I suppose

then we will have to call on them as they will be big folks.

I will tell you what I had the independence to do; I just waited till I got another customer or two, and then I forgot her hour. There are a great many ladies who love to speak evil of each other, and should it be spoken of again, they would pack it on to the hair-dresser.

There came along a gentleman, his wife, child, servant and dog. I was particularly and immediately sent for. When I went to her room, I wondered how she came to know me, and asked her. She told me of many ladies whose hair I dressed, and called over their names. I thought she might be one of their visitors, but I had my doubts, till I asked these ladies, one after another; none of them knew her, as she had run up to them and asked who dressed their hair. They said they did not like her, and left her very soon.

On my going to her next day, she commenced a conversation, by saying she did not like the hotel, the attendants, the people, nor anything; her husband was going to take private board; was going to take this house and that, and so on. In the meantime I found out she had been, for many years, in a Camille boarding-house in New York. On learning so much of her character, I went right in to her, and told her who and what she was, and advised her to be quiet and keep her room, as both ladies and gentlemen had arrived who knew them the last place they were at; but, before the proprietor could send in his bill, they had left.

Her husband was a gentleman; how he got in such

a scrape I don't know, for he looked careworn and much troubled. To this day, in a milliner's store, a dry good's store, or a confectionary, wherever she can find any person who does not know her history, she will step up and commence a conversation, presuming on her husband's family. The proprietor or some of the salesmen will put the lady on her guard. She dressed elegantly, and used good language. Dress is the go now; I know a great many people at Saratoga, not much better than she was, but who had good friends and dressed fine, who were never noticed. There comes every year, to the States, a mysterious lady, who always has a book or newspaper, reading. She was never seen talking with any one till the last season, when there was an old gentleman, who usually sat on the opposite side of the promenade, and occasionally there would a bow pass between them.

The last season, at Saratoga, there was no head, or leader, and it was really amusing to see every one making efforts to establish a reputation as leader. At this time it was very gay and lively; many mothers brought their young sons there; it was laughable to see the young roosters strutting about, with their standing collars, making love to the ladies, some of whom were old enough to be their mothers; but, as beaux were scarce, they had to take young or old, as they had to have beaux.

On my first doing business in Saratoga, there were many gentlemen there from New York, and other places, who were clerks and bookkeepers, who could not stay long, as the board at Saratoga was more than they could afford to pay, but they certainly were a very gay set, and kept the place alive.

There was a goodly number of gentlemen there who bore the reputation of being rich, but it was far from so, as the club-room defrayed their expenses, as often as some young greenhorn would come there and leave as much behind as would keep these old hands in style as long as they pleased.

In August, there came a young gentleman from one of our large cities, and I know two families staid there at his expense; one of them was a little better satisfied this year, than the year previous; this season he was more with his family, and caught more greenhorns than last year, and paid the madame so well that she did not awaken all the neighbors scolding him, as she had done the year before, when he came home late.

Such families as these did not always stop at the United States, for I know numbers of them who used to stop at other places until their daughters were grown up, and then would come to the States; for it is a well-known fact that there is a style at the United States no other hotel there possesses.

If there is a large family, and it is too expensive for all to board at the United States, one is sure to board there, and the balance at some cheaper place, so that they can have the liberty of the parlor and grounds. Sometimes a lady gets mad, but if she has a son or a cousin, he will board there, and she somewhere else, so that she can come and go at pleasure.

One evening, during the crowded season, when there were about fifteen hundred people at the hotel, I concluded to look around and see how such a vast crowd would amuse themselves. First I looked into the parlor where two or three hundred people were collected

in groups of fifteen or twenty, laughing and talking with all the gayety and good humor imaginable. On the promenade was a large crowd, some walking briskly, others leisurely along, chatting and making merry; some arguing on the favorite topics of the day, discussing politics, or laying plans for the morrow's amusement.

From thence I proceeded to the grounds, meeting a few couples, who had fled from the crowded rooms to the shaded paths, and looking as though they did not like having their lonely walks interrupted. I then passed the cottages; in some the families were collected together, talking and reading, while others looked dark and deserted; in one was quite a company assembled, the older persons enjoying themselves with singing and music, chatting and laughing, while the younger were amusing themselves with childish sports and games, seeming a happy little party; in another, the habitation of a Spanish count, greatly sought after for his immense wealth, some gentlemen were playing euchre; while, before the dim light in the next, you could occasionally see a stately figure move back and forth.

These cottages are opposite the business portion of the house, so, after leaving them, I concluded I would take a look into the club-room; here I was much surprised to see more white-haired men than young ones. Two rooms were well filled, and in them I noticed some gray-headed men, so old and feeble they could scarcely get up and down stairs, but still they were there, and while the faces of some were as cold and immovable as though their features could never express an emotion; in the countenances of others could

be traced signs of the deepest emotion—of hope and despair, of sorrow and joy.

I went to the bar-room, which, like the parlor of the club-room, was crowded. A man was playing on the harp and singing, some were listening to the music, while others were drinking brandy smashes, mint juleps, etc., and were ordering them so fast, that I could not, for the life of me, tell whether the bar-keeper, when he received the money, put half into his pocket and half into the drawer, or all into one place or the other. I then went through a long hall that separated the restaurant from the staircase, that led to the ball-room. There were six large rooms on each side of this hall; the three front rooms were very large bed-rooms, the others were private dining-rooms. This restaurant was for those of the boarders who did not get up at the general breakfast hour, which was from eight to ten. Those who did not attend at these hours, had breakfast there, and paid extra for it, and those who are going on the half-past one o'clock train, their dinner.

In the private dining-rooms, on ball nights, the managers of the balls have a game supper given them, for their trouble in attending to, and getting up the ball. On passing through this hall, on that night, it was very gay and lively, some carrying refreshments to the ball-room, others busy in the preparation of the supper for the managers; all hurrying to and fro, talking, laughing, and whispering.

From here I went up the broad stairs to the ball-room. The stairway was lined with spectators, anxious to see the beauty and dress of the ball, but owing to the ill-nature of the bar-keeper, who gene-

rally kept the door, many were disappointed at first; in a short time, however, the managers came forward and threw open the doors; they would not have the ladies stifled with heat, to deprive a few people of the pleasure of looking in. I afterward found out the reason of the bar-keeper keeping the door shut; gentlemen from other places, not wishing to participate in the gayeties of the ball-room, would give him a little some thing, and he would slip them in to look on a while, and then slip them out again; so he thought, by keeping the door closed, he would gain more for himself. This night the ball-room was crowded with beauty and elegance. I noticed a clergyman, his daughter, and her companion, there. The first season this reverend gentleman came to Saratoga, he was accompanied by a gay young gentleman; he would strut up and down the promenade, with his white kids and high collar, during the week; on Sunday he would preach in the different pulpits, and on ball nights, he was in the ball-room. The ladies dodged round and peeped at him, thinking he was either an old bachelor or a widower; however, he managed to get acquainted with some of the bon ton of Saratoga, which so perfectly delighted him, that, this season, he brought his daughter and her associate. Then the gentlemen were all dodging and peeping round, as the report had gone out that she was wealthy.

I noticed, that night, she attracted as much attention as some belles who had been there some ten, twelve, or fifteen years. After taking a bird's-eye view of the ball-room, I passed on to the linen-room, which is the housekeeper's department, where the

chambermaids were all assembled, some perfectly delighted with the way in which the ladies had treated them, others very much annoyed and mortified at the crossness and ill-nature of the ladies who fell to their lot; others, again, complaining of being tired to death, running up and down, getting this thing and that that was wanting for the ball. The housekeeper was trying to console those who had been aggrieved, by telling how she had been treated, herself, by some of them. I just then made my appearance, and told them where there were so many congregated, all could not be ladies.

One of them said, I had the privilege of choosing who to work for, and if I did not like them I need not work for them, but it was not so with them, as they were obliged to, whether they were ladies or not. I told her, "Not so, remember the pocket-handkerchief scrape."

A season or two before, a lady had come there and lost her pocket handkerchief. She blamed the chambermaid, and had her almost beside herself about it; she said it was worth twenty-five or thirty dollars—that it had been taken out of her room only that day. The chambermaid cried, and said, since she had been on that floor there had no such charge been made against her.

A gentleman, who roomed opposite, hearing the noise, opened his door, called the chambermaid, and asked what was the matter. She told him, and with tears in her eyes, said the lady blamed her, and what a costly handkerchief it was. The gentleman turned into his room, and took up a handkerchief that had lain on his table for ten days, handed it to

the chambermaid, and told her that was the missing article.

The lady's name was on it, so she could not deny it, and when it came to be looked into, it was discovered the handkerchief, instead of being worth twenty-five or thirty, was not worth more than two or three dollars. The gentleman had picked it up on the stairs, where the lady had dropped it.

I then passed through the hall, and on till I came to the ladies' saloon, where there is a notice up, "servants not admitted here." Nevertheless, the notice did not do much good, as they usually congregated there in spite of all that could be said. The question of the merits and demerits of their different ladies was the general topic in the room. One of the maids said her lady was one of the most popular ladies in the ball-room, but was very tyrannical and cross with her servants, or those living with her, even to her governess, who is refined and every way her superior. When she engaged this governess, in New York, she promised to treat her as an equal, but when she got to Saratoga, she did not wish this young lady to be with her friends. When visitors came in, she invariably said she heard the children cry, or would send them all out walking, and in many other ways she treated her badly; her eyes were often inflamed with crying, and we are all waiting, she said, till we get back to New York, to leave her, coachman, chambermaid, ladies' maid, governess, and all. After the servants had finished the discussion of their ladies' merits and demerits, they all ran off into the ball-room. I then proceeded to the dining-room, found everything put up and nicely arranged in its place; then told the

watchman, who attends to the dining-room, I wanted him to go with me to the kitchen, as I wanted to see how it looked at night.

We went down, found the French cooks, with their white caps on, busy getting up a sumptuous supper for the managers; everything clean and in its place. The night scene was quite different from the day scene, as, in the day time, I have seen about a hundred servants standing round, with their white aprons on, waiting for the different dishes for those they attended, while the head cook would serve choice dishes to those gentlemen who provided them for themselves, game or such like, by that means making a great confusion among the boarders and waiters, many thinking they paid high board and did not get what others did, of course not being aware these gentlemen provided their own. I then went back to the ball-room, and staid there till its dispersion.

It being late, and the night gloomy, I determined to stay all night in the hotel, so I thought I would witness the proceedings in the servant's hall. After the servants had put their ladies safely to bed, they returned to the fifth story to their apartments. About thirty or forty had a regular concert; some of them sang well, imitating ladies and gentlemen they had heard during the day. In the lower end of the hall was a party playing euchre, and from the appearance of bottles and glasses, I fancy there was as much champaigne, claret, and good brandy drank there, as in the club-room. I was amused, on going forward, to hear a toast to the health of Mr. Longworth drank by them, for his good old wine, to say nothing of how they came by it. Another set were dancing

and making a terrific noise, regardless of those who were sick or tired below. A great many messages came up from those underneath them, saying if they did not cease their noise, they would inform the proprietor; but these did no good, for they kept it up till three o'clock in the morning.

Next morning, when I got up, I felt as though I had not slept for a week, but I was gratified to see the proceedings of one night in a crowd. On going down I met the servants belonging to Mrs. D. and Mrs. M., of Natchez. They asked me how I liked the ball; I told them it was elegant. Inquiring if I had seen their mistresses, they began praising them very highly, saying they were young, beautiful and good; they thought there were none like them in the room. I told them that was my opinion too. Both these girls were slaves, and had been treated kindly, and, as I before said, when a slave is treated kindly, no matter where they are, they will not leave their masters.

I have given you a night's scene in a crowd, now I will give you a day's scene. After leaving those girls, I proceeded to the springs, where I never go but once in the season, as I determined to notice what was going on that day.

When I got to the springs, the sun was just rising. The dew was yet on the grass, and as the sun peeped through the leaves of the trees, and made all glitter like diamonds, I thought I had never witnessed so beautiful a scene. At that instant the band struck up "God save the Queen," and in a moment it turned to the well known tune, "Hail Columbia."

All was in perfect unison with my feelings; I staid there some time; saw the different ladies

coming down from the various hotels, some walking, enjoying the beauties of nature; some drinking a glass or so of the water; and others going down to the little circular railroad.

I amused myself going from one spring to another, seeing the different faces of the ladies as they drank the water. Some would go round the grounds, which are about half a mile, while those who did not take the usual walk on the grounds, went home and promenaded the galleries.

That morning there were between three and four hundred people there. It seemed to me they were of every nation, people and language under the sun. Going home, I saw some of the ladies and gentlemen who were at the ball the night before, promenading the gallery. The prevailing topic of conversation was the beauty and brilliance of the ball. I then went up to wait on a lady that I dressed every morning before breakfast.

She told me of numerous ladies and gentlemen who had lost their hearts the previous night, among the rest were two young ladies I knew came there to get beaux. The eldest was very good looking; she seemed to be amiable and artless, and whatever a gentleman told her she implicitly believed; but the younger was more shrewd, she believed nothing that was said to her unless she was sure it was so.

I was very glad, indeed, when I knew they had got beaux, as I could, I hoped, get their hair dressed without the interference of their mother. When I was dressing their hair, she was all the time telling me to make them look well, for Mr. So-and-So had arrived, or Mr. This-or-That danced with them, or looked at

them in the ball-room, or they were introduced to Mr. Such-an-One, and she wished them to look their prettiest, as this was their debut.

I always did hate to get hold of any one on their first appearance at the springs, unless they were ladies of great refinement, and used to a good deal of gayety, as, if not, their whole trouble was to look better than Miss So-and-So. I know a number of ladies, who actually, when they got to the springs, were so dissatisfied with their wardrobe, that they had a full wardrobe made up to suit the times.

Having finished dressing this lady and heard all she could tell me, I went down in search of some other ladies, who I thought might be through with their breakfast. I had engagements with ladies from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night, during the rush. When I got down I looked into the dining-room, and it certainly was a beautiful sight—the ladies all dressed in different colored morning wrappers. One lady I noticed, had on a blue silk with a dotted Swiss over it; another a white Thibet, with a large cape of the same bound all round down the front, and cape with a rich green moire antique ribbon; another a white jaconet, ruffled all round the bottom, up the front and the cape, and handsomely fluted, and a pink head dress set gracefully on her head. After looking in for a few minutes, I saw some other of my ladies, and secured another victim. By the time I had finished dressing her, breakfast was over, and there was a general rush to the promenade and through the grounds. I never saw so many little groups, or so many promenading before; and the whole conversation was the ball, who looked best, and so forth; while

those that were not talking were looking out for the Saratoga papers, to see what was said about themselves, and all the news.

Suddenly I heard a great shout and huzza on the street; I looked out and heard a telegraphic dispatch had come from New York with the intelligence that the Atlantic Cable was completed and all right. Then came orders for a general jubilee; some began preparing speeches; some getting up different kinds of illuminations; some doing one thing, and some another, but none idle. Through all the excitement, I got some twenty-two or three arranged for dinner, all dressed in their best for the occasion.

After dinner, they tried to see how many could go to the lakes. I believe there were more carriages out that day than had been out for years. After dark, the streets were full of bonfires, houses and stores were illuminated, fireworks of all kinds were set off; then came shouts for speakers; some called for Washington Irving; some for Mr. Cooley; some for Mr. Randel, of Philadelphia; some again for Gen. Cadwallader, and many others. Numbers of eloquent speeches were made; all went well till an eminent lawyer got up and began quoting Scripture; he got to the passage, "He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm,"—when he could neither tell whether the passage was in John, James or Genesis, and he made such a *faux pas* that it afforded a good deal of amusement to the spectators. After the speeches were finished, all dressed exquisitely and rushed to the ball-room, where they spent a very gay and merry evening, all in honor of the laying of the cable. It was the topic of conversation for a few

days, till at last, as everything began to get cold, and as it were, dead, they were freshened up by the presence of three living lords—Lord Grosvenor, Lord Cavendish and the Hon. Mr. Ashley. They staid for several days, playing off on the weak minds of some of the parents who had young daughters in market, and amusing themselves generally, as they were in this country to see all that was to be seen, and for their amusement, as our young gentlemen do when they make the European tour.

I have often been amused in passing through the saloon—which, I have before mentioned, was at the head of the stairs, and was mostly used by courting characters, as a lady, gentleman or servant would not think of stopping one instant there if they saw a lady and gentleman in conversation—to see one of these young lords and a lady; his seat was a little higher than hers, and she looked up to him, receiving every word as if it nourished soul and body, as the dew of a summer's evening nourishes a delicate plant. Then on going down to the parlor in search of a lady whose hour had come to dress her for dinner, I found her with another of these lords, occupying a coquette seat; and on a sofa at a little distance, sat the other one; beside him was a married belle from New York; her mother sat on the other side, in perfect admiration of her daughter. They were all listening with as much earnestness as if they expected to be transfigured from Miss Whatever-it-might-be, to Lady So-and-So.

There were two or three of us hair-dressers who were amused at mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and all who had young ladies to *chaperon*. 'Twas like

the sound of an old bell—ding-dong, ding-dong—"Make her look pretty, for she might catch this lord." I would often smile at the request of some mother or *chaperon*—"Make her look her prettiest." I would smile and say, "That is very easy to do."

Whatever part of the house these lords would be in, there the ladies flocked, some with one question, some another; may-be a question as to the manners and customs of England, or the Palace, the Queen, the royal children, or anything else to elicit conversation; when they, as replies, would rattle off anything they would think of, let it be plausible or not; and sometimes, if the three chanced to be near each other, they would throw a sign, as well understood by them as the sign of either Mason or Odd-Fellow.

I was afraid, from the specimens at Saratoga that time, these lords would get a false impression of the American ladies, as not being sufficiently dignified; but hearing they had sought introductions to our Cincinnati and New York belles, whom I have before spoken of, I knew they would redeem the character of those who had laid aside their dignity and run after them. After these lords had amused themselves a little longer, they left for the wilds of the West.

I have given you many instances of marriages in high life. Now, before leaving Saratoga, I will give you a little account of a death in high life. It has always been a painful subject to me since. A lady who lived in great splendor and elegance, and in her queen-like mansion entertained thousands—Madame R., of Philadelphia—died at Saratoga in the summer of 1858.

After a flourishing summer, being gazed upon by

hundreds of her admiring friends, she was stricken down by erysipelas, caught by sitting in the gallery one very cold and damp evening. Her husband had been sick, and she was very anxious to have a letter from him; so she sat out on the gallery watching for a letter. She did not frequent the parlor, as she was never known to be there more than five or ten minutes at a time.

She lay from August till October. Her friends were very kind and attentive to her while the visitors were there. After the season was over she got worse. The house was deserted, and also the cottages, except the two little rooms she occupied, with a little stove in the corner of one of them.

Sometimes friends would come with a few grapes, flowers or other delicacy for her, which would be sent up with the compliments of the sender, and a wish to be allowed to see her. A cold, stern voice would be heard in reply—"Her compliments, and she does not wish to see any person." She had not even the privilege to decide for herself, and we all know in severe sickness the kind hand of a female friend is very soothing. This she had not; she had no attendant but her husband, a man, and a maid servant, and all know servants are far from being the same around a sick bed as those friends endeared by former associations, and who are also in the same circle in life.

Let my readers picture to themselves a hall two or three hundred feet long, where some weeks before there had been hundreds or thousands of people passing to and fro. All is now deserted—the servants turned off. In this immense hall is one solitary candle burning, making darkness the more visible; two

figures are all that are seen moving out and in to those two rooms. Had you occasion to go to the top of the stairs, you could hear groans of mortal agony, with cries of "Lord, help me!—God have mercy on me!" And when any one would do any little kindness to her to alleviate her sufferings, if but for a moment, you would hear the same voice say, "May God bless you, my friend!"

We all know the comforts of a palace are as nothing to one who is struggling in the grasp of death; much less the bed and room which is appropriated to a few hot summer days. When many in health complain of these inconveniences of a watering-place, what must they be to one prostrated by sickness and perfectly helpless.

This lady was noble; she had made many promises what she would do for the proprietor and housekeeper, if she survived; and made provision to have all who waited on her, or were kind to her, remembered. One day she called her husband, and made him promise he would buy the very best dress he could get in New York city, and present it to the housekeeper for her kindness.

Toward the last, it seemed as if there was something on her mind she wished told, but could get no opportunity of speaking to any friend. She particularly wished to see a brother-in-law, but the wish was not gratified, as he was not sent for till too late. She often wished to have a dear friend to close her eyes.

When told her death was at hand, she replied, "God's will be done; but O, I want to see my brother-in-law." While in the very agonies of death, she was closely questioned as to her papers; she answered

clearly and calmly; told where they were, and how to be got at; and then made arrangements how she wished her body disposed of. She said she wished a very plain shroud and coffin, and to be buried plain and quietly; she said she came into this world plain, and her desire was to leave it the same.

Her shroud was plain and her coffin of the plainest boards. When I think of this lady, her noble heart, her many kindnesses, not only to those she was acquainted with, but to those who required kindness of all nations, recur to my memory and renew the grief I felt at her death.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING SARATOGA—BURNING OF THE BAGGAGE CAR—VISIT TO NEW YORK.

THE season at Saratoga having closed, I had to return to Albany to get paid for my clothes. I had forgotten to mention that the season I have just been describing, my baggage had been all burned up on my way to Saratoga. I will now give you a description of the circumstance. I had intended stopping at the Yellow Springs that season, as many of our aristocracy were there; but concluded not to do so. I took the cars at Xenia for Saratoga, and after riding a day and night, when I was just two and a half hours' ride from Saratoga, we had stopped about ten or fifteen minutes at a little place called St. Johnsville.

The most of the passengers were asleep, but as I had scarcely ever slept on the cars, I chanced to be looking out of the window, and at the moment envying the gentlemen in a refreshment saloon drinking hot coffee, when I saw a man walk hurriedly out of the saloon. He glanced with a look of alarm toward the foremost cars, and immediately hallooed "fire."

I called to a number of ladies and gentlemen sitting around, and told them the cars were on fire. They laughed at me, and said I must be dreaming. I then threw up the window, and looking out, could just see

the least perceptible smoke coming out of the baggage car. I then threw a shawl around me and went out. Even then, although some moments had elapsed since the alarm, there was but little fire; but no person seemed to be trying to put it out, or endeavoring to check it.

I saw no one doing anything except the express-man, who was striving to save his own property, and he having succeeded, it amused me very much, though in trouble myself, to see him quietly take his seat on his chest; and thinking he had done sufficient, now his little property was saved, he would allow no one to come near him.

I then went into a room in the house and having sat down, tried to compose myself. I felt very badly, till I heard the conversation of those around me; many were in great distress, and were crying—they had lost their all. I then felt blessed that I had still a little something at home, and was going where I could make something too.

Others had important papers and other valuables with them, who felt very badly about their loss. I myself was not among the fortunate ones, as I had some things no money could pay me for.

On the next seat to me was a poor old woman, who had lost everything she had in the world. She had been to see some friends, and got from them yarn to knit stockings and socks for sale, to help her get over the winter. Her little bundle was burned up; and she was so much affected by the accident, that though my own losses did not force a tear from my eyes, I wept freely for her.

We soon got another locomotive and went on. In-

stead of turning to the left for Saratoga, we turned to the right for Albany, the grand office being in that place.

On arriving in Albany, I went to a well known family there—that of Mr. R. K. I was received and treated by this family in such a way as, should I live thousands of years, I never could enough express my gratitude to them for their kindness.

At nine o'clock I went down to the office, where the first of the officers I met was Mr. F. I was requested to come back on Monday morning. I went, and was again requested to call on Tuesday. While sitting there, I saw the old woman whom I before spoke of as having been so much afflicted, talking to Mr. F., and crying very sorely. After they had settled with her, she came along and told me she hoped they would do better by me than they had done by her, as she lost her all and got little or nothing for it.

On telling me the amount she received, I was really ashamed for the company who could treat a poor old woman in such a manner, but at once determined they should not treat me so meanly. Their will was good, but thanks to my own perseverance, they could not. I went on Tuesday as requested, when they told me Mr. W was not yet returned from Lake George. I went again on Wednesday, when I found him at home.

He was a tall, thin gentleman, with jet black hair and dark eyes—had the appearance of one who would think a good deal and say but little. I at once read the man's heart, and read it well, as I was not disappointed. He sent me again to Mr. F.'s apartment, who wished me to call again, but I told him I had my customers in Saratoga, and must go on there. He sent me back to Mr. W again, who decided to give

me two hundred dollars, which Mr. F thought was a great deal too much for me to handle, and thought one hundred enough.

I took the hundred and went to Saratoga; there I found many and warm friends; many of them wished to raise a subscription for me, but I would not allow them, as I said the railroad was able to pay me, and I meant that they should do so. I received more kindness and attention from the proprietor and housekeeper than I ever did before. It seemed as though every one wanted to do something for me.

On the 12th of September I went back to Albany to get the balance of my money. It was the 18th before I got away from there. They seemed all perfectly astonished at the list of my clothes. Mr. F was aghast at the idea of my paying thirty-five dollars for a moire antique dress, and said his wife never had a dress cost so much. I laughed, and told him I had a dress which cost me fifty dollars, and a mantle to suit which cost me fifty more; and if his highness pleased, I had a suit that cost me one hundred and fifty dollars.

It would have amused any person who knew the extent of my wardrobe, to be behind the door and see their wide-open eyes and hear their catched-up breath when they came to any articles more expensive than others; and when Mr. F came, on the list, to a velvet basquine trimmed with deep fringe, he seemed to think it was an impossibility; but there were so many persons both in Albany and New York that knew the extent of my wardrobe, that he could no longer doubt.

I was never more amused in my life, than at seeing the different railroad gentlemen pick up my list, look

at and shrink from it, as if it were an impossibility for a working woman to have such a wardrobe. One of them seemed quite horrified at the very idea of my having ten silk dresses with me; but it afforded me a good deal of pleasure to let him know I had as many more at home; but I told him that did not make any difference, as I had to get paid for what they, in their carelessness, burnt up; and it was nothing but carelessness, as I myself was an eye-witness.

I was put off from time to time, as the president was not there. After being nearly wearied out, I one day went and told them I must have my money, or I would go to the hotel, take a private room with plenty of attendants, and a doctor to attend on me too, as I was pretty near sick; when immediately the one next the president gave orders to pay me and let me go; but some of the others determined I should stay there till the president returned, thinking to weary me out and make me go without my money. But they soon found they were greatly mistaken; instead of my being the wearied one, they had to suffer.

Every morning I went down to the office after breakfast, staid there till dinner time; went to dinner, returned, and staid there till night; and I assure you my tongue never stopped, nor was I tired commenting on all that came under my notice—ladies, gentlemen, servants and business men of all kinds.

I finally determined to see the president myself, and as they said he would not return from New York for a few days, I made up my mind to go on to New York and see him, and there I went. On my arrival, I found the president had just left for Albany. However, though a little discouraged, I determined as I

was in New York, I would stop awhile, as I had numerous friends there, and pass the time off as pleasantly as possible—which I did going to the operas, pic-nics, and clam-bakes. I suppose some of my readers would like to know what a clam-bake is. I will tell you.

I was invited to a very beautiful place called Weehawken; it was the prettiest place I ever saw in the woods for any amusement of the kind. When we arrived at Weehawken, we found a handsome house fitted up for the season; in front was a platform about one hundred feet square, with a railing round it and seats; outside this railing was a place erected for a full band of music. All commenced dancing the instant they arrived; some even before they got their things off. While I, with some others who did not dance, went to see the preparations for cooking the clams.

I was very much pleased, as it was something I had never seen before. First, they put on the ground thirty or forty logs of wood, with plenty of kindling; when these logs were burning, they put on a cart-load of large stones; when these became red hot, they covered them with sea-weed. They then took fish of all kinds that could be baked sweet, and Irish potatoes, corn in the ear; rolled them all up in separate pieces of paper, laid them on the sea weed; then they made another row of sea-weed, on which about three barrels of clams were put; then another covering of sea-weed; and so on, till there was a pile four or five feet high, and all was in a short time beautifully baked. In the meantime there was quite a circle of boards erected round this bed of clams, where the people stood around and received from those inside

this circle bowls, butter, pepper and salt, and anything else they might require; then last came along a number of forks to eat with. Then commenced such an opening of clams, handing round of sweet potatoes and corn—just which you pleased to have—and all seemed to eat as if they were the most elegant things imaginable.

I sat aside and looked on, an amused spectator, as, though pressed by many to eat, and told how good they were, I could not eat them. There was an immense kettle of chowder, which they all seemed to enjoy very much. They all ate with such a relish as if they never had eaten anything so good before. There was a good deal of fun and merriment going on.

After they had finished their clams, they took another dance; then all retired to dress for a ball which was to be inside the house. They kept it up till eleven o'clock at night. The refreshment table was beautifully and elegantly set.

Notwithstanding the attention and kindness I received, I got perfectly wearied, when I, with some others, started for the boat. When we got to the landing, which was a quarter of a mile from the house, there was a surprise. Instead of our splendid and commodious steamer, towering up to the sky, there was a contemptible little tow-boat, that we had to look down to find; she had no cabin, nor any shelter from the night. It was certainly a stronger and safer boat, but the elegant cabins that were appropriated to excursions were wanting. I was furious, and started back to the house with rage; I outwalked them all. On reaching the house, the committee went

down to inquire the reason, and found it was a mistake of the captain; he had made a previous engagement.

Notwithstanding our protestations to the contrary, I found we must either go by this little boat, or stay all night. I chose the lesser evil, and embarked, but from the time I started from the landing at Weehawken, till I got to the landing at Spring-street, New York, I never drew a long breath. On my landing I bid adieu to all clam-bakes.

The next day I went on Fifth-avenue, and all around, to see my friends, who were very kind to me at Saratoga, New York, or any other place they met me. It was at such times as these I appreciated my profession. I went through several elegantly furnished mansions; they were so perfectly exquisite that I thought by some magic power, I was taken across the sea to some of the lordly mansions it had been my good luck to see while in Europe. When I was a child, I remember all the upper part of Fifth-avenue nothing but woods.

I will now give you a little description of some of the mansions of my ladies in New York; I am proud to say *my ladies*, as I have worked for them so many seasons. I will commence with the mansion of one well known—G. L., Fifth-avenue. The hall, to begin with, was as large as some of our parlors; on the left hand side were two reception rooms, one blue and the other green; in one of these rooms was a large book-case, all rosewood and looking-glass; it attracted my attention, as a most magnificent piece of furniture. On the right hand side were two very large parlors; on entering, the first thing that caught my eye was a full-length likeness of the host himself. This parlor

was beautifully frescoed in gay colors. At the back of these parlors was another large room, used as a dining-room on particular occasions; it ran crosswise, and was most elegantly furnished. There was the greatest profusion of silver scattered here and there through this room, I ever saw in one house in this country. On going up stairs, I went from room to room until I had counted seven on the second floor, all exquisitely furnished in rosewood; there was a great number of beautiful paintings. The third floor was furnished in mahogany, and was elegant. I then went down to the basement. In the front is an office, and a large family dining-room. Taken all in all, it is a large and magnificent house. I have always been treated very kindly by the whole family, from the oldest to the youngest; so, like all travelers, I took some refreshment and left.

I then went down the Fifth-avenue, to the house of Mrs. B. Her house is five stories high. In the basement is a kitchen, a billiard room, and an elegant parlor for her servants. In this parlor are mirrors larger than I have seen in many parlors even in the city. On entering the principal hall, there was a most beautiful figure in bronze of a horse as large as life. Certainly the attitude and appearance were very graceful. The first parlor was green and gold; the drapery around the numerous windows was superb. The second parlor furniture was the most delicate shade of blue and gold; the wall was the lightest tinge of rose and gold; the mantles of the most pure and elegant marble, supported on each side by figures having the appearance of the old Knickerbockers. The tables looked like masses of gold and marble.

On one of them was a group in Parian marble representing Moses and the ark of bullrushes, and Pharaoh's daughter. It was a gem. The third parlor was drab and gold furniture, and wall to match. The fourth, which was used as a dining-room, was lined, instead of papered, with a dark drab morocco; the furniture covered with the same.

On my going up the stairs, the first room I came to was blue and gold. It was a boudoire, or ladies' sitting room. In each corner was a cabinet, filled with shells and all kinds of ornaments and curiosities. The doors of these cabinets were looking-glass. This room opened into a large and elegant bed-room, with a high and massive rosewood bedstead; all the furniture rosewood, to match. Next came a dressing-room: in either corner was an immovable wash-stand toilet, beautiful china vase; also, an immovable wardrobe, with three doors, the middle one of looking-glass. The next was a parlor, with crimson furniture. Around the walls were the portraits of the families of both Mr. and Mrs. B. This little parlor was exquisitely furnished. It opened into an elegant bed-room occupied by Mrs. B. The ceilings were very high, and the bedstead the highest I ever saw in my life, with rich crimson damask curtains, looped tassels to match. This opened into an elegant dressing-room, the furniture of which was all black walnut; the room, instead of being papered, was wainscotted with black walnut. I then went to the third story, and found all equally elegant, all furnished with the finest rosewood. The fourth and fifth stories were mahogany, instead of rosewood furniture, but in other respects the same. When I got to the fifth story, you may imagine I

would have wished for some other way of getting down besides walking.

I am always delighted to see elegant houses, but more particularly when there are elegant ladies to grace them, which is the case here; for in every house I have been in, in New York, there were elegant ladies to adorn them.

I remember, while in England, once going with the ladies' maid of a countess to see the splendid mansion of her mistress. Before leaving I wished to see the lady who graced such a mansion. To my surprise, on reaching the door, I found an elegant carriage, coachman and footman, with certainly the queerest looking little lady, all shriveled up, that I ever saw. It made me wish I was a fairy, that I could transfer some of the fine-looking ladies from my country to grace such a mansion.

The next day I commenced by going on Eighth-street, but, in consequence of sickness, I did not go through the house. On entering I found the house and grounds more like France than any place I had seen in New York. From there I went to Mrs. S.'s elegant and princely mansion. It was a large double house, with two parlors on one side and a large reception-room on the other. Everything in the house is chaste and elegant; everything in these parlors is magnificent. The chandeliers are the most beautiful of any I ever saw. One in the principal parlor has sixteen burners. There are beautiful branches over the mantles, and at each side, with brilliant lights. These, with the pure white of the velvet-papered walls, give at night some idea of an earthly paradise. The dining-room is also a most beautiful room. On

the second floor are four large chambers, elegantly furnished, and a most extensive library. Next came what I may call a museum, for it certainly was one filled with birds, shells, flowers, and animals of every description. The green-house was the most beautiful I have seen in New York. It was filled with very choice flowers, of every shade and color.

My time was now getting short, and although I had numerous invitations from ladies to visit them when I went to New York, I did not have time to get further into many of their houses than the music-room or reception-room; in fact, after leaving the Fifth-avenue I did not see anything to boast of over our own places at home, on the inside of the houses, but on the outside they certainly were exquisite.

I frequently visited the St. Nicholas, where I had many lady friends from the South, and also from the Queen City. Among the rest of my friends were Madame L. and her accomplished daughter. As usual, they were great belles. There were two Southern belles there who tried to equal Madame L. and her daughter. The ladies themselves were very well, but the conduct of their father in past years made them too conspicuous.

Not a hundred years ago, in passing through the streets of one of our Southern cities, he met a gentleman on the cross-walk who had been drinking very freely. He ran up against this gentleman, who immediately knocked him down. The next day, when the gentleman got sober, he started to the house of the father of these young ladies to apologize, though not in fault. When the latter met him coming up the steps, he blew his brains out. When taken up for

this murder, to save himself, he said this gentleman visited his wife at unseasonable hours. This caused a separation between them for a long time.

There were some six or seven hundred people at the St. Nicholas at that time. From there I went to the New York Hotel, where I found all pretty much one clique—all fashionable and elegant people; the house and its guests very much like the Hotel Maurice in Paris. I then went to visit a lady I had been promising to go to see for five or six years, who had been a great belle. When I arrived at the house I found her husband sick, and did not stay long. On my going to visit another lady, she told me what was the matter with him, and she seemed perfectly delighted, as they were very proud people, and thought few persons good enough to associate with.

A bachelor friend of this gentleman had an elegant housekeeper. He told this friend she was inconstant. The lady hearing of it, took a carriage, and knowing his usual walks, met him coming from the Battery right at the Bowling Green, and stepping from the carriage, with a cowhide she cut over the face and eyes so badly he had to run into a little shop to escape from her. She then got into her carriage and drove home. He had to remain in the shop till he sent for a carriage, and was taken home, where he remained for three or four weeks. This made quite a stir among the gentlemen.

I was now tired of my visit to New York, and made up my mind to go back to Albany and see after my money. I had no idea of being put off as I had seen others. I left New York in the evening, and the next morning I found myself in Albany. I went first to

the railroad office, and found several of the directors there, who sent me from one to another until I had gone to, it seemed to me, half a dozen. I got perfectly furious at this kind of treatment, and as they all seemed afraid of the president, I, not being afraid of anybody, determined to see the president myself. I went fully determined to take him down a little if he had been what he was represented to be by the actions of his underlings; but, to my surprise, I found him a perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word, and he seemed to wish to do what was right. Though he did not give me what I thought was sufficient to repay my losses, yet he gave me more than the others were willing to allow.

I took the three hundred dollars, which was the amount I received, and left. I do hope those other gentlemen will not continue to think thirty-five or forty dollars too much to give for a dress for their wives. I wish them all to remember it is not the dog that is chained up the tightest, and makes the most noise, does the most biting.

CHAPTER V.

NEWPORT—THE MAID'S STORY.

I will now go back in my narrative to the season of 1850. I was that year at work at Saratoga. The nephew of President Polk coming there with his family, consisting of his wife, two children, a man and maid servant, and the lady wishing to have a maid and hair-dresser, I gave up my situation at Saratoga and went to Newport with them. We stopped at the Ocean House. I found the most of the company there from Saratoga, as it was a habit with many to go the early part of the season to Saratoga and drink the water, after which they sought the seaside to bathe. I found out this season why many of the ladies liked Newport so well; it was because at the latter place the ladies and gentlemen were thrown more together. As there was but a small hall to promenade in at Newport, ladies, gentlemen, children, servants and all were together, while at Saratoga the ladies had two very large galleries and the gentlemen one, so they were never thrown together, except those who had families or acquaintances. This season the Germania Band was there, and I have often been amused, while listening to the music, to see the different dresses, different appearances, and different cliques.

There were five ladies there from the neighborhood

of Philadelphia, all of one family. These were all beautiful and very elegant in every respect. Though the ladies did not associate with them much, they were great belles with the gentlemen; they did not care much for the ladies' society, as they knew they were on the strong side. Three of those ladies were married, one was a widow, and the other a young lady.

The widow was a tall, elegant looking lady, with a pure white skin, which was very much envied. She always dressed in the most elegant black silk and pearls, or black velvet and diamonds, while the young lady dressed in white silk, sleeves looped up like a child's, and a sash round her waist. The three married ladies were a good deal talked about. I do not believe there was any foundation for such talk. Like all pretty women, they liked their admirers.

Many of the ladies came together and declared they would not come another season if that family were permitted to be there. The proprietor very readily complied with the wishes of the mass of boarders, and told the ladies they could not be accommodated there another season. They did not return for a season or two, with the exception of the widow. She had always held herself above reproach. She always came there, and at length gained an *entree* again for them. At this time the widow is reigning at the head of society in the South, while the others are reigning the same in New York, and are married in the highest families. North and South, many who used to think them not good enough to sit at table with, now bend low to them this season. There were many belles there. One in particular was very gay and a great dasher. There was much talk about her, but no

one can say whether there was any truth or not in such stories.

It was really a delightful sight on a fine clear day to see two or three hundred ladies sporting in the water, and chasing the waves in their picturesque attire; some with yellow, some white, some crimson dresses on. The gentlemen had their hour, but many were so delighted to see the ladies in their bathing dresses, as they always had seen them so dressed up, they would not keep away, until finally the proprietor placed officers there to keep them off till their hour came.

I, with my little Miss, went in one day with two or three hundred people. My little girl had on a yellow flannel dress, trimmed with red, and my own dress was the brightest crimson that could be found. I was proud to have them admired as the prettiest dresses in the water that season. While in the water, I noticed one lady who had on nothing but a simple nightgown; and on coming out she lost her little house. These little houses are for changing the dress in, and there are three or four hundred of them along the beach. She asked many people, but she was such a comical figure no one would tell her anything of it. She looked to me like a drowned rat. It was plain to be seen she was not much accustomed to the seaside.

On coming out of the water, I saw such an insignificant little creature, such as we call in our city, Count Nobody. He was standing on the cliff, laughing immoderately at this poor woman. I felt so angry with him I could have gone up one side of the cliff and thrown him down the other, but for his insignificance. He was there flourishing with a young lady,

while his wife was lying sick at the Irving House, New York. Many ladies, both from our city and New York, knew this to be the case, but, at such places, ladies will receive attentions from men, even knowing them to be broken sticks.

In a few days came off a grand dress ball; I was more than proud that my lady was called the loveliest lady in the room. I was amused watching the maneuvers of a middle-aged widow lady, from our city, of great wealth, elegantly dressed, playing off as a young girl of fifteen, with a gentleman from New York, nearly of her own age, but dressed as a young man of twenty; they were coquetting and flirting all the evening.

The ball passed off very pleasantly, till near the end, when some words occurred between a married gentleman and a young one, about a lady from New York; the young gentleman blacked both the eyes of the other gentleman, which closed the ball.

Among the ladies at Newport, I noticed one whom I had often seen at New York, Saratoga, and other places, and who had always been a leader of fashion wherever she went. With some surprise I observed that this lady was scarcely noticed by those with whom she had formerly been very intimate; and those who had once been glad to receive the slightest token of recognition from her, now swept haughtily by her, without deigning a glance.

Many surmises did I make, to account for this change in the manner of the fashionables toward the lady; but none were satisfactory. Her husband's position was exalted—his wealth was immense. There was a mystery about the matter which puzzled me,

and I determined to unravel it. I seized every opportunity that offered for conversing with her former friends; but they always spoke of her with a reserve that left me more in doubt and more curious than before.

In the meantime, I had become well acquainted with her maid, who, I knew, had been with her a long time, and was much attached to her. It was, however, not until after much solicitation that I prevailed on her to tell me the story.

"It has been more than fifteen years," she said, "since I first became acquainted with my mistress. She was, at that time, scarcely eighteen years old, and was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen; but, in her countenance, even at that age, could be detected traces of that pride which has ever been her ruling passion. Her mother had died when she was a child. Her father was engaged in a large, and apparently very lucrative business. He had in his employment, a young man some twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, who frequently had occasion to call at the house, to bring letters, messages, etc., to Mr. ——. This young man was tall and well-formed, and although his features were not at all regular, still he was very handsome. When he was in conversation, there was a peculiar fascination in his manner, which it was almost impossible to resist.

"I had been engaged in the house some months before I observed any alteration in the manner of my mistress. Whenever James came into her presence, with any message for her father, she always had many questions to ask him, and seemed anxious to prolong his stay as much as possible. When he had gone,

she would sit for hours without speaking a word; but I could plainly see there was a violent struggle going on within her breast.

"I had conceived a great affection for my young lady. Although she had the reputation of being proud and selfish, to me she had always shown the greatest kindness, nor had I ever heard from her lips a harsh word. I determined to watch over her, and, as far as was in my power, avert the misfortune which I thought threatened her. It was with much pain that I first observed the change in her conduct toward James. Formerly she had spoken to him haughtily, and had treated him in the same manner she would any other menial—for he had a position in her father's warehouse scarcely above that of a common porter; but her manner gradually changed and softened toward him, until she treated him more respectfully than any visitor that came to the house.

"James was not slow in detecting this change in my mistress, and divining the cause. His visits to the house became more and more frequent; and, always under some pretext or other, he endeavored to see the young lady.

"I do not think he ever had an opportunity of conversing with her alone, until one morning I started out to spend the day with one of my relatives. It so happened that I returned early in the afternoon, and having walked some distance, I sat down in a small room adjoining the parlor, to recruit myself. I had scarcely seated myself, when I heard a voice, which I knew to be that of James, but I could not catch the words. Then louder, and as if in anger, I heard my mistress say,

"'What do you mean, sir, by addressing me in this manner. Why this effrontery that makes you so far forget my position and your own? Think you, for a moment, that I, the daughter of wealth, can listen quietly to such language from a common laborer?'

"'You are mistaken, Miss. I addressed you only in terms of respect, and if one, whom you sneeringly call a common laborer, acts in your presence as an equal, it is because your manner and words, for months past, have warranted him in so doing.'

"'You are becoming still more insulting, sir. It is only your vanity that has made you so misconstrue my actions. But it is beneath me to explain. Leave the house, sir, and rest assured my father shall know of your conduct.'

"'I will do as you command, regretting exceedingly having given expression to those feelings which I have long cherished, and dared to hope would not meet with the scorn you have shown. But you will find, ere long, wealth does not separate us so widely as you think,' and so saying, he went out.

"I caught a glimpse of his countenance, as he turned to shut the door, and saw on it an expression of triumph which I had scarcely expected to find there, and could not divine the meaning of.

"Scarcely had the door closed, when I heard my young lady sobbing violently. 'Why am I so unfortunate?' said she. 'Why should this man, so much my inferior, have inspired me with such feelings? Thank heaven my pride sustained me, and prevented my lips from expressing the love I have so vainly struggled against. But,' and her voice expressed the gladness with which the thought inspired her, 'what

did he mean by saying our positions were not so different as I thought? Can it be possible he is not what he seems? I pray to Heaven it may be so.'

"I was much grieved to be a listener to this conversation, but had been, for some time, dreading such an occurrence. Still I was glad that she had so controlled herself in the presence of James, and had given him not one word of encouragement. Yet I wondered what his last words, coupled with his look of triumph, meant. Alas! they were too soon to be explained.

"That night Mr. —— did not come home until late, and sending for his daughter, told her that all his wealth was gone. Some large speculations, in which he had engaged, had turned out disastrously, and he was ruined. Not one dollar had he saved from the wreck; and in his old age, he must go out to seek a living for her and himself. He had many friends in New York, and did not doubt of success, but that she would have to live according to their altered circumstances.

"In a few days the furniture was all sold, and we started for New York, where Mr. —— had secured a situation with a large and wealthy firm, to the father of the junior member of which he had been an early friend. He now lived very plainly and comfortably. It was, however, a great change from our former life, and my young lady would often sigh for the luxuries of her earlier days.

"We had been in New York about a year. During this time, Mr. D., one of my master's employers, had been a constant visitor at our house. He was a fine looking man, in the prime of life, kind and courteous in his manners, and was possessed of immense wealth.

From the moment of his first visit, I saw that he was enamored of my young lady. She, dazzled by his wealth, had accepted the offer of his hand, and they were soon to be married.

"When the appointed time arrived, my yonng lady went to the altar a not unwilling bride, for she loved position and wealth; and had never been contented with her lot since her father's failure; but I knew, from observing her closely, that she had never felt any love for her intended husband.

"After the ceremony had taken place, we removed to a new and splendid mansion, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, and lived far more magnificently than ever before. The winters were spent in a continual round of gayety in the city, and during the summers we visited the fashionable watering-places, at all of which my lady was greatly admired and courted for her beauty and wealth.

"A few years passed in this way, when one evening I heard Mr. D. remark that he had engaged a new coachman, who would come the next morning. I did not think anything of this circumstance until the next day, when, imagine my surprise and alarm, on recognizing in the new servant, no other than my old acquaintance, James.

"I was very curious to see the effect his appearance wonld have on Mrs. D. She knew nothing of it nntil in the afternoon, when he drove to the door, and she stepped out to get in the carriage. At the first glance she recognized him, and for a moment I thought she would fall, but recovering, she straitened herself up, and getting into the carriage, without another look,

the door was closed, and I heard the carriage rattling over the streets as they drove away.

"That evening Mrs. D. told her husband she did not like the new coachman, and would rather he would get another, but Mr. D. had taken a fancy to him, and asked his wife to give him a trial of a few weeks. I supposed she disliked saying anything to her husband of her former knowledge of the man. A few weeks passed, and my lady said nothing more to her husband concerning the man's dismissal, and I noticed that she appeared more fond of riding than heretofore, and no matter how disagreeable the weather, never missed a single day in going out, when she was not unwell. She now began frequently to complain of sickness, and was continually sending for medicines, or such delicacies as sick people generally crave, and James, although a man servant was kept in the house, was always sent on these errands, and would take the things, himself, to her room.

"It was now a season of the year when the business of Mr. D. required that he should be absent from the city a great portion of the time. Mrs. D. during his absence, was generally confined to her room, and one night would let no one sit up with her during the early part of the evening, but James. This caused a great deal of talk among the servants, and it soon began to be whispered about among the neighbors, until it finally reached Mr. D.'s ears.

"No one could tell by his manner that he had heard the slightest rumor against his wife; if possible, he seemed more kind to her than usual. 'He was compelled,' as he said, 'unexpectedly, to leave New York that evening, on important business;' and

bidding his wife affectionately farewell, he left the house.

"Again was Mrs. D. taken sick, and James was sent for to sit with her, to be ready to go for anything that was wanted. About eleven o'clock, I saw Mr. D. going up stairs; how he got in I know not—the doors were all locked—but that matters not, there he was; and I watched him with anxiety as I saw him stop at his wife's door. It was locked. He broke it open with one blow. I was fearful of the consequeuces. Mrs. D. was lying in bed, and near her sat James, reading. My master, much to my astonishment, simply ordered him down stairs; when he went out, the door was closed, and I could hear nothing that passed inside.

"The next morning, James asked me to see Mr. D., and request him to give him a recommendation. Mr. D.'s countenance did not change in the least (and I watched him closely), as he replied, 'Tell him if he is here at breakfast, I will give him one.' I delivered the message to James, and his face grew pale as he listened to it; he left the room, and I have seen nothing of him from that day to this. Mr. D. has treated his wife since with the greatest attention before the eyes of others, but alone he never exchanges a word with her. Notwithstanding the care that was taken, the thing leaked out through the servants, and is now pretty generally known."

I listened to the girl's story with some interest, but with very little surprise, for I had seen and heard of so many more marvelous circumstances, that I was prepared to believe that ladies could be guilty of al

most any species of folly. When she had finished, however, I no longer thought it strange that her mistress should be treated so cooly by her former associates.

During this, my first and last visit to Newport, very many strange and peculiar things came under my notice. Among them was the following incident, which, although it occurred in the hight of the season, was known to but very few of the visitors.

A young lady stopped at one of the fashionable hotels, with her mother, father, and another lady about her own age, a cousin. One evening, the latter complaining of being unwell, retired early, and left this young lady in the parlor with her father and mother. They sat up quite late, and when the young lady started to go to bed, instead of going to her own room, through a mistake she went into that of a stranger a flight lower. Without striking a light, she undressed herself, and sat down on the edge of the bed, and commenced telling her cousin something that had occurred down stairs after she left. Wondering why her cousin was so silent, and thinking she was asleep, she put her hand on her face to arouse her, when, to her horror and dismay, instead of the soft face of her cousin, she felt the bearded lip and hard face of a man. On her attempting to leave, he had the impudence to kiss her; she screamed, and rushing from the room, sought her father and mother, to whom she told the circumstance. They concluded their best plan would be to leave; and so, early the next morning, they started for Niagara Falls. Going by the way of Boston, they made a short stay in that

place. They arrived at Niagara, and found the gentleman had reached there before them. He sought an introduction to the young lady, courted her, and the next season they were married and occupied the same room.

CHAPTER VI.

MINNIE.

SOME twenty years ago, I knew a family in Kentucky, all the members of which were remarkable for their beauty. We will call them the Smiths. There were two beautiful daughters; the elder one, I called by the pet name of Minnie. As a child, she was amiable and lovely; and she grew up both beautiful and intelligent. At the age of fifteen, her eyes became affected, which procured her leave of absence to return home from school. During that time she became acquainted with Noble in a rather peculiar manner. As he was sitting, with other members of the family, in the hall which went through the middle of the house, he raised his eyes, and was astonished at the vision of loveliness that greeted his sight, coming down the broad stairway. She was dressed in a white cambric morning wrapper, confined at the waist with a rich blue silk cord and tassel; her clear red and white complexion contrasting beautifully with her disheveled hair of dark chesnut, which nearly reached her feet. When she saw the stranger, she gave a scream, and ran back to her room. In the evening, the gentleman returned, and was introduced to her. He had fallen in love at first sight, and the introduction had only tightened the chains on the part of Noble. But Minnie, young as she was, already loved another.

When her family and friends saw the impression Minnie had made upon Noble, they immediately went to work to make a match between them. Not long after Noble had left Kentucky, they started with Minnie for the East. They remained several days in the city where Noble was; and he and Minnie were thrown together as much as possible. They walked and rode together, and he accompanied her to all the fashionable places of amusement. They were finally engaged to be married, which fatal affair took place in the cemetery. It was within the walls of the dead, and among the silent tombs, that she consented to be his bride. Her object being gained, she started for home, leaving behind her broken hearts in Washington, and every other place she had stopped. When she arrived at home, she was greeted by the one she loved, but not by the one who loved her. Autumn was passing, and winter drew nigh, when they departed for the South. Shortly after, Noble, who loved her so dearly, followed her. This gave her great notoriety, as he was a man of high standing. Minnie now seemed desirous of avoiding him. I have often seen her dodge behind the one she would be walking with; when she would meet him, she, perhaps, would be on the one side of the street, and he on the other. Though engaged to him, she never loved him; she only wanted him for a while: for, after it was known she was engaged to him, she had lovers by the score. She then thought to get rid of him by persuading him to go to Europe, hoping, by the time he got back, she would be married to one she loved.

They corresponded all the time he was in Europe. The letters were sometimes favorable and sometimes

unfavorable. At last he told her he was prepared for anything, either for acceptance or rejection. To do her justice, she did at this time discard him, and wrote a letter to him to that effect, which she sent to the post office. Her mother, on learning this, went to the office, and demanded it, on pretense of having forgotten something she intended to put in it. She then went home, and made her daughter write a letter of acceptance, standing by her while she did it.

Two months from that day, the gentleman was on his native shore again; and you may be sure he was not long in presenting himself to the loved one. She received him with a smile, while her heart was bleeding, for she still cherished the hope that she would marry the one she loved. The time for the marriage was set, and the town was on the *qui vive.*

Noble returned home to settle his affairs, preparatory to the event. In the meantime, Minnie went to the parents of her former lover, and, on her knees, swore she would never give her hand to any one but their son. At the same time, dressmakers, milliners, shoemakers, and even to diamond-polishers, were busy preparing for her coming marriage with Noble — even the hair-dresser was not idle; and friends were not idle, for they were busy watching her, for fear of her eloping. But, through many watchers, she was secured until Noble came. Then were sent out two or three hundred invitations. Such preparations never were known in the Western country before.

They had three rooms opening into one another— one green and gold, another crimson velvet, and the third cherry and gold; they opened into a beautiful

conservatory. On the opposite side of the hall was a music-room; then an eating-room, with a table set out I believe no one ever saw surpassed in a private family. There were three pyramids; one, many feet in hight, had on the top a beautiful burner of incense, which sent forth a fragrance that could not be surpassed. They were all covered with different colored lights, and certainly had a grand and beautiful effect.

There were eight bridemaids, dressed in pure white, with pink wreathes on their heads. The bride's dress was a double skirt of Brussels lace over white silk; Brussels vail, fastened with diamonds. I do n't believe the Empress Eugenia could have looked more elegant than she did. Her bed-room surpassed anything that at that time had ever been seen in this country. Her bed-cover was white figured satin; the pillow covers were embroidered cambric, finer than the pocket handkerchiefs used in these days; the curtains were of lace, fastened to a canopy in the French style, and on the cornice were crushed roses; the couch was figured satin; the window curtains were of lace, lined with pink satin; and a large oval mirror, which stood between the windows, had a wreath of white roses around it.

Was poor Minnie happy in all this elegance? No; her heart was bleeding, and at every tap at the door to bring her presents she would exclaim, in tones of anguish, "O, God!" She would have no one in the room with her but the hair-dresser alone; she dreaded having her bridemaids in the room lest she should faint or have spasms, as she had during the day.

At half-past eight the bridemaids came in and re-

mained with her till nine, when she was led from her queen-like apartment and married.

When she was pronounced the wife of Noble by the minister, it was the happiest moment her mother had seen for a long time. Many of the guests expected her to refuse the hand of Noble even at the altar, but her former lover did not appear. All who have loved may judge the feelings of poor Minnie at this time. Now came the dance. She danced as merrily as any of her guests, for pride kept her from showing any feeling but that of happiness. Her reception was the third day; it was as grand an affair as the wedding. Her reception dress was made of three skirts of spangled tulle, with a coronet of pearls and diamonds. After this commenced the parties by the bridemaids, at which she danced the polka, and many other fancy dances.

Noble did not at first make any objection, but at the third or fourth party he objected to her dancing the polka. She persisted in it, when he expressly forbid her. Then commenced the trouble. Her mother advised with her; her husband tried to compel her; but in spite of both she would dance what she pleased. Before the parties were through with, there was another objection raised; her *color* was a little too high.

Noble now took a stand, and forbid her going to parties altogether. At this her father, mother and brother interfered, and insisted she should go where she pleased, and make her toilet to suit herself. I now got tired, and went South, but had only been there about two months when they wrote for me to go East. On my arrival they told me she had been sick,

but I knew what her sickness was, as when Minnie took a tantrum she always feigned sickness.

A few days passed, and we all started, for the East, by way of Washington. All the way Minnie was sour and cross to Noble, and never gave him a pleasant word, though she talked and laughed with many on the cars, that I thought a good deal to low for her even to speak to.

On our arrival at Washington, Noble's family, and numerous others, called on and treated Minnie with great respect. While in company she was all life and gayety, but in private she was sour, morose and fretful. Her conduct made Noble very unhappy. One evening Minnie dressed to go down to the parlor when Noble thought she had indulged in too bright a *color*; on his saying so, she got very angry and told him she did not use cosmetics at all. He went to her trunk, and there found them, which so provoked her that she kept up the quarrel till quite late in the night. He rang the bell for the hair-dresser, and asked her to find all the cosmetics, and throw them in the fire. Minnie became so enraged, when she heard this, that she screamed out loud enough to raise all in the house; and tried to leave the impression on their minds that her husband had struck her. Then commenced the tragedy. It was like the rolling sea, first a calm and then a storm, till we got to our new home.

Noble's family had apartments provided for them at the hotel. These apartments were elegant, and elegantly furnished. She had many useful and valuable presents, but not the kind Minnie wanted. She had set her heart on a carriage and four, and nothing else would satisfy her. Many ladies would have been

delighted with the beautiful boquets sent to her, and the elegant vases and baskets that came in; but all failed to please her, and she became more and more unhappy Nothing could be done to please her, by any one; had she been a princess, from foreign lands, there could not have been more attention shown her, than by the family of Noble. But, as she did not love him, any attention from his family was unpleasant to her. It was truly distressing to visit her apartments sometimes, as she was at times gay, cheerful, and full of spirits; at others she would walk the floor as if frenzied, then sit down at the piano and run over all the sentimental pieces she could think of; then rummage over old letters, read them, sometimes laugh and sometimes cry. She kept the likeness of her former lover, which she had a great deal of trouble in secreting. When her husband would come in and find her in her tantrums, he knew she had either been receiving letters, looking over old ones, or writing.

This unhappiness lasted for a long time, without any person finding out or knowing anything of it; but at length a cousin of Noble's found it out, and undertook to increase the trubles of his cousin. His visits were constant; he would tell Minnie that Noble's family was wealthy, and she should have a great many more things than she had, and by his conversation made her very unhappy; then, on her husband's coming in, she would treat him in a very unladylike manner, for which treatment she would give no reason to him.

On one occasion she told him her mother had written for her to come home, when she really had not heard from her mother for ten days. He often de-

manded to see the letters. Once she had one all ready, and handed it to him, but forgot that all her letters came through his hands, as he had a box in the post-office; on his saying so, she said she received it through her hair-dresser. I, not being aware of this, on being called in, at once said I knew nothing of it, nor had I brought in any letters. He then saw a letter in her hand, and demanded it, at the same time asking me to leave the room. I expected a fuss, so did not go far away; and, sure enough, in a few minutes I heard Minnie scream in a very loud voice. I rushed into the room when Minnie called to me, "Hair-dresser save me." I asked him, what was the matter? He said he wanted to get that letter, and he would have it at any risk.

By this time many gentlemen from the public offices, attracted by her scream, had hurried up to see what was wrong. I met them at the door and told them she had been sick, but was now better. I then led her to her chamber, and talked to her, and reasoned with her, and then asked her to let him have the letter, but she would not. Noble was determined to have it, so while I was talking to him she minced it up into a million pieces and threw it in the fire. He tried to save the pieces, when she again screamed so loud that he put his hand on her mouth to stop her. I then, for the first time, interfered, and asked him to leave the room for a few minutes, till I could quiet her. He immediately did so, in a very gentlemanly manner.

The next day Minnie sent for the proprietor and demanded a suite of rooms for herself. I talked and reasoned with her, asking her what the people would

say about her. Her reply was, "All they can say is, I am a spoiled Kentucky girl." I then told her that would not save her, as the people in this country were not so easily put off. Through much reasoning the proprietor (who is a very gentlemanly man) and I got her to give up the idea of changing just then, and we got her quiet and loving to Noble.

When the news came of the death of her former lover she took sick and laid in her room for weeks. Noble and his friends hoped she would now become domesticated and affectionate; but no, she now got along so badly, and led him such a life that he would often go to his mother's and lock himself in a room. His friends feared he would commit suicide.

The doctor at this time ordered Minnie to a watering-place. While we were preparing to go, the cousin who had interfered with her before came along again, but he was so much afraid of me that he would walk up and down the halls till I would be out of the way, then he would slip in and talk to her. One day I caught him speaking to her, and telling her what stands to take, and how she could best worry Noble. He had never liked Noble nor any of his family, and would tell her such and such treatment would break their hearts. I then went in and gave him the length of my tongue. I told him for his wife's sake I would not expose him, either to his wife or to Noble, but if I ever again caught him there I would give him a sound thrashing, and that would expose him enough. He then left, but by some means he got to see her again, and advised her to have her baggage sent to a steamboat, and go on to Europe instead of to the watering-place, when in a few weeks he and his wife would fol-

low her. She, being young and foolish, consented to the plan, but would not go without her hair-dresser. When I heard it, I in a quiet way put a stop to all, without exposing the matter, as I did not wish either his wife or Noble to have any more uneasiness. We then left for the watering-place.

Minnie was well received there, and was at the head of everything—she was fairly worshiped—when again this cousin came along. He tried to get her to write to her mother that she was sick, and bring her on there to find her in perfect health, as she had done once before at his instigation; but I found it out, and put the mother of Noble in pursuit of him.

Minnie again became dissatisfied. Noble now grew ugly; it was not his natural disposition, but grief drove him to stimulants, and many other things to drown his trouble. Now, for the first time, Minnie found out she had lost her influence over her husband, and made bitter complaints to his mother, for the latter always took Minnie's part to Noble, although knowing she was wrong. She would say to Minnie, "Take a decided stand, Minnie, and begin anew, and try to be steady." Minnie's reply was always, laughing, "I can not be steady—I never was taught to be steady. My ma never made me mind in her life. Had I been raised as you raised your daughters, it would have been different. I will just give you one little instance of how I was raised. One night, on coming down dressed for a ball, the carriage was out of order, and the coachman had neglected to tell mamma; so, not to disappoint me, mamma offered to send out for a hack, which made me so mad I walked out in blue silk boots and silk stockings. The snow was

ankle deep. My feet were wet when I got to the ball-room, but I danced till five o'clock in the morning. Had mamma made me go up to my room and undress, how much better that would have been for me."

Noble's mother then said to her, "Minnie, I will again get your teacher. Do you settle yourself, and study hard, and you will yet be an honor to your mamma and all connected with you."

Minnie's troubles were not over yet, for she never stuck to her good resolutions. On one occasion Noble took Minnie out riding. On their return she was sobbing like a frightened child; she said he had whipped her. I can not say if it was true or not, as when I asked him what he had done to her, he replied, in a very gentlemanly manner, he had not done anything to her but get a letter from her she received from her mother. The contents were, that her brother, on his way to Europe, had seen Minnie, and wrote back to his mother to send for and take her home, as she was very unhappy; though every one who knew Minnie knew that, at that time, she was as happy as she could be made; but it was her disposition to make any one from her home believe she was miserable and badly treated.

Of course, this letter made Noble very angry; there was no more peace between them; she would do as she pleased, and he would not have it so. On another occasion he wished her to call on a lady; she consented, when he engaged a private carriage for her, but she engaged a larger one for herself, and took some ladies with her, and a gentleman Noble did not like. When he found what she had done, he drove his buggy up by the side of the carriage, and made

her get out and go with him. He took her out in the country; they staid so long I sent out a man on horseback to look for them; and at last I got so uneasy I went out myself. After going a mile or so, I met them, and asked, "Is that you, Minnie?" The reply came in a low, broken tone, "Yes, it is I."

I hurried home, and was just in time to prevent an exposure. I got them with great difficulty quieted down for that time. A few nights after, she came to my door and told me to get up, as Noble was treating her badly I came down and asked him. His reply was as usual, "I have done nothing to her." I never saw him strike or misuse her, and her words I could not place much confidence in, as it was difficult to know when she was in jest or earnest.

There was a lady who roomed next to her, who heard and saw a good deal of their proceedings; she and I had many a confidential talk about Minnie, and many an hour have I sat in her room, waiting for a storm to be at hand. Minnie told her many things she should have kept back; at least she said so. This lady asked me one night if it was true that Minnie went to Noble's mother's to a dinner party with a calico dress on? I told her Minnie's maid had not a calico dress, and I knew she had not had one since she was ten years old. Then she asked me of the reception Minnie had at Noble's mother's. I told her all about it; how on her leaving Kentucky, Noble wished her to quit using paint; she declared she would not go to balls, parties, theaters, or any other place, if she could not dress as she pleased; she had invitations to many parties, but would not go; many called on her, but she would not see them, till her

mother was telegraphed for in a clandestine manner; she came, and of course there was a change then. It was during her stay Minnie's reception came off. I told this lady what an affair it was: Three servants elegantly dressed—one at the hall door, one on the stairway, and one at the parlor door to announce the guests. I told her the number of invitations sent out, the splendor of the tables, and what was on them. There were hundreds of dollars spent in flowers scattered hither and thither through the rooms.

She then asked me how Noble's brothers and sisters treated her. I told her they treated Minnie as if she had been an own loved sister; nothing seemed too much to do for her. She asked how Minnie treated Noble when he was sick. I told her the truth; that she scarcely ever came near him; I and his mother waited on and nursed him. One night, the doctor pronounced him in a very dangerous way; she danced into the room, and said she hoped soon to be the gay widow Noble. I would not have told all this to her, but Minnie had made a confidant of her, and told her many things herself.

Before we got through with our talk it was late, and I heard Noble call me in a hurried tone; I went in as quickly as possible, and found Minnie on her back in bed, with towels and handkerchiefs spattered with blood all around her; I hastened forward and asked what was the matter with her. She said Noble had been scolding her a long time, and the excitement had brought on a hemorrhage of the lungs. I do not know what it was; whether from a bad tooth, or really from the lungs; but I have known

Minnie for a very trifling offense, raise blood, to frighten Noble into doing as she wished.

For several days after this, we had peace, until some more letters came; she locked them in her trunk, and vowed he should not see them. I had retired for the night. He sent and got an axe, and Minnie came running up for me; when I got down, he was about to break open the trunk; I begged and entreated of him to leave them, but he declared the letters he would have, and the letters he did have; then there was another fuss. I told them I would go home the next day; they entreated me to stay a while longer, and at length I consented. In the meantime Minnie had persuaded them to let her go home and visit her parents. During her preparation Minnie and Noble had a worse quarrel than ever.

I found the only possible plan to save them from being blasted for life, was to telegraph for her father to come for her, which I did. I determined not to stay another week; my health was growing bad from constant excitement, and I had concluded to go home, when her father wrote that he would be there at a certain time.

Notwithstanding the exciting occurrences that happened, every one disliked to part with Minnie. Hearing we were to leave so soon, the lady in the next room began asking me questions again. She asked me if it was true Minnie had been followed in the street. I told her yes, Minnie once took me a walking with her, and we were followed by twenty or thirty people. I took her into a jewelry store, till I got a carriage and had her brought home. I then begged her never to ask me to go out with her again. She

then said there must be something more between Minnie and Noble, than had yet been found out. I told her, yes, there was more than either editors or lawyers have found out, or can find out, for when I give my word it is *sacred*. I then said to her, "Madam, you must have been talking a good deal with Minnie." Her reply was, "That Minnie told her a great many things; among others that Noble's mother had gone on her knees to Minnie, and asked her to be kind to her son; though she knew she did not love him, for her sake to be kind to him."

Our conversation had reached this point, and she was about telling me all she had heard, when we were startled by a loud scream. I jumped up and went to their room, knocked at the door, but received no reply. I waited half an hour and then went to bed. Early next morning, on my going to her room I found everything out of her trunks, waiting my packing.

We started for the city; Noble went by the cars, while Minnie and I went by the boat, with our baggage. While on the boat, that cousin, who had done so much mischief, came on to try and have a last interview with Minnie; but, through fear of me, he did not dare speak to her. On our reaching the city, there was a dispatch for Minnie, stating that her father would be there the next day. Noble's mother came to see Minnie, to know what silver, and other articles, she would require, on her return, for housekeeping. I stood by and heard her say what she would want and what not, when I turned and said to Noble's mother, "Madame, Minnie is not coming back." She said to her, "Minnie, are you not coming back?" when she good-naturedly laughed, and said,

"If my hair-dresser comes too." She then asked me, "If I would come?" I told her, "had I to live on bread and water, I never would wait on a bride again."

Next morning came Minnie's father; at two o'clock we started; Noble followed us to the cars. Should I live to be a thousand years old, I can never forget his sad expression, when he bade her good bye, particularly as I knew she was not coming back, when he expected her. When the cars started the tears were rolling down his face, while she smiled, and, at last, burst into an immoderate fit of laughing.

I staid with her till she arrived at home, and for a few days after. She seemed, at first, to be quite happy to be back at home, and all seemed happy and contented with her; but, at the expiration of three days, she sent for me and said, if I would go back to the city with her she would go. I told her there was nothing on earth could induce me to go back with her. I then left for Cincinnati, and I had not been long there till I heard she was not to leave her father's again. Truly where Minnie loved she did love, and where she hated she did hate.

I did not again see Minnie for several months, but when I went down to Louisville, I found her as great a belle as ever with gentlemen. She had a number of beaux, and one or more proposals. The ladies always envied her, and now more than ever.

A few months rolled around, and Minnie paid a visit to Cincinnati, to one of the first families, who were acquainted with her father and mother. She was received by Mrs. L. with marked attention, and treated as well as she ever was in her life. Now was

the time for calls. Some of the Cincinnati ladies held a consultation whether they should call or not; some who stood upon a slippery hill backed out; but others who were ladies indeed, and felt themselves firm as the rock of ages, knew the rules of etiquette, and called on her—not so much, I must say, on Minnie's account, as on account of Mrs. L., her hostess.

At this time there was a great fair at the Masonic Hall; Minnie was present, accompanied by her friends and many gentlemen. On her entering the room, there were about one thousand people in the hall; all had their backs to the door, looking at the different handsome things around the room; but, as if by a unanimous impulse, all turned round and looked at her; some of her party were disconcerted a little, but Minnie herself took it as a great compliment; she had been so accustomed to admiration she did not think anything of it. She looked more like a fairy than a human creature; her dress was a tulle with three skirts; about her shoulders and waist was a light scarf of a delicate shade of pink, spangled; her boots were pink silk, and she wore a delicate pink kid glove; her hair, as I have before mentioned, was a beautiful chesnut, which laid in massive waves across her head. She had no scarcity of diamonds, and her complexion was most brilliant. As she moved around the room, the crowd moved after her; she was more an object of admiration than anything there.

The style of dress I have described was a common thing with Minnie, and though unusual in Cincinnati, was nothing thought of in Louisville. I once dressed Minnie for a ball in Louisville, when her dress was

called the rainbow; the first skirt was crimson, the next blue, then pink, and the last white—all the same length, which gave it the appearance of the rainbow; her boots were blue; she had gold bands round her ancles, and plain gold bands round her wrists, and the gold earrings which she wore in her ears were much larger than those on her wrists. Her sister accompanied her; she was younger than Minnie, and very beautiful. She was dressed in a pure white satin dress, with tulle over it, white satin boots, white kid gloves, and white japonicas in her hair. She was pronounced by many the most beautiful lady in the State—while others thought Minnie bore off the palm of beauty.

Minnie's sister had not the opportunity of showing off her beauty that Minnie had, as she eloped before she was of age. She has not had so many triumphs as Minnie, but as she moved through the streets some called her the pretty lady. She was often followed by a number of boys, who called her the handsome lady with the pink boots. Her street dress in Cincinnati was an embroidered dress with three flounces; her mantle was pink, trimmed with the most elegant and costly lace; her bonnet was of the most elegant description of white lace, and trimmed with the richest pink bows. She had a peculiar style of her own of wearing her bonnet on the very top of her head, but it was elegant.

On my going to see Minnie, she was always inquiring what the people said of her, and was perfectly delighted with the notice taken of her, both at the church and fair, and on the street—taking all as a great compliment. When she asked me, I would tell

her. I have known her to receive as a compliment what other ladies would be furious about; and for that reason I would not tell her what folks were saying. I asked her if she had forgotten her promises and conversation while in the East. She said she had made so many she could not remember what; so I told her what her promise was: One morning, while in Boston, we were conversing, and Minnie said she blamed the way in which parents treated their slaves for the conduct of younger members of the family, as the sins of the parents were visited upon the children; and when she went home she would set free a woman and her child who belonged to herself.

I then asked her if she had done so. Her reply was, "No, mamma would not let me." I said, "I thought they were your own property." She replied, "Yes, but on my going home, mamma took all my property out of my hands."

She said she had often laughed at my coaxing her to say her prayers and read her Bible, while in Boston. I asked her if she thought it was a laughing matter, and not a duty; and asked her again, if she said her prayers now. Her reply was, "No; I have not knelt to pray, or opened my Bible since you left me. When my maid passes through the room, I often think of the conversations you and I have had, and say to myself, if she was to go away without leave, I would never look after her; for I know, let servants be treated as well as they can be, they want to be free.

A short time after this conversation, sure enough the maid did leave; her husband was in the same

service. Minnie's mother sent this man after his wife, with strict charge to bring her back, or not dare to show himself there again. He went, and when he got under the banner of Great Britain, he wrote back to his mistress, saying she desired him not to come back without his wife; but as she had made up her mind to stay where she was, and would not go back, he thought the best thing he could do was to stay with her. Some friends of the family were the ones that helped them to make good their escape. I learned, a short time after, that another of these fugitives passed through this city, who belonged to Minnie's brother. It is a well known fact, these poor creatures could not make good their escape unless they were aided by some influential people.

I will, for the present, leave Minnie, but have not yet told one half that I know.

CHAPTER VII.

NATCHEZ—NEW ORLEANS.

I HAVE spent many seasons in the South; sometimes I was in Natchez and Vicksburg, and at the plantations along the coast, but generally the greater portion of my time was spent in the city of New Orleans. I have been witness to many queer scenes in this southern country, the relation of which shall occupy this chapter. They were all written long after they occurred, and in the order in which they presented themselves to my memory; so that this portion of my narrative will, perhaps, be more desultory and unconnected than any other.

Some years ago, about the close of the winter season, I found myself in Natchez, at the residence of a family for whom I had worked in New Orleans, and who had given me a pressing invitation to come to see them at Natchez. Having heard so much of the beauties of the residences in the vicinity of that city, surpassing those of the English nobility, and feeling myself quite mean at having seen those of England before the beauties of my own country, I determined to see and judge for myself.

When I arrived, I was perfectly delighted both with the people and scenery. I went to Mr. H.'s, and staid some two weeks, and during that time I assure you I was not idle. I was all around, in the country, in the

town, and everywhere I could go. While staying at Mr. H.'s, I observed their treatment of their servants was far more kind than that of many ladies in the Eastern States, although they had it in their power to be kind or unkind; while in the East they are compelled to be kind at all times, or their servants will not stay with them. But you might well ask, how long did this kindness last? After a while a change came over Mr. H.; sometimes he would be very good, and at others very severe. I was very sorry to hear it, for he had been so kind to them that I knew they could not nor would not stand bad treatment. He did not treat them as many treat their servants.

Mr. H. had one particular body servant, whom he treated as a companion, except that he did not eat, drink or sleep with him. No matter where he went, up town, down town, or in the country, they were inseparable.

Almost all gentlemen in Louisiana and Mississippi have favorite body servants, and they are always very kind to them, more particularly so than to any other servant. As regarded Mr. H., I can testify to his kindness to his servants that season, and as to myself, I was treated more like a guest than a person who was dependant on the public for a livelihood.

Some years passed over. I frequently visited Natchez, and found Mr. H. and family much the same; his wife as lovely as ever. It happened that, from some cause unknown, Mr. H. fell out with his body servant and chained him to a log of wood, and whipped him severely. He went out the next day to repeat the dose, when the despised slave, enraged at the treatment, broke loose from the log, seized it, and

dashed Mr. H.'s brains out before the eyes of his family. It appears that, although a slave, he was deseended from one of the highest southern families, and inherited all the proud feeling and independent spirit the Southerners generally pride themselves on.

After a short time had elapsed, I engaged with a gentleman and his sister, who eame to New Orleans and engaged me to wait on a very gay lady, the gentleman's wife, who resided in the vieinity of Natchez, on a very beautiful plantation. The lady was not on good terms with her husband's family; therefore, when I went, she was so provoked to think they would not allow her to retain her old maid, that she determined not to take me, because they had engaged me; and whenever she deeided on doing anything in opposition to his family, she was not to be ehanged. She was, nevertheless, kind to me, for she had endeavored to secure my services some seasons before; but I was not able to engage with her at that time, owing to a prior engagement with a young lady who had been formerly engaged to her husband, and I believe he loved her till her marriage.

The gentleman's family and numerous ladies in Natchez felt very indignant at her disappointing me; but I saw through it immediately; it was beeause I had been waiting on the other young lady, who was perfeetly beautiful, gentle, mild and amiable, and more than all, immensely wealthy. Miss F was of medium hight, splendid form, had large, full blaek eyes, and such a profusion of eurls as are seldom seen; while the lady Mr. D. married had light hair, light blue eyes, and an alabaster eomplexion She also was called a great beauty in the East.

Although the match was broken off on account of family difficulties, I can testify that the love was not broken off. This occurred in the fall of the year. The following winter Miss F.'s mother took her to New Orleans, where she reigned belle, but still appeared to cherish a fondness for her former lover. In the spring Mr. D. went East through the influence of his family. When he arrived there, some of his friends set to work to make the match between him and this beautiful blonde, when it was well known he loved the beautiful brunette. In a month or so he was engaged, and in two or three months he was married.

Mr. D.'s family and the family of Miss F. stopped at the same hotel; in fact the rooms were so closely connected, they could both see and hear all the preparations for his approaching marriage. I knew all the particulars of the affair, though Miss F. was not aware of it. I could not but admire the manner in which she acted, as I knew very well the quarrel was not between the two, but between their mothers.

'Twas in the summer I was with Miss F. In the fall Mr. D. and the beautiful blonde were married. In the winter they went to New Orleans, where Mr. D., his bride, and Miss F 's family happened again to be in the same hotel. My services were not confined to either family, but while in New Orleans I worked for the families of all the planters of Louisiana and Mississippi. While attending on the bride, I often spoke of the amiability of Miss F., when Mr. D. would always join in, and declare Miss F. was perfectly beautiful, gentle and amiable—which seemed in no way to displease his bride, as she was at that time not only beautiful but lovely herself. She had

just commenced her career as belle, and seemed no way put out at the praises bestowed on Miss F.

The season was gay and brilliant. The bride had many parties given in her honor; she attended all the "hops" at the St. Charles, and I have seen groups of people stand to look at her when she came down stairs; and often, as she passed through the hall, the different doors would be opened, and persons peep out after her—she was so perfectly beautiful. All this was, of course, very flattering to her.

After a few seasons—and a very few—they commenced *picking* her, as they did other belles, at hotels, watering-places, and every other place where belles are the general topic of conversation; but she was perfectly indifferent as to the opinion of the world, as she had not only beauty, but wealth to back it, and had no worldly cares—neither child, nor pet of any kind. So she continued her visits to the fashionable watering-places, winter and summer.

A young man who was grandchild to one of our great Kentucky statesmen, having gone to New Orleans quite young, fell into the hands of gamblers. His father detected him in gambling, and made very severe threats what he would do, if he ever caught him again. It appeared that this young man had collected some money for his father and lost it, and through fear of his father, he chose death rather than meeting him. He told one of the men at the gambling house to come at seven o'clock the next day, to get a check. The gambler came at the appointed time, and found the young man dead. He had gone home, undressed, and, after getting into bed, put a pistol under his jaw and blew his brains out. I saw

the corpse with my own eyes. He was tall and slim, very fair, and had dark hair.

Did this throw a gloom over the house? No; for that very evening there was a tremendous large ball. The corpse was immediately taken away, and placed in a vault, and at the first opportunity sent to Kentucky. For my own part, the gloom did not wear off for a month; and I thought if I crossed the hall, that ghosts and hobgoblins were right behind me; and when I would go home at night, I would light three or four candles and place them in every part of the room, for the hospital was just opposite where I lived, and I knew every death that took place—man, woman, or child—by the toll of the bell. When a man would die, it would strike three times; a woman, twice, and a child, once; and never a night passed but it would toll several times. I must laugh now to think how frightened I was one day in going down the back stairs. I heard some one coming down very rapidly behind me; when I turned round I found it to be a gentleman who had just left a lady's apartment who he had been in the habit of visiting in her husband's absence, and as soon as he heard him come up the front stairs, he would rush down the back stairs. I went to the lady's room to see what was the matter, and I found her almost fainting for fear her husband had seen the man; while the husband, frightened, thinking his wife very sick, was putting back her massive curls to bathe her temples. The gentleman was frightened for fear he had been seen; and I, also, frightened on account of his haste. However, I got through that week very quietly, without seeing hobgoblins or being frightened to death.

I remember well a lady and her two daughters who, about this time, came to New Orleans. The daughters were very gay, and very pretty The first time I saw their mother she was in the hall speculating in pianos, and the next time I saw her she was in her own room. I did not know her again, as, when I had first seen her, she had jet black hair, a profusion of curls, clear red and white complexion, and magnificent teeth; her eyes shone like diamonds; she was tall, slender, and apparently a magnificent form. On entering the room, I saw her sitting on a chair. I looked half a dozen times for the lady, when she exclaimed, "Here I am; don't you know me?" "No, madam, I did not know you." "By George, no wonder; I have not got on my pretties." Her hair was white, and her beautiful curls were all false; her complexion was *eau de beaute, blond de pearl,* and *rouge;* her teeth were the most perfect deception that ever was made, and her beautiful form was a perfect skeleton; and to hear her swear, I will acknowledge I was frightened for once by a woman.

While I was speaking to her, a handsome, amiable-looking girl stepped in, and said, "Oh, ma, why are you not dressed before this!" She replied, "Oh, don't you know I was out playing cards till near three o'clock." Hearing her speak in this manner before a stranger, her daughter shook her head, when she said, "Oh, thunder, by gingoes, there's no use shaking your head; she will soon get to know me, and like me, too." But she did not know me—for I did not like such ladies. Her daughters I became very much attached to; they were elegant, graceful and amiable girls—the eldest rather more so than the other.

In a few days I again saw this same lady in Camp-street, buying and selling bales of cotton; at another time I saw her in a wholesale store, buying sacks of coffee, and speculating on them. There was a family in the hotel, from off the coast, who had with them a very pretty maid, and a very good hair-dresser. She made her dissatisfied with her owner, that she might purchase her; she told the girl that so soon as she would earn what she paid for her, besides fixing her two daughter's heads, she would give her her freedom. The maid brought home forty dollars every month, until she had nearly paid for herself; this woman then turned round and sold her for very near as much again as she paid for her — saying nothing of what the girl had paid her. She then left the hotel and went traveling. I did not see her again for a long time, but frequently heard of her.

On one occasion I saw a very nice free girl. She proposed to this girl to sell her, and divide the money between them, and then she was to kick up a row and swear she was free. I have seen many ladies, but never one that loved money as she did. Notwithstanding all her improper conduct, her daughters kept a fair position in society, more particularly with gentlemen.

Several seasons passed away, and I did not see or hear of this woman, till one season, on leaving Washington City, she happened to be on the same train, but not in the same car, with me. Sitting in the same seat with her, was a green, country woman. On my passing through the cars, I saw her in deep conversation with this woman, and knew immediately she was striking up some trade; so I took a seat in the same car she was in, to notice her maneuvers.

All at once I saw her jump up and, with the woman, go into a small room, called the ladies' dressing-room; in a few moments she came out, laughing, and I saw she had changed her dress. I then went up to her and asked her why she changed her dress; she said, "By George, I had a good chance to sell it, and I sold it. I have worn it for a year or so, and I got as much as I gave for it. It wont be long till the cars are in Philadelphia, and I have got a waist and long sleeves under my shawl, and then the girls will have plenty of new dresses for me from the mantuamakers." She went to Philadelphia, and I did not see anything of her till about in the middle of the season, when she came to Saratoga. The salute I got from her was, "Halloo, Iangy!" When I turned around and saw it was her ladyship, I told her she looked very well. She said, "Yes; I come here to drink water, recruit, and get a husband." I asked her where she had been all this time; she said she had been in the New York Hotel, she and the girls, raising the devil, and having more fun than a little. "Now," says she, "I have come here, and the girls are going to be *belles* here, I can tell you that. Moreover, Pet has got a rich beau, but he is so old he can hardly stand straight," and she laughed at the top of her voice.

She made her youngest daughter make the old man believe she was desperately in love with him, and the mother pretended to give her consent. She could find no other way to speculate, so she speculated with her daughter's hand. The old man gave her a diamond ring worth several hundred dollars, an old family relic, they say. It was an expensive and elegant ring. She made him settle a large amount of property on her

daughter, and got money from him herself. She went to a dress-maker's with the ring, and told her to raffle it off for three hundred dollars, at twenty-five dollars a chance. The dress-maker retained the ring for some time; but, as she did not feel very safe with it in her possession, returned it, and said she could not raffle it off. She took the ring, and there is no telling what she did with it. She then took several boxes of goods, and was going to leave them at the dress-maker's; but the dress-maker would not have anything to do with them; she knew there was something wrong, and a lady of her disposition did not care whether she got any one in trouble or not.

The season ended in Saratoga, and she, getting as much money as possible from the old man, started for Europe. The old man died, and she married her two daughters off, and remained herself in Europe, on account of the fuss about the property the old man settled on her. When I was in New York there was great confusion about the property and money the old man placed in her hands. The family grieved very much for the ring, and other pieces of jewelry belonging to the family.

I suppose that many of my readers would like to know where such a noble lady came from. She was from the South, although, when I was there, the Southerners were not proud to own her; and I am sure the North would not claim her. In the mean time my readers might ask, where is her husband. A difficulty arose between a gentleman, a great gallant of hers, and her husband; the former went in her husband's office one day and shot him, and he died some time after; she ever since has been like the Wandering Jew.

A few years ago, in Louisiana, there was a family of three sons, one of them an invalid; they had a mulatto servant with them, who was, in stature, color and disposition, pretty much the same as the brothers, only a shade or so darker. This invalid brother would have no one to wait on him, he would not be taught anything, nor would he eat or drink unless he was waited on, taught and served by this mulatto. So they had to have this servant taught, to enable him to teach their brother. All this annoyed the other brothers very much.

In the course of a few years the father died. On his decease it was found that this mulatto was his son, and half-brother to those he waited on. The father dying suddenly, left him unprovided for. In a short time the sickly brother died, and then the two brothers tried to quarrel with him, and at one time tried to whip him, but he gave them a pretty good turn, and, when they were asleep, locked them in the room, and, taking as much money as he wanted, left the country.

As he was in the habit of traveling with his younger brother, there was nothing thought of it till he got to New York. He there married a white girl, and it was there I saw and conversed with him. He told me where I could find his mother, and requested me, when I went back to Louisiana, to find her, and tell her I had seen him, and all the particulars at the same time. He told me he was never struck a blow but once in his life, and that was by his brother; and he said he felt he would be willing to die to have revenge.

Some may think it strange that a white woman should marry a colored man in the North, not know-

ing he was colored; but it is not more so than a rich white lady of Virginia, who was a *belle* at the St. Charles, and every place she visited, marrying a man, said to be a millionaire, whose mother was a mulatto, and his father a Frenchman, who sent him to Paris and had him educated. He came back highly educated, a wealthy gentleman, and greatly sought after for his millions and his handsome appearance, and he married this great *belle*. Many knew who he was, but on account of his millions and his father, nothing was said. His mother I saw, a few years ago, in Massachusetts; she would not know him if she saw him. And there are many in the same situation; for I know two sisters now, who often visit Saratoga, from St. Louis, who married two brothers on account of their wealth. They are very nice women; but it is known by many that they were born in slavery, but raised free, and well educated. On one occasion, while in Saratoga, they were coming to the dinner-table, and some ladies, who came along, said they were not white, they looked like negroes. One of their husbands, a fine-looking man, heard the remark, and after dinner sought out the husband of the lady, who was a diminutive bit of a creature, and made him take back all his wife had said; he was glad to do so with many apologies, and the next morning he and his family were missing. All this is nothing; for, in our Queen City of the West, I know hundreds of mulattoes who are married to white men, and lawfully married. Some of these pass for white, and some, again, are so independent they will be thought nothing but what they are.

A few years ago there was a marriage in Saratoga

of a gentleman belonging to one of the best families of South Carolina. This occurred through the effects of alcohol. Several years ago a chambermaid was proved to be not respectable, and she was turned out from the hotel. She led an immoral life for some time, when Mr. —— married her. He could get no one to marry them, till at length he found out an old country parson, who performed the ceremony. There were great preparations for them to start to Charleston; but, I am told, at a certain station she was shoved off the cars, and they went on without her. Whether it was a compromise of his friends, I know not, but the apartments which he had engaged for the ensuing season were empty in Saratoga. There are a great many queer matches; one of them was a match of a gentleman of high rank and standing, with an Indian squaw. There was a camp of Indians near there, and many gentlemen chose their wives from among the squaws. This gentleman married her in the morning, and took her away with him. Several of these squaws have married men of high standing.

I knew a colored man who belonged to a family in Lexington, Ky. The children taught him to read and write, unknown to their parents. For some slight offense he was sold to a family in Bigbury; and the master found him writing passes for the servants to all parts of the city, and letters, when he was again sold, to a family living in Mississippi.

They put him to work in a cotton patch, but the head waiter in the house used to steal him newspapers to read, and at twelve o'clock they, the slaves, would go to their meals and return in a very short time, and they would lay in the grass around a tree, while he

sat in the tree reading to them out of the newspaper. At last it was noticed that the slaves all hurried through their meals, and it was thought so strange to see them all congregated together, that their master undertook to find out the reason. One of the young masters hid himself in one of the trees near to the one they were surrounding. They all came from their meals as usual, and he began to read the newspaper to them, he being in the tree, and they laying around. It was the time of the trouble between England and the United States on the account of McLeod, and he was explaining all the particulars, telling them England was threatening war, and what their course of conduct should be. When the master found out what they were about, he called this man to the house and questioned him; he acknowledged what he had done as he always did from the first. They then told him if he would not tell the servants, and leave the country in two hours, they would let him go; he did so, and went to Canada, I afterward saw him there at the Custom House, and we had quite a long talk.

Some will say it is very queer and they can not understand how the slaves get so enlightened; it is very easily understood. Some of them are very easily learned, and if a family has a favorite servant they will treat them as one of the family, but for the slightest offense they will sell them, and if they can, to the farthest plantation possible, and they will of course teach others.

When I commenced going down South, a widow and an overseer could, without difficulty manage a hundred slaves, now it takes three overseers and the master to rule the same number; times are fast, masters and

mistresses are getting more enlightened, and so are servants. I know gentlemen and ladies who would not put on a suit of clothes without the servants say it is suitable, but if the same servants chance to offend them, they will sell them to go as far as cars and boats will carry them.

I know a widow lady who lives in Mississippi, she comes down to New Orleans every season to provide for her plantation. She is very much thought of and sought after, more particularly by merchants, on account of her immense wealth, her name is Mrs. G.; she came to the St. Charles and staid some days there. I had the pleasure of waiting on this honorable lady; she left to go home, and I went in the same boat to make a visit to a plantation further on. It seems the steward had offended her in some way, coming down, and on our going back again, when the boat stopped at her plantation, the steward came forward, expecting a dollar or so as steward's fee, she handed him a little package and told him to carry it for her; there were about fifty or so of her servants came down to see her on her arrival, and when the steward came among them, she told them that fellow had insulted her, when they all put after him like a parcel of blood-hounds, and he had to actually jump into the water to reach the plank to get on board the boat, or they would have torn him in pieces. Such devotion is from kindness. She is a kind mistress.

In the same neighborhood, a short time before, a lady was attempted to be poisoned three times by her slaves for her cruelty to them. Was this lady a Louisiana lady? No, she was not, she was from the North, and was one who had to work for her living before

going South ; these are always the worst of mistresses. I remember a colored woman who was raised in Cincinnati, and her parents and family now live in the midst of our city; she is now a slave-holder in the city of New Orleans; the most tyranical, overbearing, cruel task-mistress that ever existed; so you can see color makes no difference, the propensitiès are the same, and those who have been oppressed themselves, are the sorest oppressors. It is a well known fact, those who are as black themselves as the ace of spades will, if they can, get mulatoes for slaves, and then the first word is "my nigger."

In the South, both whites and blacks, if they have but one garment to their back, must have a servant. I was a good deal amused one day to hear a dispute between a white and a colored woman; the colored woman was from New York, but was very wealthy, having accumulated quite a little fortune; the white woman was also from the North, and she had not been so fortunate in worldly matters: their dispute commenced on politics, and the white woman at length got so angry with some remarks of the other, that she started for the house, while in a voice quivering with passion, exclaimed, I dont care, I have the law on my side if you have the money, while the other laughingly replied, excuse me madam, I have both. Notwithstanding there is so much hatred between the two colors, and so much enmity exists, they will associate much more so in the slave States than in the free States. There is a great deal of sociability between the free colored and the rich whites in the slave States, but when you come to the lower orders of both, there is decided enmity. I will give you a little instance

that I saw with my own eyes, and I know both parties well, the white I knew when I was a little girl in New York.

A family named B——, having had some trouble in bank business, left New York and went to New Orleans. After my being in New Orleans several seasons, I found them out by visiting next door to them; the lady next door was colored, and kept elegant furnished rooms. As I told you before, there are numbers here make fortunes, and it is a common thing to have these furnished rooms, and in no mean street either, but side by side with some of the very best mansions are these furnished apartments. They are generally occupied by gentlemen, who take their meals at the St. Charles, and sleep in these apartments; and it is not thought anything if the landlady is colored; even to this day, it is very fashionable for gentlemen to take their families to these rooms.

The colored lady who kept the house I have mentioned, was very beautiful and very wealthy; she owned a great deal of property and many slaves, and kept two houses more like some of the elegant mansions of the nobility, than anything else. She inherited this property by her husband and master, he emancipated her, and then finding himself about to be involved in his business, he made all over to her—property, money and shares—a short time after, he died, leaving her in possession of all his wealth. Several gentlemen were going to see her at one time; one of these gentlemen, was a Mr. B——. They made proposals to her, not exactly of matrimony, but by them considered in the same holy light as lawful marriage; she flattered Mr. B—— for some time,

making him believe she would take him for her lawful "*placeyer*," but when the evening came on that he looked for the fulfillment of her promise, she deceived him, and took another. He went home and blew out his brains right in his father's house. Did these people treat her with contempt? No, they always treated her both before and after that as a lady, and the last time I was in New Orleans they were living beside each other, in good neighborhood and good fellowship, and she was seen daily going out to the grave-yard strewing flowers over his tomb. Such occurrences as these are frequent. I could neither find paper nor time to tell you half of such things as came under my notice.

I will now tell you of a lady I know, who was raised in high life in New York. She married a gentleman from the South, a very elegant looking man, and she thought wealthy, supposing the wealth followed the looks—as the northern ladies generally think when a man comes from the South, who is fine looking, elegantly dressed, and so forth, he must be wealthy, but it is not so, for many come to the North to pick up a rich wife, that are depending on the wages of some poor old man or woman, and it may be, had their lands to mortgage to get the money for them to flourish on. I myself, went to the house this lady's husband brought her to, a few miles from Memphis, and found it a log cabin; true she had a piano and some pieces of silver, and a great many costly things that were presented her on her leaving New York to go to her wealthy home. What a change for her from her three story brick on a fashionable street, to a little log cabin in the country, a few miles from Memphis!

Gentlemen do not think they are deceiving ladies in acting so, as they know ladies are taking them for their good looks and elegant appearance, and of course they think themselves a prize; and I know ladies who, on finding themselves so deceived, were ashamed to acknowledge it, and such often come to the North and boast of the riches and splendor of their southern home.

During the year 18—, I was in New Orleans; the season was as gay as any I had ever passed there; all was bright and brilliant. The St. Charles was crowded with people from all parts of the country; Madam Levert and Frederica Bremer were of the number. Great preparations were making for Jenny Lind, who was then in Cuba; among the rest was a gay married woman from Mississippi, whom I and numbers of others know to be a gay and fashionable lady; to my thinking she not only wore her crinoline but his pantaloons. She had at the hotel four children and several servants, and occupied two rooms, parlor and bedroom. She very seldom allowed the children to come in the parlor, but kept them with their nurse in the bedroom, unless on very particular occasions.

One day, while the children and nurse were out walking, I was in her bedroom combing her hair, when there came a knock at the door, she said, come in, and, to my surprise, a gentleman walked in and took a seat. They immediately commenced a conversation in French, when he told her to take care, as maybe I understood French, but she said, no, she is from the upper country, and does not know anything we are saying. So I combed away, and heard all their conversation. Their plan was to go to a fancy store,

on the corner of Royal and St. Louis, a door opening on Royal and one on St. Louis. She was to go in at one door and a carriage was to be in waiting at the other, in which they were to drive to the Lake. The blinds were to be drawn, as if somebody was in it sick; she then told him in French, he had better go, as it was near the hour her husband come to lunch with her.

As soon as he left, I went and fastened the door, took my chair, and sat down right before her, and told her, word for word, what they had been saying, and told her never to treat any person with contempt before another because she was rich and highly educated, for there were many simple looking people, and poor people, who understood more than those who were speaking of them.

The lady became very much agitated, so much so that I feared she would faint, when I reassured her, by saying I would not expose her; I told her the circumstance I would mention, but never her name, as that should go to the grave with me; she offered me money, but I told her money never would seal my lips, nor anything except kindness. I then told her of a gentleman from Lexington, who came to me and tried to bribe me to answer just one question about some circumstance that occurred in Kentucky, which would place a lady in his power, so he offered me a seventy-five dollar silk dress if I would only answer him. She asked me if I gave him an answer. I told her no, I never did, nor I never would. She told me it was only a joke, as she was only fooling the gentleman, and did not intend to meet him; however, I had business at the St. Louis, and as it happened to be about the hour

I went there to comb that she had made the appointment, I determined to see for myself, particularly as she had promised me she would not go. Shortly after I got there she came down the street, went in one door, purchased some little article, went out at the other door and into the carriage she went. I said no more to her, though I combed her for several weeks, as I had many such ladies, though their position was such no one would ever think of impeaching them.

My associate hair-dresser had a lady who, she said, was very difficult and hard to please, so she gave her over to me and I gave her one of my ladies, both of us pretending the hours would not suit. I found her very easy to get along with; after combing her for some time I found there was something wrong between her husband and herself; she was from Pittsburg and he also; they had been coming there for numbers of years. She one day asked me if I could keep a secret. I told her most assuredly I could, but I could keep it better if it was not told me. She said she for some time had her eye on me, as she thought me a bold, independent woman, and she asked me if I would go with her that afternoon out walking. I agreed, and we went out.

She took me into the French part of the city, where, after walking for several squares, we came to a little low, French built house, from appearance uninhabited, as it was all closed up, and looked as if no human being, but rats alone lived there. On going in the house she sat down and asked me if we had been seen coming there would I take the responsibility on myself. I told her that depended altogether on the nature of the case. She then told me the reason she had brought

me to this strange house. She had taken a letter out of her husband's pocket the night before, from a female, saying she left the key with the hotel porter, and would meet him there, and if he could not come at that time not to come till the next day, as one of the other gentlemen would be there that day, so she got the key and determined to be there to meet her husband.

I told her if I had known such was her object in coming I would not have come with her on any account, as it might end badly, for assuredly her husband would not overlook meeting her in such a place, and I feared it would result in no good to her; however, after expostulating a long time with her I at length asked her to come to a fortune-teller's and have her fortune told and we could come back there again; she readily consented to go. Before leaving, however, we concluded to look round the place, it was certainly as curious a house as I ever saw.

The first room we went into was all lined, in place of papered ceiling and walls, with crimson oiled calico; there was a couch covered with the same, and also the chairs; there was but one mirror in the room. The next room was lined in like manner with oiled calico, but instead of crimson it was blue; the bed had a blue spread, and an elegant lace musquito bar; a wash-stand was in one corner with, everything on it belonging to a wash-stand, and in the other corner was a bureau, with everything on it a lady could require, even to paint and powder. In the third room were bottles of good old wine, bottles of champaign, dry wine, old bourbon, and every kind of liquor that could be desired; on a table spread in the middle of the floor were two or three packs of cards, with

segars for both ladies and gentlemen; and on the mantlepiece were various novels. On examining some of these she declared most positively they were her books. While she sat down to look over them, panting for breath as if much agitated, I heard some one at the door trying to get in, I told her to keep quiet till I should go to the door; when I opened it I found a well known old citizen of this city and a married lady, also well known, and moving in a very high circle, who was the mother of several children. I told the gentleman, in an under tone, not to come in as there was something wrong, but to meet me at the hotel in two hours and I would explain all things to him. He and the lady went away, looking very much excited. I went back and told her it was only a man inquiring for some family who had lived there, and that it was time for us to go. We got ready and started, I slipping under my arm the books she had been looking at. When we came to the fortune-teller, I, having managed to get a moment's private conversation with the latter, told her, among other things, to say to the lady she had been looking over some books and thought they belonged to her, but she would find hers at home when she went there. I told her also to speak well of the lady's husband.

After staying there some time, I told the lady it was too late to go back to the house, so we started home. On the way there I pretended to have dropped the key and lost it, telling the lady to wait in the parlor while I went back to look for it; I run up stairs to her room, and put the books under some papers. Returning again to the parlor, I handed her the key, and she went up to her room; when she got there, she found

the books there; and as I met her husband coming up stairs and told him enough to put him on his guard, he went up and told his wife of a letter he had lost out of his pocket, belonging to another gentleman of the same name that was in the house; he had got the letter and mysteriously lost it. The lady hearing this story, finding the books, and remembering what the fortune-teller had told her, at once became convinced she had been mistaken, and of course her husband, in her eyes, was exonerated from all blame.

The next day, on going to my room, I found a very beautiful Cameo bracelet and ten gold dollars, together with a note of thanks for the shrewd and delicate way in which I had managed the little matter. Did this satisfy me? No, nor would anything else till I had given him a good lecture. I told him it was a good lesson for me as I never would be caught in a like manner again. I gave him such a talking to, I am sure he remembered some of my words to his dying day.

Some time passed away, and great preparations were making for the arrival of Jenny Lind. I was one day combing a lady in the fourth story, when I heard a great noise up in the fifth; I ran out and asked what was wrong, when one of the servants told me there was a fire. I went back and told the lady they said there was a fire, but not to be alarmed, and told her to remain there while I went to see if there was any danger. I went up stairs and found they could not get at the fire as it was between the ceilings. The proprietor said there was no danger, and insisted there was no fire, but that a little smoke had got between the ceilings. When the firemen came, they

would not let them in, still maintaining there was no fire. In the meantime I had got two men, and had Madam L's baggage taken down although they still persisted in saying there was no danger. I had bursted open the door to have the baggage removed; by this time the flame had made its appearance, and every one was for himself. The news then reached Madam L., who, with Frederica Bremer, had gone to the daguerrean gallery; they, with their servants, and some friends, then came home and took possession of their own baggage. I then went down to another room, where there was a gentleman and his wife sick, helped to dress them, took the lady in my arms, and carried her down to the parlor, and laid her on the sofa.

The excitement that was in that house then, I suppose never was surpassed, since or before. Some losing all they had on earth, others destroying many things by the way in which they used them. Ladies who had gentleman friends there to assist in packing up, I am sure, on opening their parcels again, regretted the packing, as elegant brussels laces, fine bonnets, shoes, and everything were put together in a promiscuous heap, in it may be a bed quilt, or some such thing. Those who had presence of mind to pack up their trunks, were offering porters five dollars to carry them over from the St. Charles to the Verandah, which was only a few steps, but they could not get them to take the trunks for that. There were gentlemen shouldered trunks that day, I suppose never did such a thing before or ever will again, unless on a similar occasion.

I was a good deal amused at a young lady who was sitting in the parlor with her lover when the cry of

fire was first raised; she deliberately walked up stairs, got her bonnet and shawl on, and went over to the Verandah to secure a room; she then went out to look at the house burning, as it was said to be the most beautiful and grand sight that was ever witnessed. She was asked if her baggage was saved, she said yes, when she had neither given up the key nor sent any one to look after her baggage, though it was very valuable; it seemed as if she was so perfectly fascinated with her beaux, and so excited by the fire, she was perfectly sure she had her baggage secured, and so lost all her clothes and money too. Her uncle had been there with her, and had only left that morning. She did not know the contrary till evening, when she was to have her head dressed for dinner, for notwithstanding all the excitement of the fire, there were but a very few who did not want their heads dressed the same as usual. All those who were able, secured rooms at the Verandah or the neighboring hotels. It was amusing to see for weeks afterward, in all the hotels and boarding-houses such crowding together as there was. I could scarcely say which amused me most, to see the people running around, hunting up their friends, or to see them running into stores, on galleries, or the roofs of houses during the fire, to see the dome of the hotel fall.

Many who were witnessing the burning of this grand floating palace, on their return, had no homes to go to, as their own had been burnt up. There were a number of houses burnt that day, and some churches. For my own part, I have no remembrance of ever making myself so generally useful as on that day, and was so worn out from going up and down stairs so re-

peatedly, that it was weeks before I felt myself well again.

All the excitement of the fire was soon forgotten, and the gayety resumed; and I had then to comb at the Verandah, and the St. Louis also. The first and second time I went to the St. Louis, I found every thing pretty much like the St. Charles—every thing conducted with a great deal of order. It was but a short time till there was a fuss raised between the two sets of boarders—the St. Charles boarders thought themselves superior to those at the St. Louis, and the St. Louis boarders thought the St. Charles' presuming.

While combing two ladies, from Bigbury, who were in the habit of stopping at the St. Charles, I found them very angry, and, on inquiry, they said they owned hundreds of slaves, but would not sit at the table with negro-drivers and negro-traders. I said, "Neither would I, madam, sit at the table with any such persons; even the Old Boy himself would not allow them a seat at his table; as I know well, neither in heaven nor on earth, nor yet in that unmentionable place, will soul-drivers or soul-traders ever have a comfortable place. She immediately exclaimed, "Oh, there is a necessity for such men, but I do not wish to associate with them." I told her I did not see any necessity for such people at all, as, if every man was honest, and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow—as you, madam, will see in your Bible—there would not be occasion for such terror at night, as there is no slave-holder, no matter how good he be, if he has any conscience at all, can go to bed at night without fear and terror." I felt my dignity more aroused at this moment than at any time during my seven

years' visit to the South. I asked her if she had remarked that society in the free States was purer and more moral than in the slave States. She said she did not see any difference; but I showed her a difference by telling her "no man in a free State would dare keep his mistress in the same house, or a neighboring one, beside his wife; while in a slave State it was a common thing for a man to have his mistress in the same house with his wife. No matter how elegant or beautiful a woman his wife may be, he has a slave in the house as a second mistress. I do not say this from prejudice, but merely state what my eyes have seen; from the minister down to the lower order of men, all keep their slaves." She observed, "Many have moved into our State recently from free States." I told her that when their hearts were black, and their deeds evil, they were glad to move into some place where they will be sustained in their deviltry. She then said she went North every summer, where she saw as many mulattoes as in the South. I said, "Just so, madam; those are children sent from the South to the North, as all our institutions are filled with gentlemen's children sent from the South. I spent my last winter in Oberlin, Ohio; between three and four hundred children were there—two-thirds of them being gentlemen's children from the South."

I had now got so much excited I did not wish to continue the conversation, and told her I would see her again, when we could finish our subject, as I had staid past my time. I bade her good-by, and dashed down stairs, and on going down, I heard a great shout below me. I stopped on the stairs and looked down in the rotunda, and there was a slave-market.

On the stand was a young girl who, it appeared, had been born in New York, and had gone traveling with an unprincipled family, who had undertaken to sell her. The girl had the presence of mind, through the advice of many friends, to suffer herself to be sold, and, as the custom was to undress them to see if they were perfect or not, she allowed herself to be partially stripped, when, in a loud, shrill tone, she declared they should proceed no further. The man who bought her came up and told her she was his property now, and must do as she was bid; and as they proceeded to use violence, she asked a friend who stood behind her for a pen-knife, and ripping open her corset, took out her free papers, and, holding them up, demanded who dare insult her, or use such violence any more! The rascal himself was not present, but the man in whose hands he had placed her, was immediately arrested and put under bail.

I stood for some time watching this market. Several were put up and sold off to the highest bidder; some seemed satisfied with their lot, and others, apparently, grieved to death. I then left, feeling more heavily burdened than ever in my life — vowing and declaring that I would never come another season to the South to earn the money that was made so hard by others.

I finished my work that day. My ladies all noticed there was something the matter; and when they asked me, I said, "Nothing, nothing;" feeling there was more the matter than either good feeling or conscience, in Louisiana, could relieve. I went home, and for several days played sick. Many ladies came to see me; many again sent to know how I was, and what

was the matter. I must say, while in Louisiana, I received not only good pay from ladies, but real kindness, and numerous invitations to visit the different plantations; and everywhere was kindly received, as cruelty to the slaves does not come under the observation of the ladies' visitors. Did all this make me satisfied with the South? No—it did not.

A kind lady, thinking I was very sick, came and wished to take me on her sugar plantation until I should recover my health. I told her I felt very much obliged to her, but would not go, as I was not so sick, but only wounded. She tried to ascertain of me what I meant, and I told her I would tell her before she left the city.

The next day, on going to see the Misses M——, I resumed my duties. The eldest asked me how I was, and hoped it was not our conversation had made me ill. I told her it was not. The youngest came up and said, "Iangy, you look nervous." I said, "Madam, I am not nervous, nor have I ever been; do you think a poor working-woman could be nervous?" The eldest replied, "Yes; we are all God's creatures, and liable to be nervous and sick in various ways." She then said, "Iangy, you are tired and worked to death; do come home with me and rest yourself, and see how we use our slaves." I thanked her warmly, and said I would, but I had promised to stop at Natchez and learn some ladies' maids to dress hair. We were interrupted by their father, and on their telling him I was sick, he insisted on my going home with them, and rang the bell and ordered a sherry cobbler for me. I thought how kind he was to me, and how many of his poor slaves might die before they would have one

soothing cup of tea made for them. He repeated his invitation to me, and said he would give me five hundred dollars a year to keep house for him and his daughters. I told him I would not take all he was worth in the world and keep house for him; he asked me my reason, which I was glad to give him. I said I yet retained my reasoning faculties and good feeling, and if I was there I might lose them, as I have generally seen, in slave States, all the people who came from free States, when they get slaves under them, lose all their better feelings. He gave in to me, and did not say anything more about my going as his housekeeper.

I continued on combing the ladies but was now very anxious for them to leave so I could get away from this place, where I have seen people as white as white could be and as black as black could get, put up and sold in this elegant hotel. On my going in I always went by the private door, and tried to come out in the same private manner, but it seemed, in spite of my feelings, some loadstone or electricity always drew me to the rotunda, where I daily saw people, both young and old, bought and sold. I have often wondered to myself how men can speak so much on the glorious cause of freedom and speak of this as the land of liberty, while they are daily and hourly trafficking in human beings, not only that but getting others from foreign lands to come here, which does very well in free states, but in slave states those poor laboring men are looked down on, even by the slaves themselves, with contempt, and when the least thing occurs, you will always hear them call them poor white folks. Do you think the slaves think themselves the inferior

class? no, they do not, for I have seen them in a cotton patch or tobacco field, and if anything went wrong the worst word of contempt they could have is, "too good for poor white people." I do not blame them, as mean masters always try to employ the most degraded men they can get, without either feeling or principle, or some old pet slave who has been badly treated himself, and will do anything to curry favor, as an overseer.

I saw, a few days ago, a notice in the papers, burlesquing the American officers for dancing with the Haytian natives, because they were black. Have I not seen as fine gentlemen as can be found in North, South, East or West, dance with ladies from snow white to jet black, and think nothing of it?

I will now tell you of a colored person who visits this State, whose husband lives in Mississippi, and they figure largely at the North, and when this person enters a store in Natchez or New Orleans, every clerk rushes to wait on her, on account of the influence of the man she lives with. She has two accomplished daughters, whom she occasionally brings to spend the summer in our State, and spends the winter down South. Her cruelty to her slaves was such, although once a slave herself, she was not permitted to stay in Natchez and she had to make her head-quarters in New Orleans. She was so cruel to her servants that they undertook to burn her alive by setting fire to the room below the one she slept in; she had just time to jump on the balcony to save her life, and although she tried to make her escape, she was arrested, and was not so fortunate as one of her head servants, who, during her absence, collected all the rents, and taking all

the clothes she could lay her hands on, passed through the city, and made for Canada.

I knew a gentleman who was cashier to one of the largest banks in New Orleans who married a colored woman. He got a physician to transfer some of her blood into his veins and then went to the court and swore he had colored blood in him. A gentleman of high position from Pennsylvania, having gone down South bought him a housekeeper; as soon as she became the mistress of the house, she became hard to please. One morning she went in the kitchen to command the cook, who answered her impudently; the lady flew to the gentleman, who gave her a note for the woman to take to the calaboose, saying, give the bearer thirty-nine lashes. The mistress, afraid the servant would not get the lashes, took the note herself; after reading it the officers took hold of her and cut her back almost to pieces; she, running home furious, showed the gentleman her back, he flew to the calaboose with pistol and bowie knife, but for fear of being arrested, did not use them.

During my visits to New Orleans every winter, I saw many amusing and affecting scenes, one of which was the following: A servant went to New Orleans as nurse, a gentleman of high standing married her, he bought two slaves, one of whom was a very old woman, and, as every bond woman does, she treated this old woman very severely, made her get up at four o'clock and work about the house, and then do a day's work; if she did not bring her day's earning every evening, let her get it or not, although she was a woman of fifty years of age, she was severely punished. The old woman went to a colored woman to get

work, and as it is not the custom for free people to give work to slaves, she told her she had no work; one day she went again to this free colored woman, and finding no person at home, she sat in a corner and cried; when the woman came in she asked her what was the matter; she told her if she did not bring home the money she would be whipped. The woman questioned her closely about who she belonged to, who she knew in Virginia, and how many children she had, and then asked her what marks her children had, and all about herself. She found this poor old woman was her own mother, whom she had not seen for thirty-five years. She flew to embrace her when the poor mother cried and screamed for joy until she gathered the people round her for squares. It was just the hour when business men went to their business, but not many of them went to business that day, for I never saw men in my life show such sympathy and feeling as they did on that occasion; every gentleman was eager to purchase and liberate her if the daughter had not been able to have done so; notwithstanding the woman was well off and able to purchase her mother, fives, tens, and twenties were given to the poor old woman to the amount, almost, of the sum required.

The gentleman, seeing the sympathies of the people, asked a moderate price for her, but the lady, whose anger was aroused, would not give her up on any reasonable terms; but at length she was compelled to take for her a moderate price, or nothing, as there was so much excitement going on. Just at that time a few children were coming by from market, and they ran up to her, with five and ten cent pieces, saying,

here, Aunty, this will help to buy you, making the scene more affecting.

People congregate at the St. Charles from all the different parts of the United States, and during the season many come from the different countries of Europe. I have known ladies to be six months preparing, and no expense or pains spared, when coming to this place. They are more particular at this hotel than any I know of in the Western or Southern countries; for instance, every two weeks they have a soiree, to which the ladies are entitled to five tickets, and can invite any gentleman they wish; even the gentlemen that board there are not invited, unless there are ladies who are acquainted with them. The more gentlemen a lady knows the greater belle she is. I have seen seven or eight hundred people there at one time, all of whom came to enjoy themselves, and well they succeeded. One afternoon and evening, I had to dress twenty-five heads; and indeed, it was very amusing to hear the different places they were going to; some going to the St. Charles Theater, some to French Opera, some to Placide's Theater, some to soirees, some to public balls and some to private ones.

One week I thought I would see how many queer things would come under my notice; in the first place there was a charming couple from Boston, passing as brother and sister, but when it was found they were not related, they were quietly asked "out." Next day the lady wished me to comb her, and be with her as much as I could, although she seemed to be in great distress. Every day she, together with a gentleman, would take a carriage and leave the hotel for a drive. For a day or two, she seemed more and more troubled

and would pace the floor and wring her hands in the greatest distress; once, on entering her room, I found her in deep thought, and, not noticing me, she looked up to heaven and said, "Oh, if I should fail," three or four times. That afternoon she got me to help her on with a double set of clothing, and, taking a bonnet under her shawl, she went away at her usual time. The next morning there was a great stir about a lady from the St. Charles, who had brought a set of clothing and put on her husband, who was in prison, and both made their escape. I learned they were from Baton Rouge; the report was that he had forged a bill.

In a day or two came off one of the grand soirees, and it happened that an actress got an invitation, through the intimacy of a lady's husband. This raised a general row—some saying she ought not to be there, and some again saying she should be—the gentlemen taking a decided stand, and saying whoever the ladies, who are regular boarders, invited, should be admitted. The next day, trying to make my way through the ladies' private door, I was interrupted by the door-tender, who told me hair-dressers were not allowed to pass through that door, that they must go through the public door; I turned in and gave the boy a good shaking, and went my way, much to the amusement of the ladies and the mortification of the man; there were several ladies of our Queen City there to enjoy the sport. I went in a room where there was a lady who had recently come from France, and found her perfectly furious—nearly foaming with rage and anger; she told me there was a lady who slandered her. It so happened that a certain lady in the opposite hotel saw a gentleman in this lady's room, and she

saw the lady dressed in her morning wrapper, which she mistook for a night gown; she came over and told a lady in the hotel of the circumstance. This lady was catholic and of Irish descent, and kept the money of both males and females of the different servants, and this was the reason given for the appearance of the gentleman in the room; this raised a general stir. The lady the report was raised against was a grass widow and a very smart woman, and she plead her own case, so that nothing could be proved; then she got several lawyers and commenced a suit for her character; the lady who made the accusation was an officer's wife and the officer had to sign a libel or pay heavily. I told my associate hair-dresser that I had promised to notice for a week or so, and I noticed what had happened for two or three weeks, and I was perfectly tired out, as there was nothing but quarreling and fussing, more than I ever noticed in the hotel before.

That season passed away and I returned to the city. There had been many cases of yellow fever in the hotel, but it was thoroughly purified and was filling up with visitors, amongst them was the family of Zachary Taylor; it was during the trial of Gen. Taylor in Mexico, and great excitement prevailed all over the Union. While every one in the hotel was worried and troubled, the family did not at all look alarmed, and a gentleman one day asked Gen. Taylor's daughter whether she did not feel worried about her father, she said, "Oh, no, Pa means and does what is right, and God will protect him." His daughters and neices reigned belles for weeks. Quiet was restored, no more quarreling or fussing, and I never in all the days of my

life, saw so many matches made, for truly, it was the greatest market that had been seen in many seasons. The first thing asked when a lady came there was, "are there any rich planters or other rich men here," if there are the next saying is, "make me pretty." I will tell you of a circumstance that occurred at this time.

There was a young lady and her aunt, who got acquainted with a middle aged man who dressed very elegantly, went every night to the Theater and Opera, and was called a very rich man; he, however, was but an overseer of the plantation and property of a gentleman who was at that time in France. The young lady and her aunt went to work to win the gentleman, thinking it was a good match, and the gentleman striving to win the young lady, because he thought it would be very agreeable to have the aunt's money, as she was rich; he took them to what he called his plantation, and both aunt and niece thought it a very good market. The young lady came to me and said, "Oh, Iangy, I am engaged to be married, and I want you to devote your time to me for two or three weeks." I told here not to be too fast, as all is not gold that glitters, for I knew the gentleman was not what he seemed to be, but as her mind was made up it was not for me to say more. I myself spent some two hundred dollars buying little things, to say nothing of the aunt spending fifteen hundred dollars for the wedding. They were married, and he took her to the plantation and she enjoyed wealth to her satisfaction for some time: when the real owner of the plantation came home, he had married and brought his bride with him to settle up his affairs. The overseer's wife was very

indignant at the privileges the gentleman and his bride took, thinking all was hers; but her husband said, never mind, she might make a short visit to her aunt till they would leave. When she got there she found her aunt was also engaged, and she got married during her stay. The aunt's husband got tired of the niece's long visit—so she left and returned home; when she got there she found that the plantation was sold, and her husband was overseer of a neighboring plantation, when she, in a rage, kicked up a row, and went back to her aunt's. So this young lady lost her husband, and all his supposed riches, by her duplicity.

There is no true knowledge to be had of the wealth of the South; for, on some of the plantations on the coast they live very sparing—indeed, some of the slaves have no hats on, and others are scarcely half clad, and that of the coarse stuff that goods are packed in. Such families as these make the greatest show at the opera-house, in winter, in New Orleans, while, during the spring and summer, they barely have enough to sustain nature in themselves and slaves. Their slaves have nothing provided for them to either eat, drink or wear; they work hard all the day, and at night they plunder what they can from some of the rich plantations. If they are not caught, they are smart; and if they are, they are punished. On every New Year they have to sell a servant to support the balance the rest of the year.

While combing one of my ladies, she said, "Oh, Iangy, papa is going to buy a housekeeper to-day—there is one to be sold down stairs in the rotunda, and he is going to buy her.

I hurried through my work to get my usual stand

to observe how matters got along with this gentleman, who said he was so good to his slaves. There was a very fine, bright mulatto put up to the highest bidder; this gentleman bid for her, but there was another bid against him, and they put the girl up to one thousand dollars. The girl then declared this man need not bid any higher, as she would never serve him; but he said he was determined to have her, and made some threats what he would do. She said she did not like his looks, and that she had been raised by a lady, and always led a virtuous life; and, as there was an understanding between her owner and the seller, that she should not be sold to any one she did not like, the sale was put off till the next day.

On the father of these young ladies going up to them, they said, from what they had heard of the woman, they wished him to buy her, even should he pay twelve hundred for her. The next day the girl was sent up for the young ladies to see. On talking to her a little, they liked her so well they told their father to buy her should it take two thousand; however, he got her for twelve hundred. She was very much pleased with her young mistresses and master, bundled up with a good grace, and went with them.

I did not see her again for some four years, when one day, as I was combing some ladies in the Burnet House, in this city, I heard her voice, and knew it. On going out in the hall I found her there, with a friend of her master, who had sent her up here to be emancipated.

I asked her how she got along, and how she liked the young ladies; she was warm in praise of them, and said she had the first cross word to hear from any

one of them. These young ladies were cousins to a lady who married a trader in Nashville, Tenn. They often used to ask me about this lady, and I frequently remarked that it was a wonder to me how a refined lady, as she seemed to be, could marry such a degraded trader. I was not then aware that they were connections.

This lady and her sister visited the St. Charles nearly every season, literally loaded with diamonds. All the fortune-hunters ran after her, as her husband, when he died, left her some millions of dollars; and these seekers-of-wealth cared but litttle how the money was made, though there were many ladies there who would not associate with her owing to her lowering herself by marrying such a man. I have known him bring, from Nashville and Virginia, the largest droves of slaves that were brought into the market; he has often taken a fine child from a poor-looking woman, and given it to a fine-looking woman, who had a delicate child of her own, to sell together, and given her little one to the other. Again, he would make a woman marry a man, let her like him or not, should a gentleman come along who wished to have a man and wife. Anything to make money.

As the weather was getting warm, and the ladies leaving very fast, I determined, what I had not seen in past years, I would see now; so I went to the highest circles, then to the lowest; to the free people, and to slave people; and every-where it was proper for a woman to go. I could not but notice, in some of the wealthy families, where there were but three or four in a family, and five or six servants, these were well treated; again, in other places, where there

were nine or ten in a family, and but one or two servants to do the work for the whole, those poor creatures had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and not see bed again, probably, till one or two the next morning.

These poor creatures are worked to death, and, when worn out and good for nothing, all at once a charitable feeling rises up in the master's breast, and he gives them free papers, puts them on the cars, and sends them off to Cincinnati. This I can testify to, as I have one in my house now, in her fifty second year, perfectly helpless, afflicted with rheumatism, and not able to more than limp around. From her appearance, she has been a hard-working and faithful servant. Her master one day took a charitable notion, came home and asked her if she would not like to go to Cincinnati. She told him she would go any place to get her freedom. He started the poor old soul off, with fifteen dollars in her pocket, to a strange place, where she knew no one. Had she not fallen in with friends, she might have been sent to jail, or the pest-house, where there are several at this time from the South and other slave States, who have been very charitably dealt with, and given their freedom. This poor old creature was knocked about from post to pillar, till at length I stumbled over her, and she is with me now. Her master is a captain on one of the most elegant steamers that float on the Southern waters.

I sometimes think it strange how so many of these creatures fall into my hands; but I can tell you how one woman and child, from New Orleans, fell into my hands, and I was very glad to let her fall out.

There was a gentleman, from New Orleans, at Sara-

toga. From his appearance and conversation, and that of his lady, I thought them New England people; his name was W——. They begun a conversation with me on slavery, which is, with me, a very exciting topic, and I would much rather hold a conversation on any other subject; but, being dragged into it, I did not fail to express my opinion. He showed how well some slaves were treated, and I showed how badly others are treated. I told him there was one blasting thing to slavery—how a man good to his slaves may die, and the slaves fall into the hands of very cruel masters, and can not help themselves; their situation is a great deal worse than those that have had bad masters, and fall into the hands of good ones. He then said slaves could not take care of themselves. I replied, they could if they had a chance: as a good slave would make a good citizen, and a bad slave a bad one; but give them a chance. He said he had a woman he would gladly give her freedom, if she could do anything for herself to make a living. I told him if she was a respectable woman I would give her a trade. His wife then spoke up, and said the woman was whiter than herself, and was very smart. I told them to send her to me.

Some eighteen months passed away, and I got a letter, saying they would send the girl and her child, though, in the first place, they had not said anything about a child. She came, and with her a child some three years old; and no one would think there was one drop of African blood in either of their veins. The woman had evidently been badly raised, as she was very profane in her speech, and they must have been glad to get rid of her on account of her temper.

She stayed with me a few weeks, and my husband would not allow me to have her about the house any longer.

I took her child and put it in the Orphan Asylum, and got her a good situation in a family where she would be well taken care of; but her language and conversation were such they would not have her about the house. It was now easy to be seen why her former owners wished to get rid of her—she was so white they could not sell her, and her language was so bad they could not keep her; so they determined to impose her on our so-called picayune State.

These are the kind usually emancipated, either those who are too bad to keep, or too old to be made any longer useful.

Now while running around, it was my privilege to comb a young creole lady, who was married to a French gentleman, raised in Paris, but who owned several slaves in New Orleans. After she was married she went up on her mother's plantation with several of his servants; after being there a little while, they sent for me to come up and make them a visit; not having much to do at that time, I went for a few days.

On my going there, I was very well treated by every one, and they showed me everything to be seen, but tried to confine my attention to the cottages and scenes just around the house, and did not seem to wish me to go out to see into the quarters. But as the family rose very late, I went out every morning to see the slaves at breakfast in the quarters, and to my astonishment, I did not see any of them have anything for the whole week but a pint cup of buttermilk and a slice of bread,

those who could not take buttermilk, had a cup of coffee, made of browned corn, sweetened with molasses. I never saw meat of any kind given them while I was there.

One morning I was in the Orange grove, sitting close by the piazza, the young groom was on the piazza reading a paper; he suddenly laid his paper down, and said to his wife, "Annette what can be the matter with Julee, she looks very bad, she was quite fat when I brought her here, now she looks as if she was very sick." She said she did not know, but she would call her and ask. She did so, and Julee told her she had been there some two months, and had not tasted meat but twice in that time, and you know master, said Julee, I had been accustomed to have meat three times a day. He laid down his paper, and commenced, in his broken language, to scold; when his wife said, "Pierre, my dear, do you not know the creoles do not give their servants as much to eat, or the same kind of meat as the Americans do, as we think they work the better not to be over-fed." He replied, "Zounds, madam, how can a man or woman work and not eat?" She said there were, sometimes, years during which their servants had nothing but milk, unless they might catch some wild game for themselves. He then said, to-morrow morning I shall send my servants home, which he did. I ran around a few days longer till they went into the city and took me home. I had been home but a day when there was a very wealthy creole gave a soiree, and as I was favored with an invitation, I went just to see how the affair would be conducted. On entering I was met by the hostess, who was a tall, fine looking

woman, who looked as though she might be white, but a little sunburnt. She was dressed in white silk, with a head-dress of crimson, a full set of coral. Her father was a pure white creole, her mother a colored creole, a brown skinned woman; she was dressed in black silk, with a full set of white lawn. The hostess' son was a very handsome man. Did he take part in the soiree? No, he did not, nor did any colored man take any part in the proceedings, unless in the capacity of a servant. He kept his own room, or once or twice was seen moving about the house, but having nothing to do with the affairs of the house, as it is a strange fact among these mixed creoles, that the boys are never taken notice of in public. About eleven o'clock the rooms were crowded. I never saw in any assembly north, east, or south, or even abroad, unless it might be among the nobility, a set of people more elegantly and tastefully dressed. At half past eleven, in walked a most beautiful brown skinned woman, elegantly dressed in pink brocade, and a full set of diamonds; she was led in by the Spanish ambassador. She looked to me more like an African princess than a Louisiana creole. You might ask, was there no one there but creoles? Yes, there were people from all parts of the country, when it became known a creole soiree was to come off, as there was generally a great collection of creole beauty there. The gentlemen from all parts sought for invitations. I myself, saw a clergyman from New York there, together with a hundred or a hundred and fifty others, and did not see one there without his white kid gloves, and white vest. It might puzzle my reader to know what class of people these creoles are. Are they marrying people or

not? They call it marriage, but I do not. These young girls are brought up as particularly as any children in the world; they have the very best education that can be given them, are taught music, dancing and every branch of education necessary to the accomplishment of a lady. They are never permitted to walk out to church or school, or any other place, without a servant after them. When they are marriageable, they are courted by the gentlemen the same as any other ladies, till it comes to the ceremony, then there is a large party assembled, and the young girl is given away by her father or mother, or both; this is called *placayed;* it is the same in their eyes as marriage, but no license is required. Sometimes they live together till they raise generations, then again, others are like some of the license marriages, they stay till they get tired, and then go, some one way, some another.

There came to this soiree a gentleman who had been placayed for thirty-five or forty years, and had been judge in different states. He has, during that time, stuck to his integrity, and lives very elegantly. You might go through his house and see everything in it more elegant than another, and could not tell who his wife was, or what she was, unless you might discover a little tinge in her complexion.

One of the creole ladies I met at the soiree, I afterward found to be one of the most cruel women I had ever seen or heard tell of. I told her I did wish I had her up in our state a little while, when she would wish she never had owned a slave, or never seen one. I got so outrageously angry at her proceedings, that I got a petition drawn up by an old citizen, and signed

by a goodly number of the most influential citizens, which I determined, myself, to present to Congress, to prevent the colored people from owning slaves unless through some change in law. As there are so many changes going on now, the whites should also own each other; then let the colored people have their slaves if they choose to. I have even known slaves to own slaves before now, and treat them very cruelly.

I now started for Natchez, where I told you before I was to teach some ladies' maids hair-dressing during my stay there. I had some papers, among them this petition, put away in a box in my trunk, with some pieces of jewelry, that I valued very highly One day being hurried, I forgot my keys, and left them in my trunk, when the papers were taken out. I always accused a governess of taking them as the servants could not read, and I know the ladies of the family were above anything of the kind. I was in the house for several weeks, and saw the slaves there were well treated, not only the house servants, but those in the quarters.

On one occasion an overseer misused a slave, and Dr. J. turned him off without a moment's notice. This worthy gentleman even kept pastors to suit his slaves; if they did not like their pastors they were changed. On account of his kind treatment of them, they seemed delighted to work for him. When he wanted to speak to any of them he did not speak as if to dogs, but remembered they were human creatures, and that he would have to give account for the manner in which he treated them. He also had his modes of punishment—he had his own jail, and was his own judge. During my stay there, I went round a good

deal to the neighboring plantations and looked around. The next plantation where I was, all was different, the slaves badly treated, half clothed, half fed, and misused in every way, and said to be great thieves. On one occasion I addressed one old woman, by saying Aunty why do you steal? do you not know it is sinful to steal? Her reply to me was, I don't steal—does not the Scriptures say reap where you have sown, and I have worked here and got nothing for my work. I take nothing but what I want to eat or drink, and hardly enough even of that. I left the old lady, very glad to get off without further question. I was glad to leave that plantation, for after seeing the kindness of Dr. J. to his people, the cruelty there was more than I could bear. I then got entrance into a gentleman's plantation who was very peculiar. He would neither let his slaves visit nor receive visits, nor would he ever receive strangers if he could help himself; he was a very severe master. I will give you one instance of his severity in a free State, so you may judge what it may be at home. One season at Saratoga, he had with him a slave as a body servant; all at the the springs said he was a much finer looking man than his master. In the morning about eight o'clock, the newspapers arrive, and the news boys run around with them as soon as they can get them. This gentleman was sitting on the gallery, and sent his slave for a paper; in the meantime, one of these little boys came along and the gentleman bought the paper himself; on the servant coming in with the paper, his master cursed him for his tardiness, was very angry, and swearing at him, commanded him to go and bring him back his

money. The poor slave not having a cent in his pocket, some gentleman in an upper gallery hearing the whole conversation, and feeling both indignant and sorry, went down and gave the man the mighty sum of ten cents, which he gave his master. The gentlemen then consulted together, and thought so brutal a master should not take this man out of a free State, so the next morning, he with plenty of money in his pocket, was safely under the banner of Great Britain, and this was not done by abolitionists, but by friends of the master himself. I visited many places and was well treated, and saw slaves apparently well treated too, but that does not say they are all well treated, for there is a plantation in lower Mississippi, kept by some two or three planters, so that the slaves who in any way disoblige their master or mistress, could be sent to this place to be punished. It must be an awful place, for the slaves in general, would prefer going to perdition itself, to being sent there.

After my seeing all the plantations, and going round as much as I wanted to, I thought I would now stay in the city of Natchez, where they sent for me every day. I would drive out and drive in. My visit to the plantations taught me many things, and amongst the rest to manage horses. One of the servants I taught hair-dressing to, in the city, belonged to Mrs. Colonel R. and she must be a kind mistress, as her girl is now a competent hair-dresser, and she brings her to New York every season. I saw her myself, a short time since in New York. I think Natchez a beautiful place, it reminds me of England more than any place I ever saw in my life.

I visited many of the private residences at Natchez, and I must say the more I saw of them, the better I liked them; as indeed any one with the least taste for the beautiful, could not but admire those lovely spots. I will now leave Natchez and confine myself to my own State.

CHAPTER VII.

CINCINNATI.

It is now some fifteen or sixteen years since I learned the art of hair-dressing. During most of that time I was East and South, dressing hair, as the Cincinnati ladies were not French enough to employ a hair-dresser at that time; but in these latter days some of our ladies go to France in the summer, and New Orleans in the winter—so, by that means, they do not lose sight of the French fashions.

About two years ago, two ladies, in Cincinnati, thought I should have work enough to keep me at home; so they each employed me a month to dress their hair. They being ladies of very high standing, many thought to follow their lead. They were Miss L—— and Mrs. S——. From that time to the present, I have never known what it was to be three hours out of employment. I am to this day working for those two ladies. Although several years have passed, I never knew how to thank them for their kindness to me. To them am I indebted for my present position.

Hair-dressing is generally very trying; but I have always had the good luck, with a few exceptions, to work for the higher classes. At another time I will tell you who and what they were. It has always been my privilege to comb the brides, *belles* and beautiful ladies, both residents and visitors, of Cincinnati.

I have worked for several years from eight in the morning till six in the evening, and, on ball-nights, as late as eleven, and given satisfaction to all my ladies, with the exception of a few meddlesome persons, who were jealous because some one else looked better than they did; for I find in these days people are more troubled about their looks than they were when I commenced hair-dressing.

There are in Cincinnati, at this time, four distinct circles of fashionables; first, is the real old aristocracy; second, the monied aristocracy; third, the church aristocracy, and fourth, the school aristocracy. You may wish to know what I mean by the school aristocracy. I mean those girls whose parents send them to such or such a school because Miss So-and-So goes there; so that, by these means, they may have an *entree* into the higher circles. It is much easier to get into the higher circles now than when I first became a hair-dresser. All that is necessary now, is to go to the Burnet House, stay there awhile, visit from one room to another, till you find out which of the ladies visit such and such families out in town; then cultivate their acquaintance.

There are two fashionable dress-makers in Cincinnati at present, where almost all the fashionables can be met with. They go there more to display their elegance, and to see those who are a step or two higher than themselves, than to have their dresses made. I know a number of ladies who keep private dress-makers and plain seamstresses in their own houses; but once in awhile they take a dress to these dress-makers, so as to keep up their acquaintance.

There is a lady in Cincinnati who makes herself no-

torious for visiting milliners, dress-makers, confectioners, and, in fact, every place where there is anything to be bought or sold; she is even at funerals. I will give here name as Mrs. Envy; because she is envious of every one from the leaders of fashion down to the tradesman. She is very accomplished, as there is scarcely anything she can not do; and she makes herself generally useful. If there is a house to be furnished, she is there; if, as the English say, there is a house warming, she is there. (I mean, by a house warming, a large party given on first occupying the house.) If they are young housekeepers, she is ready with her advice in all cases; but if they are old ones, she will drop a hint or two; if they are not noticed, she will pass on. They are too polite to say no, as she belongs to the upper tens. I will now leave Mrs. Envy, and speak of more agreeable associations.

Since the time I mentioned as having settled down in Cincinnati, I have dressed one hundred and fifty brides; twenty-five of these were in Louisville, Ky., and some seven or eight in Covington and Newport, just across the river from Cincinnati. As near as I could learn, they are all doing well, save ten; six of the ten are dead—the other four are separated from their husbands. One of them left her husband, and was actually married to him again; though I did not have the honor of dressing her hair the second time. One of the deceased was a lovely character; she was, indeed, a most amiable person. If I went to comb her, and felt tired, it seemed to rest me to be with her; if I was hungry, in her presence hunger left me; was I angry or worried, as I occasionally was with ladies, on my coming in to her all my annoyance vanished,

and my good temper returned. I have often thought, while combing her, is it possible so amiable a person can live long in this world. Whenever and wherever I saw her, she was still the same—pleasant, agreeable and kind to every one around her. I have known her to be out in rain and storm, carrying food to the sick or poor, when other ladies would hardly venture forth, unless to a ball or party. She was the only daughter of a widow; she was not only a child, but a companion. Poor Mrs. S——! she has never been forgotten by her family or friends. She was married in the middle season—for we had in Cincinnati, three distinct seasons for marrying in a certain set. The season before she was married there were several weddings among the old aristocracy; this beloved one attended them all till her own season come. She must have been lovely, when Frederica Bremer glanced at her and pronounced her even more lovely than her own Swedish ladies; which was a great deal for a foreigner to say, for the foreigners are not generally so charitable as our own American ladies. I always found her pleasant on going to her house; she was quite different from some others with whom, when they saw me, the first thing would be, "what is the news, did you not hear anything?" till I began to see there was something, and would set myself to find it out. Perhaps it might be something about a dear friend, when, of course, I would defend them manfully. They would then get alarmed and the first thing they would do, would be to go to this friend and say, I heard such and so; when asked for the name of their informant, the answer was, "my hair-dresser;" by that means there

was a constant broil kept up. These are daily occurrences in high life.

I will now tell you how a lady got into a scrape trying to get out of one, I will name her Tulip. I worked for her three or four years ago, but having very many older patrons, I gave her to one of my pupils; the latter gave entire satisfaction and Tulip seemed perfectly satisfied with her, which in no way surprised me, for, although my pupil, I considered her equal to or better than myself. Tulip was always smiling and had something sweet to say.

A few months passed, the summer season came and I prepared myself for Saratoga. I left also my Camelia in charge of my pupils—I call her Camelia on account of her beauty, gentleness and amiability. My pupil went one day to comb Tulip and proposed to her to get a twist for her hair, as she thought it would be a great improvement. Tulip said no fashionable people wore them: the hair-dresser curtesied and begged to be excused for saying that Miss Camelia had one, though she had no need of it, but that it certainly would be an improvement to her. Tulip was perfectly delighted to have something to say of Camelia; the latter having many beaux, she thought to acquaint one of these admirers in a quiet way, that Camelia wore a twist, when she did not—she had one, but made no use of it, as Camelia never wore anything or said anything that she feared any person to know

Tulip went to an aunt of one of Camelia's admirers and told her, thinking she, like other ladies, might tell the gentleman; but this aunt being a lady, in the true sense of the word, neither receiving gossip or talking herself, she replied to this, "well, my dear,

Camelia has a perfect right to dress as she pleases and make her toilet to suit herself, and so have all other ladies, without any person interfering with them."

Nothing more was said till I came home and resumed my duties, when one day on combing this aunt, she said to me, "Iangy, in whose care did you leave Camelia when you were gone." I told her in my pupils. She said, "you should tell her not to tell one lady what she purchased for another or what any other lady wears." I told her I did.

On my going home I asked my pupil what the lady meant by the remark, who at once said she had never told any one but Tulip, and she told me how it came she mentioned it. My pupil, on combing Tulip, attacked her on the subject, when she, getting alarmed, got the first lady she told it to, and both went to Camelia and told her. Camelia was too much of a lady to say anything to me, as I had a right to speak to my pupil, and did not say any harm. Tulip, finding things did not turn out as she wished them, sent round to everybody she could, even to my best friends, and tried to do me harm, for no cause on earth, for she herself was the transgressor. This went on for two years, and I did not know anything of it. I knew I had enemies, and I knew there must be something the matter, as some ladies treated me very differently from their usual way, but as I had not done anything to offend them, I did not care, nor did I inquire the reason. To these ladies who were my friends, she would not say anything very spiteful against me. There were some ladies who had recently joined the church, and they thought it the duty of all church members to espouse each other's cause and fight each

other's battles. They put their heads together and thought to put me down, not thinking I would ever hear it, and forgetting I had been here for a number of years, and had a position, and knew them when they had none. At length, a lady sent for me, whose position or word could not be doubted, and told me what was going on; when, at once, I went to Tulip and asked her why she acted such a part, or what I had done to deserve it; she said I had tried to make mischief with her; I wanted to know how, and I then found out it was about the twist two years ago, and even then she was the transgressor and not myself. I told her then what I thought of her, how she acted the hypocrite on all occasions, being so sweet to my face, while she was secretly doing all in her power to injure me. I said to her I was sorry to see young church members act such a part as to try to tear a fellow woman's character to pieces without any cause, and I felt sorry for the minister who was to take charge of that church the next month; and if he knew the kind of people some of his congregation were, he would tremble at the charge. I then told her if I said or did anything that was wrong, she might send her father or brother after me. I don't know what she thought, but as I never heard from either father or brother, I suppose she thought over the matter, and remembered the time when she received the emblems of the blessed Redeemer, and took her vows.

Often have I labored under such animadversions, and expect to till I die; but one thing I am assured of, I can defy any individual, North, South, East or West, to say I ever did or said anything but was ladylike or courteous. Ladies are in the habit of saying a great

many things, not only to the hair-dressers, but to others, which would be a great deal better unsaid. When these things come to be talked about they forget saying them to any one but the hair-dresser. Even at parties, ladies will be envious of one another, and will talk about each other, and pick one another to pieces; then they pack all they can on the hair-dresser's shoulders. Truly, the hair-dresser has a good deal to contend with.

I will now tell you how parties are conducted in France and England. Though I was not an invited guest, I had innumerable opportunities of observing how they were conducted. The whole eighteen months I spent in Paris I never heard of a young gentleman taking a young lady to a ball or party, they are chaperoned by mothers, aunts, governesses or some other female relative.

On entering the house there is a little side room where the ladies hand their wrappings to a servant, who takes them in charge; there are not two or three rooms thrown open as is the case here. The English and Parisienne ladies are expected to dress at home. On entering the room, after finding their way to the hostess and passing the compliments of the evening, they endeavor to make themselves agreeable to the company in general. They well know that a lady would ask none but ladies and gentlemen to her house, and consequently the company, feeling perfectly at ease with each other, dance, laugh, talk and make themselves generally agreeable, and when supper is announced, they go in small parties at a time, and not as our ladies and gentlemen generally do, rush *en masse*. European ladies go to parties more for the

sake of meeting friends and passing an agreeable evening, than for the sake of what they eat; but I have known our ladies refuse to eat either dinner or supper, so that they might be able to eat the more at night, or as many of them express it, that they might stuff themselves; and often when I have been so tired I could scarcely stand, and perhaps tasted nothing for twelve hours, and would complain of being hungry or tired, they would say to me, never mind, you will be there to-night, stuff yourself. I would only smile, but often wished I could teach them a lesson of refinement. Yes, I have seen our ladies and gentlemen standing round the door of the supper room before supper was announced, and actually I have heard the waiter beg for room to carry in the jellies, ice creams, and so forth. When the door opened there was a general rush, as though there was a fire in some part of the house from which they were endeavoring to escape, and all would be confusion to know who should seize the bouquets and anything else the table might be ornamented with, and as for bonbons, the first table or those who were first at the table, got them all. I have known ladies take home as much as three or four dollars' worth at a time. I know, however, many who are exceptions to this rule, who go to parties, enjoy themselves very much and leave before the supper is announced.

The refreshments that are provided in this country for two hundred people, would be sufficient for a thousand in Europe, for the ladies do not touch any of the ornaments of the table, and as for taking away anything from the table, no lady would so far lower herself as to take the most trifling thing; but I have

known ladies here, particularly in Cincinnati, take two or three sets of handkerchiefs, and not only carry away cakes and candy, but actually game. I have known them to do worse than even that.

Some time ago, there was a party given by a lady in this city; among the ladies who were very elegantly dressed that evening, was one in particular, who wore a very rich opera cloak, trimmed with ermine, a hood to match, also, an elegant handkerchief; these she put away, all rolled in a bundle. I observed a lady in the dressing room very busy examining the wrappings, but did not suppose she had any evil intentions. Early in the evening the lady and several others disappeared, taking with them others' wrappings, and were not charitable enough to send them back, thinking the blame would be attached to the servants.

Some time ago there was a large party given to some eastern ladies. The lady in whose house they were stopping, after having performed her own toilet, left on the table some articles of valuable jewelry. When the guests had dispersed, the jewelry, too, had disappeared. Such occurrences are very frequent of late years.

The following circumstance occurred in one of our most fashionable jewelry establishments. Two ladies went into the store, and requested to be shown some diamond rings; amongst others, they were shown a very valuable one, which a gentleman had been on the eve of purchasing the day before. Not being quite decided on making the purchase, they promised to call again.

The person who attended them, put away the boxes without looking whether the ring was there or not; during the course of the day, the gentleman, who had

taken a particular fancy to the ring, the day before, called in to get it; on opening the box it was found to be empty. Knowing he had shown the ring to no one but these two ladies, the jeweler caused an advertisement to be inserted in the papers requesting the lady who had been looking at the rings the day before, and had, by mistake, left one on her finger, to return it. The same day one of the ladies came to the jeweler's, acknowledged she had been there with her friend, and, since then, had seen the ring on her friend's finger. who told her her husband had purchased it for her.

The jeweler immediately made arrangements to go with the lady to her friend's house. On their arrival at her house, they sent word that a lady and gentleman were in the parlor, who wished to see her. She soon made her appearance, with the ring on her finger. The jeweler made known his errand, and she surrendered the ring, offering the jeweler, at the same time, any compensation if he would hush the matter up, so that it might not reach her husband's ears. The jeweler was so delighted at having regained possession of his property, that he complied with her wishes, more especially as they were both the wives of wealthy merchants. He was more fortunate than the Misses B., who, at one of their great openings, lost a lace mantle, valued at two hundred dollars, which they never recovered.

I could enumerate many instances of such things, committed by ladies in high life, whom I have known. One lady went to a store, and took away with her laces and ribbons of the value of thirty dollars, thinking herself unobserved — but she had been noticed. Finding she did not return to settle the account, the

bill was made out and presented to her husband; at first she denied all knowledge of the matter, but on the clerk coming forward and declaring he had seen her take the things, she was very glad to acknowledge the debt, and get off with that.

Among other scenes in high life, I will give you a few from the Burnet House, where you will find all ranks and denominations, doctors, lawyers and merchants, and, if you please, not wholesale merchants either.

After toiling through the city from eight until twelve, I started for the Burnet House, where I had seven or eight customers. Being a little behind time, I met a lady's maid who said: "Iangy, I would not for two month's wages you had not come just at this time. I have often told you that several of the ladies in the house did not like you, and you always insisted I was mistaken; come with me, the little room that leads to the parlor is open, and you will hear all they say."

Not believing what she told me, as I had always found these ladies warm friends, I went with her to the little room, and having taken a seat near to the door opening into the parlor, found I could easily hear all they said. One of the ladies defended me; the others said I was pert and proud, and knew too much, that I put on too many airs, besides many other things. Mrs. S. who had defended me, after they had talked of me in this manner for some time, interrupted their conversation, saying:

"Come, let us talk about something else, for I expect her every moment. How did you like the spiritual rappers last night?" Mrs. —— liked them very

well. "But," said she, "I can not tell whether they are humbugs or not; I think they do and say some things that are very strange: speaking of them, makes me think of some more of Iangy's impudence. Did you hear what a going over she gave these spiritual rappers the other day?"

Mrs. S. replied "I did. Do you know the cause of her giving them such a lecture? My husband said she did right, and if he says it is right, it is so. These spiritual rappers got some ladies in their room, and frightening them, made them tell some little things they would not otherwise have told, and then they told these things again. Iangy heard it, and she gave them what they ought to have; and the spiritual rappers getting afraid lest she would tell the ladies, undertook, in a sly manner, to tell falsehoods on her to the proprietor. Come, come, I hear her footsteps—for I can tell when she comes—at the top of the stairs."

I then opened the door; Mrs. S. was standing; the two other ladies turning toward me, said, "Why, Iangy, how are you?" I replied, "I am well, I thank you." Mrs. —— said, "You don't look well, you seem nervous, perhaps you walked too fast, or come too quickly up the stairs." I replied, "perhaps I have; I might have felt better had I not come up so fast."

After seating Mrs. S. before the glass, I began to comb her, occasionally taking a glance at the two other ladies, to watch their manner and countenances, seeing them so perfectly confused. Mrs. S. asked, "Well, Iangy, how does the world use you."

"As well, madam, as I wish, I have enemies as well as friends, but for my part, I like enemies; I feel

sometimes like a lily in the midst of many poisonous weeds. If it was not the hand of Providence causing the wind to blow another way, it would choke the lily, and it would wither and die, so does the hand of Providence protect me as I move on the face of this unfriendly earth; my enemies would choke me if they could, if not with their hands, they would with their feet." I saw the two ladies blush, and touch each other on the foot.

My work was now finished, and bidding them good morning, I left the room. I then went into an adjoining room where was a lady who was raised in the State of New York. She began to question me, and ask me the news. Seeing from her manner that she had something to tell, I began to try and find out what it was. After a very little trouble I succeeded. She told me there was a man and woman in the next room who were not married. I told her it would be a poor hotel if everybody was married in it, and wanted to know the reason she thought so. She said that man and wife were more formal and dignified. Just then her husband knocked at the door, when she twisted and turned till she got him to leave the room; but I think it was more to ask me questions than on account of modesty. After he had gone she asked me to go with her to the spiritual rappers; I thanked her, and said I worked for the girls and could go in when I pleased. I made up my mind to be there at four o'clock and see what her object was in having me there. At the appointed time I went with her to see the rappers, and found her object was to ask many absurd questions, which were all answered favorably. By this time many of our most fashionable ladies came in; when

they saw me they said, "For mercy's sake, Iangy, don't tell you saw us here." I assured them I would not tell on them if they did not tell on themselves.

After telling many unheard-of tales the spirit promised to play the guitar, and every one was requested to look right on the center of the table. I pretended to look on the table, but glancing at the two girls and the old woman, I saw one of the girls move her body from the table and touch the guitar with her foot. The mother seeing me eyeing her so closely, said: "Look on the table, Iangy," which I did, but still kept my eyes on them so closely they could not play the guitar. Finally, the spirit rapped and said it would not play the guitar that day, but it would tomorrow. I said the spirit did not like me, nor I the spirit, and so I would leave the room: one of the girls coming behind me asked me to come back in a few minutes.

After I left the spirit played, to the satisfaction of the ladies, and then commenced to rap on the door. I got some young misses and we stood at the door, and when the spirit rapped on the inside of the door we rapped on the outside and then ran away, which so frightened one of the girls she could not raise the spirit again.

That evening, after the ladies had left, I went in again and the old woman said: "Iangy, the spirit has told us that you have some hard feelings against us, and that we must make friends, and I know of no other way than that we should go this evening to your house, and rap for you and your friends; if convenient we will come at nine o'clock."

I went home to prepare supper for them, and invited

many of my friends to be there. Promptly at eight o'clock they came, and with them two of our most prominent citizens. After my friends had asked many questions, some getting a favorable answer, some an unfavorable one, the mother and one of the gentlemen insisted on my asking a question. I told them I could raise a greater spirit than any of theirs, and stepping to the table I placed on it a bottle of old bourbon, saying, this is the only spirit that can be raised on earth. The old lady at first was very indignant, but she knew it was not worth while to be indignant with me and was soon in a good humor. I gave them their supper, and the two girls on leaving, said: "Iangy, don't you say anything of those two gentlemen being here." I said, certainly not, if there was disgrace I was the disgraced one for having them here.

On going to the hotel the next day, I found almost every one knew they had been to my house, but could not tell by whom they were accompanied. One of the ladies of the house tried very hard to pump it out of of me, but she could not; while she was attempting to pump me, some gentlemen came in and said that Kossuth had arrived and would be at the hotel in a short time.

I spent a good deal of my time in the hotel during Kossuth's stay, for it was very amusing to me to see the ladies' maneuvers—both those in the hotel and the visitors—it was laughable to see the ladies call on Mrs. Kossuth; though she could not speak a word of English she would bow her head and utter something between a groan and a grunt.

At one time Kossuth's room and the hall were full of people to see him, which put me in mind of the St.

Charles when Gen. Taylor was there, after his return from Mexico. They would all rush to him, and if they could not all speak to him, they would touch his coat, and go away perfectly satisfied; some would even talk to his horse, as if he could understand every word they would say. So it was with this crowd, if they could but look at Kossuth that was quite sufficient.

They held a great mass meeting—all orders and societies made up money and presented it to Kossuth. There was one lady, a school teacher, who failed to make her speech while presenting the purse; but Kossuth did not care for the speech, all he cared for was the money. After Kossuth had spoken, and the presentation of the money, interrupted by many cheers, Mrs. Kossuth was called on for a speech; she came forth, having her handkerchief over her head, and smiled; every time money was presented to her she smiled more. I, in the midst of a crowd, said: "Let me look at the humbug," a gentleman at my side said, I am pretty much of your opinion.

Kossuth, getting no other way to leave, after the money was presented and the speechifying finished, escaped through the kitchen and pantry up stairs—laughing in his sleeve at the game he was playing. After he was in his room, and neither ladies nor gentlemen had followed him, I went to my work; and while combing a lady, she said, "I owe you five dollars to-day." I told her I would be happy to receive them. She said if she was in my place she would present them to Kossuth. I told her that Kossuth had already taken too much from our State, that I was in a hurry, and would explain my meaning the next day.

This lady thought me very ignorant. Next day she

invited some ladies into her room, as they expected to have some fun with Iangy; but it did not turn out quite as they expected. While combing the lady she commenced to ridicule me, by asking me if I was going to give Kossuth some money. I told her "I was not; that some of our ladies were too apt to take up with humbugs, and that it was high time they should stop. You, and every lady in the hotel, know that I think and maintain that Kossuth is a humbug; and there is also another humbug in the house, and you will all find that out soon." They all went to work then to guess the person, and finally asked who I had reference to.

I said to them, "You shall hear at some future time; but let me answer your question why I will not give Kossuth my earnings. We have millions of slaves to look to in our country, which is a curse to it; and before we go abroad to pluck the mote out of our brethren's eye, let us pick the beam out of our own eye. Is the yoke of the Hungarians heavier than that our slaves bear? The Russians have not the power to cut, slash, and destroy the characters of the poor unfortunates. Moreover, I don't believe Kossuth is what he represents himself to be." She said, "Iangy, don't talk so much nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, madam," I replied; "I have seen so much of human nature in my humble position that I can, by looking at a man or woman, tell what they are. We will talk no more about Kossuth; but I think you will all yet find him out." She then said:

"What do you think of that lady who was here some time ago—the one that had so many diamonds, and the ladies *chaperoned* so?" "I suppose you know

there are several ladies who do nothing but run after persons who dress elegantly, or know some person in the city who has a high position, and after running round picking up diamonds, get picked up themselves. That great lady married a poor man, and left him to wait on an old rich man. Her first husband having died, she married the old man on his sick bed, and he left all his money to her on condition that she would let her children take his name. The ladies picked her up and ran away with her; but finding the load too heavy, they fainted on the way, and dropped her. When she visits the city now, she stops at the Spencer House, for she has been found out at the Burnet House."

During the stay of Kossuth at the Burnet House, he made many speeches, one of which was in the drawing-room. There were a number of people assembled to hear all his speeches; but it seemed as if there was even more of a crowd than usual to hear this one. He spoke, as usual, on the oppression of the Hungarians, and at the close of every sentence there was a cheer. The gallery outside was crowded, the stairways were crowded, and those who could not get in were trying to look over the heads of others. Ladies were standing on chairs here and there through the drawing-room, and some ladies of notoriety in our city actually stood upon a thousand-dollar piano.

At this very time, when there was so much sympathy excited for the oppressed Hungarians, there was, in the very midst of our city, a man being tried for running away from cruel bondage and oppression, and endeavoring to escape to the land of liberty. He was caught, tried, and sent back to his cruel bondage—

there to suffer unheard-of tortures, too great to admit of their coming before the public view.

I must confess it was to me more of a disgusting than amusing sight, to see children, not more than one year old, led up by their parents, young boys, ladies and gentlemen, all going up to Kossuth, with from one to fifty dollars each to present to him as a token of their good will, and to show their sympathy with his oppressed country—while Kossuth, as I said before, did not seem to mind the speeches they made, so that he got the money from them.

There was stopping at the Burnet House a lady of great wealth; unlike most ladies, she did not dress and dash about, but, like all good mothers, took care of her children. She was in the hotel some four weeks, and none of the ladies looked at her, or seemed to notice her at all.

There was a meeting of the ladies every week—they met in the different ladies' rooms, to make clothes for orphans and poor children—and on these occasions they would have a regular frolic; and the ladies who came to stay the season, or any length of time, would by that means get acquainted with each other.

One day, after the meeting was over, I went to comb one of my ladies; another lady was in the room while I was at my work. I asked how it happened there was a lady in the house extremely wealthy, of high standing and good family, to whom they paid not the slightest attention. "Why," said one of the ladies, "I did not know there was any such person in the house." I then mentioned two or three of the families of high standing that she visited in the city.

The two ladies were considerably astonished, and,

looking at each other, said: "What shall we do? How shall we manage it?" When they went down to dinner, they both bowed and smiled, which was quite unexpected to the lady. After dinner they went into the parlor, where all the ladies were congregated, and told them there had been a lady in the house for some time who was very rich, and who visited the first families in the city, and that they must all call on her immediately. There was one lady present whom I had, some weeks before, induced to call on her, as I was at that time combing them both. She seemed amused at the distress of the others. They all called the next day, and continued calling; and at all their social meetings her company was particularly solicited.

Not long after Kossuth left, an English lady arrived at the house. She was a great favorite, not only at the hotel, for she brought recommendations which secured her access to the first families of the city. By some it was doubted whether they were authentic, yet there was a great deal of pains taken in introducing her round until she was found out.

Truly, in her capacity, she was one of the shrewdest and smartest women that ever came to this city. She could not only fascinate women and children, but the most intelligent and the most inferior men. She so fascinated a gentleman boarding in the house, that she was actually engaged to him, and, as he was a man of high standing, through his influence she was received into many families that she could not have visited otherwise, notwithstanding the recommendations she brought with her. After being so pampered, she got beyond her position, like many others I know and have known, who bring false recommendations.

The first time I saw her, I was combing a lady, and she happened in the room. Her conversation was of nothing but lords, dukes, counts and earls. This lady was charmed and fascinated, listening to her as if all she said was true as gospel, or something that would nourish soul and body. She arose, and passing by, looked at me as if I was a little insect in her path. After she had gone out, the lady said to me, "Iangy, ain't she lovely?"

"Lovely!" said I; "No, madam, I don't think she is; and allow me to tell you, she is not what she represents herself. I have been in England too long not to know those who have mingled with the nobility. I have been child's nurse in England, and had an opportunity of seeing and learning a great deal about the nobility; and I know enough of them to know one in any part of the world I may meet them; I can even tell a servant that has been in their employ; and if this lady, in six months from now, holds the same position she now does, I will give you five years' hairdressing, and if not, I shall expect a valuable present from you."

In a few days the soiree came off. At first the English lady did not like me; but hearing so many ladies, whom she tried to be intimate with, speak in my behalf, nobody could comb her but me. While combing her one day, she showed me some pictures. On the first glance I saw that she had got them out of the Book of Queens. One of these pictures she told me was her sister, and another her aunt; while, a day or two before, I had heard her tell some ladies that they were titled ladies, with whom she was very intimate.

When she showed them to me I smiled, as though I thought all she was saying was really true. So, after I had dressed her, and was starting out, she asked me to take a glass of wine. I told her I did not drink wine; and seeing two bottles on the mantlepiece, labeled "poison," I told her I did not like to take poison. She said she only put that there to keep the servants out. She went to the ball in full dress, and was the lioness of the evening.

A short time passed, when she and her lover had a quarrel, which was kept up for some time; several of the ladies tried to have it settled, and it was fortunate for him they did not succeed. She got in her possession the daguerreotype of an orator, which all at once turned up missing; either the orator had taken it away, or got some of the maids to do it for him; however, it was gone. She asked me to go to the gallery where it was taken, and have one taken from a picture that was there, as I was acquainted in the gallery, and give it to her. I refused, as I had no use for the gentleman's picture—she said no more, although she seemed displeased at my refusal.

Soon after this she was discharged from the family by whom she had been employed as governess. A gentleman and lady were boarding in the house with whom she became very intimate, rather more so with the gentleman than the lady. She staid there a great while as the companion of the lady. There was a lady going to Europe for two or three years, and the governess persuaded them to rent her house and go to housekeeping. They did as she requested, and she went with them. She dressed as the lady's twin sister instead of a governess.

It was not long before she caused the wife a great deal of unhappiness, and the wife's mother also said she did not like such familiarity, consequently they broke up housekeeping and the mother and daughter went to New York.

The governess, having left Cincinnati, went to a Southern city, and stopped at one of the fashionable hotels there, where the lady's husband and a partner had business to transact.

She undertook to cut her cards, and cut them well for awhile, acting the great lady, and reigning and domineering over everybody that was there, till at length one night one of the gentlemen got tight, and going to her room she would not let him in, when he deliberately broke open the door. This aroused the dignity of the proprietor, and the next day she was put out. A lady not long since, told me she had seen a letter from her saying she was in want of means, and was then seated by her cradle.

After these things happened, I went to the lady with whom I had the conversation, and asked her if she wanted me to give her the five years hair-dressing. She said no, but she would pay me anything for the rude manner in which she had spoken to me; "But I should like to know, Iangy, who the other humbug is you spoke about?" I said I would not tell her just then, for there was a set of ladies who could be taken in easily by diamonds and titles, and when these hum bugs come if they did not find them out they would blame me, and if they did find them out they would know I was right, so I would not speak, but let them get bit to their heart's content. After they came, I might speak, but there were several ladies in the house

knew these circumstances as well as I did, and had determined not to say anything till they would see how long they would run.

There now came a countess to the city. I will tell you how I came to know her, but not the particulars just yet. I saw her in Washington City, when she first came from Europe, while I was there with Minnie; I did not see her again for several years, till I met her in Cincinnati, when she came direct to my house. I do not know how she found my number or house, but she did find them out, and left a note for me to go to the Spencer House and comb her.

I did not then know who she was, nor did I wish to go so far to comb anyhow, and I did not go. Then three messages came after me to go and comb the great countess. It seemed that the proprietor and all in the house were ready to run at her command, on account of her being such a great lady.

On my way going down I stopped in the store of one of our most fashionable milliners, who showed me a bonnet she was making for the great countess at the Spencer House, and told me of the very expensive lace she had ordered for it. I told her I was on my way to comb the same lady as she had sent for me ever so often.

On my arrival at the Spencer House, being shown to her room, I at once recognized her as the lady I seen in Washington City. It was with great difficulty I suppressed my surprise. When I saw her in Washington City she was accompanied by her husband, who had recently returned from Europe. She received a great deal of attention in Washington on her husband's account. She went on home every once and

awhile, and I would hear of her conduct but did not see her ladyship again until I met her at the Spencer House.

When I found who she was I told her I was in a great hurry and had to go. She told me she wanted a maid, and wished me to send one to her; she did not want her to stop in the hotel during the night but merely to attend on her during the day. I told her she would not get any nice person to go to her at eight in the morning and stop as long at night as she might require her. Her reply was, if she was in Kentucky she would make her slaves do so for her. I told her there was no making in this country. She did not know I recognized her at all, and I was anxious to let her know I did recognize her. I said to her, "Madam, did you not leave France at such a time and on such a steamer?" She gave me a very fierce look and attempted to deny it. I said, "Excuse me, madam, I thought you were the lady; she was a great countess." She brightened up at that and said: "Yes, it was I, I am a countess." I promised to go to comb for her but I did not. They staid there a little while and then she and the count left and went to Kentucky.

In a short time they returned and put up at the Burnet House, he in the meantime, had changed his title from count to colonel; so they put up at the Burnet House as countess and cousin.

I met her one day on the stairs, she looked perfect daggers at me. On coming to the Burnet House she inquired who was their hair-dresser? They said, Iangy; she wished me to be sent to her room. Several of the ladies told me, but I would not go, as I had no desire to comb the countess, and would pretend I

was engaged, when she at length applied to another hair-dresser who was in the house, and she had the glory and honor of combing a countess.

The ladies were perfectly infatuated with the countess, and in love with the colonel. There were one or two ladies there who knew the countess and her circumstances, and of a morning on my going to comb them I could scarcely get through my work for laughing.

This colonel worked well in his own way; he had letters to some of our fine families, and they went round with him and innocently imposed him on some of our first families, where the colonel was asked to a musical soiree, together with his cousin the countess, and to many other little entertainments, on account of his being so great a colonel and his standing so near the emperor at the christening of his son. He had promised many ladies if they would visit France he would present them to the emperor.

There was a lady in the hotel who had seen this countess in France, where she had called on her, for if the countess ever heard of an American being in Paris, she always called on them, presuming on her husband's name; and of course, persons in foreign lands will speak to people and treat them with respect they would not look for at home. This lady treated the countess with great respect and introduced her and also the colonel, to all the ladies at the hotel.

Every two or three evenings the colonel was sporting a new suit of regimentals. He could have played a good card with the set of ladies he was among, had the countess not beed so well known amongst the class he desired so much to play on; many of them

knowing her former husband's friends feared her like a tigress. She threatened several times to slap their faces, till they were actually afraid to meet her on the streets. If they saw her coming, they would dart down another street, and they would not visit the hotel while she was there, even to see their best friends. The sisters of her former husband were afraid to walk on the street, while she was in the city.

This went on for several weeks, till at length the colonel was taken sick, when the ladies were running, one with a basin of water to wash his face, another with a bottle of cologne to cool his brow, some one thing, and some another; one with a little tea-pot of tea, made by her own hands, and of course the colonel could not refuse to take that. The countess was very kind to him, but getting tired of so many ladies waiting on him, she had him removed to her own room. This opened the eyes of the ladies, and they now saw what was going on.

In the meantime, some one must have sent a dispatch to her second husband, telling him of these things, for he very unexpectedly arrived, and took her away with him. The colonel, I heard, went to a lady's where he had a severe attack of varioloid. Shortly after, he left and went to New York, where in in a short time, he was joined by the countess.

There was in the hotel a very rich lady, that the colonel, while there, tried to court with the assistance of the countess. This lady was a widow, and had nearly half a million of dollars. The countess went to work to get some of her money, and for that purpose got up a raffle to impose some of her old jew-

elry on this rich lady, and others in the house. She said it was for charity, as there were numerous poor, destitute families in her neighborhood, whom she wished to relieve. She got some twenty dollars out of this widow, and some two or three each, from the other ladies and gentlemen. This occurrence took place before the colonel's illness. The following summer this widow met the colonel in New York, and received a great deal of attention from him, she introducing him to a great many of her friends as a great French colonel, and very wealthy. I was at Saratoga that season. There was a lady came there from New York, and who said to me:

"Oh! langy, I am going on to France this winter with a friend of mine, who is going to be married to a French colonel who stood beside the emperor at the christening of his son. He is going to present us to the emperor and empress, and give us an introduction at the palace." I said, "Oh, very likely, all red breeches are not royal; so I stood up with the queen of England, at the christening of the Prince of Wales, but it was outside the palace, leaning against the walls, to hear the beautiful music inside."

This colonel, at last, became a great bore to the widow, so much so that she became disgusted, and returned to Cincinnati. After a little while she received a letter from the colonel, asking her for a loan of a thousand dollars. She wrote him she would not send it. He wrote again, demanding it, and threatening in case of a refusal, he would try to make it appear she was engaged to him. She consulted an eminent lawyer, and finding he could not do anything, wrote him a decided refusal, positively declaring she would

hear no more from him. So he found, though he professed to be such a royal Frenchman, he could neither coax, persuade nor compel the money out of our American ladies' hands.

One winter morning I noticed every countenance and dress I met on my walk—first was a man with his black beard whitening with the frost, muttering to himself; he looked as though he or some of his friends had been unfortunate. Then came another with such a smile on his face, looking as pleasant as though he had some hot buckwheat cakes and nice rolls for breakfast, and had been spoken kindly to by both wife and children; next I met two sprightly young men, well known, who had at least taken a few hours to make their toilet, when one slipped down, and the other leaned against the house to laugh. Going on a little further, I met a gentleman coming along in such deep thought he ran against a lady and looked so surprised he did not know whether to say, excuse me madam, or what did you do that for, madam.

After going my rounds that morning, I had to comb for a party. I went to the house of the gentleman who looked so sad, and told his wife I had met her lord that morning, and he looked as if his coffee was muddy, his bread had been burnt, or his cakes not very high for breakfast that morning. "You are right, Iangy," she said, "both were bad, and he left in a very bad humor."

I proceeded with my work all gay and cheerful, every one anticipating a good time. About nine o'clock, or half past, I had got through with a lady at the Burnet House, and I then went back to the

house where the party was, as they had asked me to come and take a peep at the ladies, and see how they looked.

As I walked along there were several persons behind me hallooing and hooping, and I could hear them say, "let us frighten her to death," but I did not feel at all alarmed, although many persons had been garroted, for I generally had in my basket a good protector.

I went on to the house, took a peep at the ladies, who all looked beautiful, and seemed to enjoy themselves so much, that I staid rather later than I intended. On my going home, there were two men standing on the corner of Fourth and Sycamore—one went back, and the other walked a little distance behind me, until we got to near Race street, when he stopped before me, and he did not speak, but walked close to me. Stepping back, I told him if he took another step he would fall at my feet. He said he was not following me, he was going for a doctor; and so saying he went up a gentleman's steps and pretended to ring the bell. When I got round the corner, I took a peep at him to see whether he would go in or not: he stood at the door till he thought I was out of sight, and then ran away as fast as he could. I am sure if he had had wings he could not have gone any faster. This shows that any man who will attack a woman on the street is an arrant coward, and a woman can frighten him to death. I was very glad to get home, and then made up my mind I would not go to parties any more, but settle down.

The next morning I started out with a full determination to go to no parties and not be out later than I

possibly could help; and, moreover, if I went to any person's house and they were talking about parties, I would not say a word; for the morning after parties all the conversation was of how this one looked, or how that one was dressed; it appeared as if they could think of nothing else. All these things would annoy me and take my mind off what I had determined on doing—as I had a headache I thought I would go home and keep quiet for awhile.

I did not go my rounds that morning, as I thought I was sick. Just as I was coming down Fourth street there were two little girls on the steps of a daguerreian gallery. As I passed by they said: "See here." Knowing them to be beggar girls, I turned with the full determination of assisting them. They then asked me, "how far I would have been if they had not called me." Forgetting my good resolutions, I got perfectly furious, and getting at them, though they hallooed, "it was not me," I gave them each a good whipping.

Now that my resolution had been broken, I went home so angry that I did not go out that day, although I had several calls, but I would not go to any, simply because I was so provoked at breaking my resolution. When I made such resolutions some little thing would always occur and make me break them and I thought I would not make any more.

I went out next morning, leaving my long face and thinking it was not worth while to try to have a heavy heart when I had a light one, so I was a full hour going from Elm to Sycamore, stopping and chatting with one school girl and then another, passing along and noticing every queer thing that I saw. Going

along the street I saw a young girl in Bloomer costume, and said to her, "My dear child, go and pull off those breeches and put a piece on your dress to let it down, and don't be disgracing all woman kind." The girl, from her looks, made me understand she did not know whether to be frightened or indignant.

I proceeded on to my work. I first went to a lady in the east end, whom I have been combing for the last seven years; the task I have to perform there is a great deal more of pleasure than labor. On entering that morning I found the lady and gentleman at the breakfast table. The cat was at a little distance looking up in the lady's face, and the dog at his master's side looking up at him. I thought this was certainly the coziest dining room I visited during the winter. From the appearance of the table you might think there were visitors expected, but not so, as this was a continual thing; and if a friend happened in, they would not have to run after plate, knife and fork. As I before said, I have combed this lady for seven years and I have never seen either her or her husband in a bad humor. I finished my work here and then went to three other places and found all cheerful but the fourth place I went to. I was a few minutes too late and got a good scolding. I did not say anything, but made up my mind I would not go there again, but I did return again and was treated a little better, but the old sound was in my ears. "My money,—my position,—no one likes me—I have got more money than such and such a one has, and I don't ask them any odds, and I don't care whether they like me or not—you seem to be very independent here lately, you don't care whether you comb a body or not."

"Not so, madam, I said; I am not so independent. I comb some ladies for money and they employ me for my work, and I don't care a snap for them; but there are some ladies I would comb as well for pleasure as money, and some I love dearly." "I know you don't love me, you only comb me for my money." "I did not say that, madam, for to tell you the truth, I love your children dearly." I left the house, wondering if I had said anything wrong or not. That night there was a small party in my aristocratic circle; when I got home I found among my orders there were several for another circle. I was then in a hobble; I did not know what to do, and while meditating, the lady I combed in the morning sent for me; then I was in double trouble, but determined to fill the first orders that were at home. There were some of my customers I did not go to; I knew they would all excuse me but this lady, and I thought she would not require me, as I had combed her in the morning, and there were others I had not combed at all.

I went and combed the ladies,—a set I never combed before—they were not only pretty but graceful and intelligent. I combed that night ten beautiful girls, every time I drew the comb through their hair I would wish they were in our first circles.

While going home—it was a very dark night—I was walking very fast, thinking of these beautiful girls and wishing I had the power to place them in the higher circles, when about the middle of the square, my foot struck against something; on looking down I saw it was a man laying in the street, either dead or drunk. I pushed him and tried to rouse him, but he did not move, he was dead, but dead drunk. I

was so excited I thought he was really dead. There were some gentlemen coming toward me—I got behind a high step to see what they would do—they passed by and never noticed him. I waited and saw two gentlemen come along; they noticed him, and seeing me looking at him, one of them said: "I believe he is dead." They felt his pulse, "no, says the other, he is not dead, come along, he is only drunk." By this time several had come up; when I saw the men notice him I started to go, but hearing one of them say, "Oh, let him be, he is only a drunken fellow," I stepped up and said, "Gentlemen, if he is drunk he is a man; let him be taken to the station house and cared for, and be punished when he is sober." One of the gentlemen remarked that I was right, and called a watchman to take him to the station house. I went home perfectly satisfied, and was pleased to think that I had at least got a man in the watch house.

When I got home I found there had been many calls, some I was sorry to miss, and there were others I was glad I chanced to be from home when they came. It was now nine o'clock; I sat down to supper, thinking I should have such a good time to rest myself and be quiet, congratulating myself that I had not been angry or said a thing that was wrong, although I had disappointed a lady or two.

Next morning I went my rounds. On going to the lady's I have before mentioned, I heard again the old sound—"My money and my position; such and such a one is supported by my money." I left those sounds behind me, and, on my way home, I met three ladies going to prayer-meeting, and they made me promise

to go, at eleven o'clock, to the prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian Church, which I did.

The services were so well conducted that, it seemed to me, any one who went once, could not refrain from going again. I continued going for a month, and during that time it seemed there were more little parties than had been in our city for a number of years. Then, again, I made up my mind to settle down and be quiet—to see and not see, to hear and not hear—but I found it was impossible to do this and continue my occupation as a hair-dresser.

During this series of meetings, there were two large parties given, and I attended them both, notwithstanding I had promised myself, about four hundred times, that I would not go to any more of their gay parties. There was a young Misses' party on East Fourth-street, and all the *elite* of the city were there. The young girls were all pretty and graceful, and there was a great display of youthful beauty. At first I stayed up stairs, and would not go and see them dance; but I loved some of them dearly, and concluded I must go and see them enjoy themselves. I stayed during the evening, and watched the young curly heads, smooth faces, and brilliant dresses; they looked like little fairies flitting about from room to room: occasionally several bearded gentlemen were seen in their midst, which made them look even more fairy-like than before.

The two little hostesses were sisters, and received their guests with all the grace and dignity of ladies that had been entertaining for twenty-five or thirty years; they seldom danced, but kept looking round to see that all enjoyed themselves; and at the supper-

table they went from one end of the table to the other, to see that all were well helped; and they did not take refreshments themselves until the guests had departed.

After some days had passed, there was a neighborhood party given, in the East-end: the party was given to an officer of high rank, who was a particular friend to the hostess' son-in-law, who was also an officer of eminence, and was universally beloved by all who knew him. The ladies were all in full dress, and looked very beautiful. The daughter of the hostess was dressed plainly, but very elegantly. All passed off finely; the supper-table was elegantly adorned with flowers, and the room was decorated with American emblems. Several pieces of music, suitable to the occasion, were played during supper, by one of our best bands.

One or two gentlemen, who supposed there would be no strong drink on the table, came in after indulging pretty freely of the water-of-life. One of them went to the table with a large handkerchief tied round his neck, as napkins are tied round children when they go to their meals; this caused a great deal of remark, and these gentlemen were generally remembered to be forgotten at future parties.

A short time after, it pleased a lady in the West-end to give a party. She was a bright, brilliant young lady; and, previous to her party, she had captivated some beaux the East-end girls had long set their caps for. The latter now got so dreadfully pious they would not go to the party, and thought it was awful to have a party while a series of prayer-meetings were going on.

A week or two rolled round, when a party was given by the lady of one of our well-known Judges; some six hundred tickets were made out; the East-end ladies did not think it would be a sin to go to that party, as they supposed while in sight of their church or steeple there was no harm. It was well they so determined, for it was a brilliant affair. The ladies were all elegantly dressed, a few of which I will describe. One lady was dressed in white silk, with upper skirt of silk, with white illusion puffings, which swept the floor for half a yard. One well-known East Fourth-street *belle* wore a double-skirt of illusion, small puffs about half a yard up each side; berthe to match, trimmed with little forget-me-nots, which could not be distinguished from natural flowers; her hair was trimmed with the same shade of blue flowers, drooping down on her snowy neck, which made her look more like wax-work than a human being. She had not too much religion to go to either the East or West-end, whenever she thought it proper to go. There were many others there—but I will only say they were all beautiful.

I know a young lady, a native of Cincinnati, who was raised and educated in the same city, beautiful and highly accomplished, who lived principally at the most fashionable hotels, where she made the acquaintance of an Englishman, who was reputed immensely wealthy, and who fell in love with, and married her. For a long time she thought two horses were insufficient to draw them along, and wanted four; she was so pampered that at length she fell out with all her young schoolmates. They staid through the summer, and left in the fall for New Orleans, where they re-

mained some time at the Verandah. The gentleman there obtained possession of his wife's jewelry, and, with all the money he could collect, left for parts unknown, and for several months was not heard of: when last heard of, he was still traveling. It frequently happens that those who marry foreigners for their titles or wealth, find themselves thus deceived. I can not but laugh sometimes to see how some of our upper tens get picked up.

Some few years ago a gentleman came to this city, who passed himself off as the son of an Indian chief; he was gallanted here and there, and parties were given him by some of our first families. This chief turned out to be a fugitive slave; he actually both roomed and slept with some of our gentlemen, and did not feel as if he had lowered himself at all. This went on for a few weeks, till a very large party was given him; but when they went to look for him they found him at what you call a "break-down shin-dig," in the lower part of the town. A few days passed, and he was captured by his master. Having been taken down South, he made master and friends believe he would not live in a free State, notwithstanding his being so pampered and allowed to go at large. The last I heard of him he had escaped to Montreal. He was as smart a man as I had the pleasure of conversing with in Toronto.

During my servitude at Mr. L——'s, while running around with the child, I one day noticed a little boy coming into the office; he looked the very picture of distress. Mr. L. asked him what was the matter: he replied that his mother wished to put him in a segar manufactory, and he did not want to go. Mr. L.

then asked him what he wanted to do, when, much to the surprise of all, he answered, "I want to be a painter." He had made a drawing, which he showed Mr. L., who, in the rough sketch, detected evidence of talent, and sent him to one of the best painters then in the city. He staid there some time, and then left the city. A short time after, I went to New York, and the first little man I met, strutting down Broadway, was this Mr. ——. Mr. L. had sent him on to New York, kept him there till he was prepared, and finally sent him to Italy, where he remained for some time; and when he left there it was said he was equal, if not superior, to some of the teachers.

This is but one of the ten thousand good acts Mr. L. has done; hundreds of such acts have come under my own observation. Often have I known gentlemen in embarrassed circumstances go to him and get immediate assistance. Widows that were in trouble would ask him for help, and get it without question. Many and many a family that are now in comfortable circumstances, but for him would this day be without a roof to shelter them. Orphans, without the assistance rendered by him, would be wandering round the streets, homeless and fireless. I have seen as many as a hundred, in one day, waiting before his door to receive assistance, and none of them go away empty-handed. I have seen him pay out as much as sixty or a hundred dollars a day, when wood and coal were scarce, and hard to be got by the poor, to what we call regulars—that is, every-day visitors.

An Irish lady came to this country, who had been very well off in her own land. She brought means plenty with her here, but by some misfortune she be-

came nearly destitute. She was a widow, and had a large family, and although in such straightened circumstances, she still moved in a respectable circle. Her landlord insisted on her paying her rent, and, as a last resource, she thought of Mr. L., went to him and told him her story; he asked her no questions, but at once put her mind at ease by telling her she should have the money, twenty-three dollars, which he sent her the same evening.

I have known families who, when beggars would call at their door, would always send them to Mr L., it may be at that very moment they having just arisen from a sumptuous repast, were sitting in their cushioned chairs, beside a rousing fire, the house heated from the cellar to the garret. Yet, these people having every luxury their hearts could wish, would not give one cent to the poor who were standing without their door, cold and shivering, but would send them, hungry and houseless, to Mr. L. because he was charitable, and good to the poor.

Whenever I see an uncharitable act in a gentleman or lady, I think of the words I heard from a mass of people at the funeral of an old citizen. While they were bearing the body away, I heard the voices of many people saying, "Well, he is gone; he was very wealthy, but he never did any good either to the State or city." In contrast to this, was the funeral of a young man, son to a well known gentleman on East Fourth street, he was young, but loved by all. While they were slowly bearing the body away, I heard the voices of many people, one saying he was kind to me, another, what will such-and-such a one do; then again, oh, what shall we do, now, how will we get along with-

out him. Then there were carriages filled with such people as do not usually go to such places, going to take a last farewell look at one, who in life, they so much admired. Truly, his charities were without number, and without ostentation, for his right hand knew not what his left hand gave. I knew him as a boy, and I knew him as a man, and always found him the same noble, generous, upright character; even his dearest friends or his parents did not know many of his charities till after his death. The last time he was seen by a number of his friends, was at a wedding, where he was more lively and gay than he had been for a long time before.

During that winter there were more parties and weddings than I had ever known before; among the rest was one given by a gentleman who presented his wife with a set of diamonds on the aniversary of her wedding, and she invited a large party for the purpose of her showing them off. Among the guests was one lady who was dressed in white satin, and a full set of magnificent diamonds; it was said her diamonds cost as many thousand dollars as those of the hostess cost hundreds. Everything was elegant, and on the same scale of magnificence she always has her parties.

Some few years ago I was sent for to comb some ladies at the Burnet House. I went and combed them, but did not know them at all. I had heard there were two ladies at the Burnet House, mother and daughter, very wealthy, and said to be old citizens. On my combing the young lady, I mentioned the name of a lady, and asked her if she knew her. She said yes, and was pressing me on to ask more questions, when

I was stopped by the very evident delight of the mother, which at once betrayed to me who they were, though old citizens, by some means they were not known by the fashionables. This lady was very elegant, and highly educated, but so very diffident, the ladies found it very difficult to converse with her. I soon found out both mother and daughter were delighted at. being singled out and noticed for their wealth, and as the Burnet House is known to be a house to bring people out, she was soon brought into notice, and sought after by fortune hunters.

I remember the first party they were invited to; it was by a gentleman who became acquainted with her when she was at school, and, through politeness paid attention to her. This alarmed some of the parents of the fortune hunters, and they went to her mother to get her to leave, and go on a winter's tour. They succeeded in this, but her fame for wealth following her, she had many beaux. On her return home, one followed her, and paid her a great deal of attention, till at length he was ordered out of the house by her mother, and forbidden to see the young lady again, while there was another whose visits were encouraged. When the latter got a little acquainted, he was run off by another, and so on, till five, to my certain knowledge, were run off in this manner. At length she was taken to another State, a fugitive, to escape from a gentleman she had positively promised to marry.

While there, she fell into the hands of one who was more shrewd than any she had been previously engaged to, and she promised to marry him. He came to visit her, the time for the marriage was appointed,

and everything seemed fair; on leaving, he was not to come again until he came to claim his bride.

Some months rolled around, and he came to claim his prize, when, to his great surprise, the word was, no, not now, and he was requested to go, and come again. He was about to do so, when he received an anonymous letter, saying "don't leave her or she will be run off; if you want her, marry her now, and take her with you." So he went to her and told her she must go with him, now or never. She consented to be married immediately.

When her friends found she was determined, and all ready, bag and baggage, consent was given for her to be married in the house. I went there in the morning, and I must say, among the hundred and fifty brides I have dressed, I have never seen so many rolls of paper unrolled, or so many lawyers in my life. I don't know whether they were afraid of herself, or her property running away, but certain it is, she had to sign one paper after another, and he the same, till they were tired; at length, they were married.

One day a lady came to my house in a private carriage when I was not at home, and left a message for me to comb her, as she had cut her hand so badly she could not comb her own hair; and as she said I had combed her at the Burnet House, I took it for granted she must be a lady I had been in the habit of combing. I was very tired when I came home, yet as the lady had cut her hand I felt it my duty to comb her.

On going to her house I found it to be in the center of the city, and on one of our best streets, but it looked like a boarding house. It was not a customary thing for me to dress hair in a common boarding house, but

I thought perhaps it might be some one who had been living fast in the Burnet House and had come down. I rang the door bell and a small female voice asked, "who is there?" I said "the hair-dresser," but I thought it a very queer procedure. She opened the door and I went in. The stairs were in the middle of the house with rooms on each side. I took a peep in both parlors but saw nothing but a brilliant gas light and a bright fire, with a piano open in each parlor, a harp on one side of the piano, and flutes on the other; and from all appearance visitors were expected.

The little girl that opened the door, supposing I was going in the parlors, ran up the stairs hallooing "this way, this way." I followed on, having no suspicion of wrong till I entered the room. On going in I found it was a little black-eyed, curley haired woman that had fooled me and a pupil of mine before in like manner. When I saw her I did not know what to do, whether to tell her what I thought of her and not comb her or comb her and leave quietly. I thought the latter course the best. While combing her I asked if this was a dress-making establishment or a boarding house. She said neither, it was a private house; but I had my doubts. When I got her about half combed there came in two or three girls and took a peep. I eyed them well. In a few minutes several more come in and as soon as they opened their mouths I knew what the creatures were.

I was about fifteen minutes combing the woman, and when I had finished about half a dozen of them asked me to comb them. I refused, saying I had a previous engagement which I was compelled to keep. At this moment a tall lady came into the room whom I

had often seen before in some of our most fashionable stores; she asked me if I would comb her. As I wanted to know something about the house I agreed to do so, and went into her room. While combing her I asked her if this was a boarding house; she said "Yes, its a fancy boarding house." I told her that woman had deceived me. She was angry when she heard this, and said the girl was entirely too bold, that she went to publie plaees, concerts and even to the Burnet House hops, and took a pride in boasting of it.

I have heard much talk of taming horses but I never knew or heard of any horse being so well tamed as a a gentlemen in high life not a thousad miles from our Queen City. Many of my readers, I am sure, know the gentleman; his wife was in bad health, and on several oeeasions he was known to be eruel to her. Several of her friends and relations got together and determined to whip him, but the great trouble was to get him out of the house at night, as he was an arrant coward, as all men are who treat their wives badly. A very shrewd young gentleman hit on a plan—he got a horse and putting on a pair of spurs made the horse prance and make a great noise outside the door, at twelve o'elock at night, then put spurs to the horse and dashed off at the top of his speed; at this moment another young gentleman laid down at the door, groaning as if in great pain. This man, thinking somebody had been thrown off their horse, came out with nothing on but his linen, to see what was wrong; when he was pounced upon by two or three that were waiting for him; taken to a thieket not far from the house and whipped in the public woods. Sinee then he has been

a loving, kind and indulgent husband and his wife has perfectly recovered her health.

One season on returning from Saratoga, I noticed among the passengers a Cincinnati lady returning home, bringing with her a lady from New York. This lady had no particular standing in New York, nor did she know any fashionable people there. The Cincinnati lady belonged to the third circle, but made her visitor believe she belonged to the first, and could introduce her into it as soon as she got to Cincinnati.

I was sitting right behind them, and as I had a headache, I kept my vail over my face. They, supposing me asleep, kept up the conversation and talked over a good many of the ladies' names I worked for, and also my own name was mentioned; it was with difficulty I kept still, but wishing to hear them finish their conversation, I kept as quiet as I could.

The Cincinnati lady began to tell what they would do when they got to the city. "In the morning," said she "we will go to Miss B——'s and then to S——'s dry goods store, and in the evening to Smith & Nixon's Hall; next morning to the confectionery, and in the afternoon to the dancing school. Strakosch is expected, and we will then buy a handsome head dress, have our hair dressed, and go to the concert in the evening. The other lady inquired, with some surprise, "Why have you hair-dressers in Cincinnati!" the reply was, "Why mercy, yes, yes indeed, we have hair-dressers in Cincinnati, and one is so fashionable she goes to Saratoga, Newport, and New York. I have never had her yet to comb me, but we will take a carriage and go for her to come and comb us; and you make her believe you are in the habit of going all

round to the fashionable watering places; but be careful to say you were stopping at the other hotel from the one she was combing at. After hearing their plans I took an oppertunity of moving my seat and made up my mind to be prepared for them.

Some three or four weeks had passed after my arrival at home, when, truly, one day a handsome carriage came to the door, and the occupants of it seemed to be quite fashionable ladies. They asked me to go down to the west end and comb them. I told them it was farther than I wished to go, as I was getting old now, but if they would send for me at five o'clock I would go and comb them. At exactly five the carriage drove up and getting in, I was driven to the west end. I found the house very unpretending on the outside, but inside elegance itself. There were, besides the lady herself, two very beautiful girls, and the New York lady. She introduced me to the three —to the two young girls as her daughters and the other as a lady from New York; and then requested them to leave the room till she was combed.

When they had gone and I was combing her she told me this lady was one of the fashionables of New York, lived in a magnificent house on one of the most fashionable streets, and was one of the leaders of ton. I told her I could see she was, as soon as I saw one of them I could easily tell their position. She said: "I wish you to be very particular in combing this lady. as she has been in the habit of having her hair dressed every day in New York, her position in New York is far superior to mine here; yet I think this election will bring us near right, as we were at dancing school the other evening, and the ladies were all bending and

smiling at us; some of them spoke who never noticed me before; I suppose it was on account of my husband, who has a great deal of influence. I intend giving a party next week on my daughters' account, and am going to ask several whose acquaintance we made at the dancing school, and some of them I know you know very well, and through your influence I expect they will come; do not tell me you can not persuade them, as I know many places where you took children to visit and by that means the parents finally became on visiting terms; you can do the same for me."

I told her she flattered me, as I did not know before I had that influence with either children or parents; and then I observed to her, "Madam, I will tell you a better plan than that: As you wish your daughters to be fashionable; rent out your house, go to the Burnet House, take rooms there, and your daughters, being beautiful and accomplished, will soon be fashionable; with the gentlemen there is nothing can keep them out of the fashionable circle of ladies.

"I have known hundreds who were raised in this city in moderate circumstances, who, when they accumulated a little money, went to the Burnet House and soon became fashionable people. One lady from whom, several years ago, I used to buy apples at her little stand, when I was nurse for my children, afterward became a fashionable lady at the Burnet House. But, indeed, madam, I am a poor hand to give advice of this kind, as I myself am too high spirited to crouch to anybody for position or anything else." I had now finished, and the lady said, "you will now comb my

friend; you will please say nothing of our conversation to her."

The New York lady came in and took her seat before an immense mirror, and I commenced to comb her. Her conversation was New York, and New York fashionables, her position there, and so forth; she mentioned boarding on Seventh-street, with a Mrs. B——., when I said to her, "she does not keep a boarding house now, madam." She said, "No, but she did." I replied, "Yes, I know she did, and boarded many persons to whom she was far superior herself. I knew her when she kept boarding house on States-street, New York, opposite the Battery, and had three beautiful and interesting daughters. Her husband failed in business, and she strove to do something to educate her daughters, and to assist her husband. Many a morning have I seen her sit at the head of the table washing her cups and saucers in a cider tub, with the brass bands glittering like gold; her little daughters would stand on each side of her with towels, one wiping the dishes and the other wiping the silver, before going to school. On going to school you would see them with their little gingham aprons, made high to the throat, with a little ruffle, with warm hoods on and cloaks, trotting along through the snow. I was nursing nearly opposite where they lived. My attention was one morning attracted by the conversation of two little wealthy children who were taking leave of their mamma before stepping into an elegant carriage that stood waiting for them; they were dressed not only warmly but in the hight of fashion. These other children were passing by, going to school, when one of the little wealthy

ones cried out: "Oh, mamma, look at those two little girls, actually walking through the snow; may I ask them in the carriage?" The other says, "No, they are poor children," when the mother cried: "Their parents are poor, and keep a boarding house; you must not ask them into my carriage." These children, though raised in a boarding house, are now married and living in style; one in New Jersey and the other in Fifth Avenue, both wealthy; while the parents of the others are broken up and now actually keep a boarding house, and not a fashionable one at that.

The New York lady blushing, said: "You misunderstood me, I did not mean to make any insinuations against her; I merely mentioned I had been boarding there."

I told her when my friends were mentioned I did not wish to hear them spoken of in a slighting way, as I had a great habit of defending them.

She turned quickly then, and inquired, "Have I not seen you before at Saratoga?" I told her it might be, but unless she saw me at the United States, I reckoned she did not see me. She said she stopped at the Union, but she thought she saw me at the springs. I told her she was mistaken, for although I had been going to Saratoga these ten years, I had only been at the springs three times in my life. She then said she got acquainted in New York with a lady from one of the towns on the Ohio river. It was at the dressmakers and both had to wait a little while in the parlor and thus got acquainted.

She then began to tell me of Miss P 's wealth, and how she was spludging it in New York, when I said, "Well, she may be spludging it around in New

York, and boasting of her family and wealth, but I know of one transaction she was engaged in, that does not add much to her credit. I will tell you what it is I allude to. By some means they had in their family a slave who was to serve for a certain length of time, and then get his freedom. The older members of the family began to think freedom was too sweet a thing to give this boy, and wanted to keep him a slave for life; but fearing the law, they tried to get him sent to Kentucky, but did not know how to accomplish it, when this young, artless lady made up the plot herself. She sent the boy down to a boat for some apples which were on board; the boy took the basket and went for the apples, but the captain being in the plot, when the boy came on board, shoved off the boat and carried him away."

There is another lady in the same neighborhood, who sports a splendid set of diamonds, and I will now tell you how she got them. "It has been a secret; even her neighbors to this day do not know where the girl is they saw so frequently about the house. This lady married a gentleman from a southern State, who owned several slaves, but was a good hearted man, and a perfect gentleman at that time. Being about to get married to a lady in a free State, this gentleman determined to free his servants. He commenced by freeing a woman of, it may be, 22 or 23 years old. After his marriage, he took the girl as domestic in the house with his wife, the girl feeling she was free, and not being so well treated as she had been in the slave States, thought she would like to hire herself to some one else. Being very severely treated by this lady,

and kept so hard at work, she had no time to make her clothes, unless at night.

One night she was sitting at twelve o'clock, busy sewing, her clothes all open round her, when she heard a buggy drive up to the door, and the voices of some two or three men, one of whom called to her to come there. She went forward to see what was the matter, when two of the men caught her and threw her into the buggy, where the other man stood; he caught her by the throat and prevented her making any outcry; the other two men jumped in, and they all drove off, still holding her tightly round the neck till they had got out of hearing of the people in the different houses. They drove down to the river where a skiff was waiting for them, which carried them across. They hurried to Louisville, and at once put her in jail there, lest any one should recognize her.

The next morning the lady ran all around inquiring if any body had seen her girl, as when she got up that morning, the girl was gone. It remains a mystery to this day to some of the people of that city, whatever became of that girl.

I was, not long after this occurrence, on one of the fashionable steamboats going from Louisville to New Orleans. A few moments before the boat was ready to leave, this girl was brought on board by a friend of her former master, and given in charge of the captain and chambermaid. When I saw the girl I immediately recognized her, and asked her what was the matter with her eyes, as they were all blood-shot, and the mark of men's fingers were yet on her neck. When she told her story, the sympathy of many on board was excited for her, but we were going fast down

stream, and nothing could be done for her, although there were several on board who knew she had been taken from Kentucky to secure her freedom. They put her off below Baton Rouge."

When I had concluded, the lady exclaimed, "Oh, heavens, I would rather go back to New York and work there, than be here among the fashionables." I told her if she belonged to the fashionables of New York, it was all the same, as a great many of the splendid mansions on Fifth Avenue, and other fashionable parts of the city were built with the price of blood; for a great many southerners when they accumulated a little money, were in the habit of coming north every summer, and often secured homesteads in New York. "I will not stay here long, but before I leave, will come to see you and get you to tell me some things you saw and know of the South." I said to her, if you come to my house, I will tell you many things, and give you occular demonstration too, of the truth of what I have been telling you, for I will show you an old woman there, and she will tell you how she was treated while down South.

The next Sunday evening while part of the members of my family were gone to church, and I was sitting alone, Miss —— came in, almost out of breath, as she had great difficulty in finding the house. The last time she had been there she rode, and as this was Sunday evening, the stores were all closed, and she found it rather strange, but making inquiries, and finding the street, she soon found the house.

On coming in she told me she had but little time to stay, and she wanted to have a good interview with me; she said she had told the family she was stopping

with, she was going to church, but she thought it was better to come and see me than to go to church ten times. I made up my mind I would tell her several little incidents, but first I called in the old woman, who had been a slave for some fifty-four or five years. During that time, she was sold four or five times; the last man who bought her, kept her for twenty-three years, and after working her almost to death, he forced her freedom on her, and sent her to Ohio with fifteen dollars in her pocket.

After she had conversed freely with the old woman, the latter left the parlor, when the lady commenced the conversation with me by saying, "I am an abolitionist." "I am very sorry indeed to hear that," I replied. She started, and looked at me in perfect amazement; when I said, "I don't like abolitionists, nor any that bear the name, as I have seen so much injustice and wrong, and actually speculation done in that name, that I hate to hear it; but I like every person—slave-holders, free-holders, or any other kind of holders who treat all people right, regardless of nation, station or color; and all men and women who love their Redeemer, will do this without confining themselves to any one name to make themselves conspicuous. I have known many ladies here, who contributed to causes that were good, but would have their names withheld, for fear they would be called abolitionists, for the name abolitionist is applied in contempt, to those who wish to do mischief.

Miss —— then said, "I understand you now, and your principles; now tell me something about the South."

"I will now tell you, madam, of a gentleman who

went from one of the Eastern States to St. Louis, some thirty-five or forty years ago. After accumulating a good deal of wealth, he bought a woman to keep house for him, and raised two daughters. He put them in a convent to receive their education, and when they were about seventeen years old, they came out, very elegant and accomplished girls. They lived with their father, his lawful acknowledged daughters. After a year had expired, he took suddenly ill and died, without having made any preparation for his daughters, or secured their freedom, as he supposed they would enjoy all the rights of children.

"He had two brothers, who, hearing of his death, came to St. Louis to settle up his affairs; they, wishing to take home all they could with them, put these two girls and their mother up and sold them to the highest bidders. People from all parts came to purchase these girls; but they declined serving anybody, they chose death rather than slavery; but in spite of all they could say or do, they were put up.

"The first one sold was the mother; she was bought by a man in Texas, and was hurried away forthwith. On leaving her daughters she impressed it on their minds, as her parting charge, to always live respectably, to suffer death rather than degradation, and never to forget there is a God who has promised to hear his people's prayers, and deliver those who call upon him.

"The youngest girl was sold to a man who took her up Red river for his housekeeper. The other one was bought by a trader, taken to New Orleans, and sold to two or three different people; but, on account of her refinement and determination, she was always re-

turned to the yard, and every time she was taken back she received a severe lashing.

"I was one day combing a lady at the St. Charles who was in ill health, and had been there some time; her father, while walking round, used to go into these traders' yards to see the slaves who were for sale. One day he saw this young girl, and was immediately struck by her appearance and accomplishments; as the traders had told him she was an accomplished lady's maid, he came home and told his daughter about her, and said his heart bled for her. The young lady expressed a wish to see her, when her father said he would have her sent up, as he did not know but he might wish to purchase her. I said I would be much obliged to them if they would not have her brought up till the next day, when I could be there combing, as I should like to see her.

"The next day at eleven o'clock the girl was there; both the young lady and her mother conversed with her, and found out all about her. The young lady being in ill health, became so excited that she took one of her bad spells, and they feared she would die. The young girl was hurried back to the yard again, when the trader asked her what was said, or would they buy her. She did not say anything, except that the lady did not want her. 'Then,' said he, 'that must be your own fault, as you did not make yourself as agreeable as you should have done;' and he gave her a severe whipping.

"If any purchaser comes into these yards to see the slaves, and they do not all rise up and make themselves as agreeable as possible, so as to make a sale, on the departure of the person they are severely

scourged. If the women are low-spirited, they give them some stimulating drink to rouse them up and drive away their dullness or low spirits; while to the men, brandy, mixed with a little gunpowder, is given for the same purpose. The slaves and the apartments are both dressed up at particular times, when the purchasers are in the habit of coming in.

"About a week after this occurrence, the young lady requested me to go down and see this girl, if I could, but not to let any one know what my object was. I went, and walked round, looking at them all, until I at length got to where she was, when, in a low tone, I told her the message sent by the young lady to her, 'to remember her mother's words, and what she herself had said to her.' She replied, 'Tell her I have made a vow, and it is registered in heaven—*death before dishonor*.' I returned to the hotel and gave the young lady the girl's reply. She was laying on the sofa, and her mother sitting beside her; she exclaimed, 'God will hear my prayers, mother, I know He will.'

"That was the last time I saw the slave girl until, some two or three years after, I met her and her mother on Broadway, in New York. I was walking when I met the two; but having never seen them but two or three times, and not expecting to meet them there, I did not know her. However, she at once knew me, and spoke to me. We went over and sat down in the Park, when she told me all her troubles. After her mother had been about a year in Texas, she came across a gentleman who knew her former master, but did not know he was dead. On hearing of his death, and her having been sold, he was very sorry, and told

her he owed her former master three thousand dollars, and he would now take the money and try and purchase herself and daughter. She told him she had his note, as she had kept it, and never given it up, still thinking she might meet him some time. He bought her, and went down to New Orleans, when he found the girl had been bought by very cruel people; and as they could never make her contented or satisfied, they now regretted their bargain. He offered one thousand dollars for her, which her master took very readily: so he sent them immediately to New York, and then went up Red river to see if he could get the other daughter; but she was perfectly satisfied with her situation, and refused to leave. 'And now, my dear Iangy,' said she, 'I arrived in Boston in time to see my dear friend before her death; I was there just three weeks before she died, and when I went into the room, she started up, and, clasping her hands, cried, Mother, God has heard my prayers! Mother and I now both belong to the same church; we are free, soul and body.' This man who bought these women was born in the South, but spent a number of years in the North.

"I will now tell you another little incident of a lady who lived in Louisville, and had a slave girl hired, who saw and knew a great deal of her *chaste* conduct. She feared she would tell her husband or some of his friends of her conduct; so she told her master many tales on her, and got him to sell her to a man who would take her far away from her native land. There was a hair-dresser in New Orleans who was sold five different times, for a thousand dollars each time, and, by each of her owners, promised her freedom when-

ever she had made the thousand dollars and given it to them. Incited by the hope of being free, she worked hard; but as soon as she had paid eight or nine hundred dollars to her master, he would sell her to some one else, who would make the same promise, and then break it in the same shameful manner. At length the girl became so exasperated by her many grievous disappointments, that she lost her reason, and is now a lunatic. Her name was Louise. She was well known to those who stopped at the St. Charles and St. Louis.

"I will now tell you of a gentleman, who lived in Louisiana, who had a housekeeper and two daughters. He sent his daughters to Oberlin to school, and took a house there for his housekeeper to be with them. On going there, the Oberlin people would not let him stay unless he married the housekeeper. He did marry her, and settled a great deal of property on her and her daughters. In a short time he went to England, and on his return he brought her a magnificent English carriage; her house is in keeping with her carriage—elegant, indeed. It was whispered by some that he would not dare go back South; but he did go back, staid there awhile, disposed of his property, and returned to his wife. His daughters were mulattoes, and his wife was very dark.

"Now, madam, I need not tell you anything more. I have shown you the dark and the fair sides of the South. Were I to tell you one-half what I know, it would take me every moment of a week."

Miss ——, when rising to leave, said, "I have been much interested by what you have told me; say nothing of our meeting; I will give you my card, and come to see me in New York."

Many years ago I was nursing for Mrs. W——, at the Broadway Hotel. My charge was a little girl, who has since grown up an elegant, accomplished and beautiful young lady—an ornament to society, and also the city that gave her birth. While nursing there, I was one night sent out for some coal—as Mrs. W. did not only mind her children by day, but during the night, to see to their comfort. It was about two o'clock. The coal was kept in a closet under the stairway While there, I heard a noise in the hall, which alarmed me very much, and on looking out I saw three gentlemen, stepping about very softly. I thought they were robbers, and went into the closet and closed the door.

Presently I heard the voice of a female, when, getting over my fright, I opened the door and went out. Immediately a woman, running out, caught hold of me, and asked me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, when she said those men meant to kill her. She clung to me, and came with me to my lady's door, when I left her and took in the coal—telling my lady of the matter, and saying I would go back and stay an hour or so with her, which my lady permitted me to do.

I found her to be a Mrs. ——, from Maine. She was of medium hight, had beautiful, wavy chesnut hair, and showed every appearance of having been well raised and of good family. After much persuasion, I got her to her room. She would let no one near her but me, and I sat down on the floor, took her on my lap, and sung to her for six long hours, and by that means kept her quiet; but I was exhausted myself.

About the seventh hour she got outrageous again. Her husband and some gentlemen friends were in the next room, fearing she would become unmanageable and I might require their assistance; but not so, as I found in her greatest rage I could manage her. She raved throughout the whole day, but toward night became a little more calm; then nothing would do but I must go to bed. Thinking I was asleep, she took a light and held it to my face, then she got a pair of stockings, pulled them on my feet, and decorated my head with blue ribbons; she then locked the door, took out the key and put it in her bosom; then coming to the bed, she again looked at me, and still thinking me asleep, gently opened the window. I now sprang to my feet and asked her what she was going to do. She said she was going out. I told her she should not do so, when she again got into one of her most ungovernable fits.

I was afraid I could not manage her and called for assistance, but no one could get in as the door was locked and the key in her bosom. I had at length to throw her down and take the key from her and throw it over the door top, when her husband got it, opened the door and came in: it was then about twelve o'clock at night and she raged till twelve the next day.

Her husband and the doctor went out and procured a furnished house. The family owning it had left for the south, and they took the house, thinking they could manage her better by having her quiet and still.

I went with her to the house, and her husband employed another woman to assist me in taking care of her. I staid with her all the day and about eleven o'clock at night I went to bed feeling perfectly ex-

hausted and wearied out, leaving the woman and her husband to take care of her. I suppose I had been in bed and asleep about an hour when I was startled by hearing "Iangy, Iangy," called in tones of terror and dismay, and a very sudden loud knocking at my door.

I sprang to the floor but was so frightened and bewildered for a few moments I could scarcely get my senses together. At length I distinguished the voice of Mr. W calling on me. In a great hurry, I ran down the stairs and found the piano upset, all the bed clothes and the bed on the floor, and the woman madly dancing on the slats of the bedstead.

I called to her in a stern voice, and asked her what she was doing. She leaped down off the bed when she heard my voice and, throwing herself on my neck, told me they had been trying to kill her all the time I was gone, and that I must not leave her again. She raved till the morning, when I got her quiet and put her to bed. I was sitting beside her, while she was lying there, when some ladies came in to inquire after her health. Thinking she was asleep they sat down and began to question me; among other questions they asked me if I was not afraid of her. Before I had time to reply she started up and said, in a furious voice, "And what if she is, is that your business?" The ladies were so frightened they ran out of the room as quick as they could. She then turned to me and said, quite playfully, "Did I not do that well, Iangy?" Their hopes of her getting better were not verified; she continued to get worse until they heard of a vacancy in the Asylum at Columbus, when they at once made arrangements to have her taken there.

There were three of us in the carriage; the woman,

her husband and myself. She laid the whole day on my lap, but had some dreadful fits of insanity. She took my bonnet off my head and put it down in the bottom of the carriage for a spit box, while I had to go on to Columbus bonnetless.

On reaching Columbus we put up at the Neil House, and after taking her to a room, I left her to get some things out of the carriage; I had not been gone but a few moments when I heard the woman screaming for me at the top of her voice. I ran up the stairs and found her taking down all the pictures and the mirror from the wall. I succeeded, in my old way, in quieting her again, and got her laid gently on the bed. In her worst fits I could quiet her by singing.

While laying in the bed she said to me, "Iangy, I am not mad now, I am only crazy; when I get in my mad fits don't let me hurt you." She sometimes was very ferocious, and gave me some severe blows.

She now gave me a short history of her life and what made her crazy. She said she was a native of Maine and married this gentleman against her parents wish, he took her to a hotel in New York and she was there for some time, until his friends thought he was making too much of a lady of her. They kept talking to him until he at length went to housekeeping, and then two or three of his family came and lived with her, and were very ugly to her, even in her own house. Then her husband got to staying out at night. Often, while she would be at the window looking out for him, her hair was wet through with the dew of night. She also told me if she ever got married again she would never have an old maid or a widow living with her; for one day, having finished her dinner be-

fore her husband, she left the table; on going through the hall she saw a note in her husband's hat which she found, upon reading, was from the seamstress, then in her employ, appointing the time and place for a private meeting.

She had not finished her history till she again got into one of her mad fits. I told her husband what she had said, but he told me there was no truth in her story, it was only a freak of her fancy.

The carriage was ordered, and we went to the asylum. On reaching there we heard screaming and shouting; some preaching, some praying, some blaspheming. She at once said: "Oh, Iangy, this is the mad-house, and they are going to put me in," and she became, apparently, as well as she ever was in her life, and was perfectly calm and collected. On reaching the door two physicians came out; she took an arm of each and walked in. On getting to the top of the stairs she turned back and looked at me and bowed her head. I burst into heartfelt tears, and I assure you I wept freely. I never shall forget her look, should I live a century.

I have several times, during my narrative, mentioned dressing in Cincinnati, or its immediate neighborhood, one hundred and fifty brides. Many of them were very lovely, but none more so than the tenth that I dressed; she was, indeed, a beautiful creature, and was as lovely in her disposition as in her appearance. She and her husband were universally beloved, not only in Cincinnati, but wherever they chanced to go. Their wedding was one of the largest ever witnessed in this city—there having been nearly a thousand invitations sent out—and a gay and brilliant party it

was. The bride's dress was very rich and elegant—she wore but a single ornament—a magnificent diamond cross, which had been presented to her a few moments before her marriage. There were two tables filled with elegant and costly presents. It has been my privilege to show the presents of many brides, but never have I exhibited any with the same pleasure and gratification that I did these, on account of the respect and love I felt for the parties.

Some few years after this marriage I was called on to comb the grandmother of the groom for her golden wedding. One of her bridesmaids was there also, and heartily did the two old ladies laugh at the idea of having their hair dressed, as in the olden times, when they were married, hair-dressers were unknown and unthought of.

Never again, do I expect to witness in this city, or perhaps anywhere, such a scene as I saw that night. There was an immense number assembled; old and young and middle aged and all, seemed full of happiness. Tables were set in two large rooms that opened into each other; they were elegantly and beautifully spread, filled with every delicacy, and all kinds of wine. In the parlor, which is so immense it is seldom or never used except on such occasions, I noticed a painting representing Hamlet and Othello; the figures were as large as life. This painting, which occupies one whole side of a room, was beautifully decorated with evergreens.

On entering the house, you come into a large square hall, the walls of which are painted with beautiful scenery. On one side of this hall is the private parlor, where are all the family portraits, and numbers of

other costly and elegant paintings. On either side of the mantle is a large ornamented case filled with all kinds of shells, geological specimens, and in fact, everything rare and beautiful.

You might spend many days in going over this house and the grounds, and always find many things to attract your attention. Although the house is situated in the most fashionable part of the city, the enclosure contains twelve or fifteen acres. You can there find rare flowers and fruits from every clime. While wandering through these grounds one can scarcely believe he is in the heart of a great city. Here are three or four handsome green houses; a large fish pond, with a fountain continually playing in it; a gardener's house; a warren for rabbits; a house for pigeons, and one for bees; and if you descend along that graveled walk, lined on each side with wild flowers, you will come to a large vineyard of the choicest kinds of grapes.

Strangers are allowed the privilege of walking through these grounds and looking in the green houses. With all his wealth so unassuming is Mr. L. that after he has shown strangers through the grounds, I have known them when leaving to offer him money for his trouble, little thinking that plain and unassuming man was the owner of the magnificent place they had been admiring, and the wealthiest man in the west.

On my going early to work one December morning, I saw a great crowd collected on the corner of Fourth and Elm. On coming to the place, I found the boys had taken possession of their usual winter pleasure grounds. The driver of a soap-cart had presumed to intrude upon their grounds, and a number of the boys

fastened their sleds on to the old man's cart, while others were pelting him with snow balls' till in a short time you could not tell him from a snow ball that the boys often make and set up for a show. During the season of the snow and ice the boys have three streets to themselves, from Fourth to Columbia, on Race, Elm and Plum. On these streets, when there is any snow, it is very dangerous for carriages or teams to pass; that is, when the boys have made up their minds to keep the track for their sleds. I have seen sleds of all sizes, from those that would hold one or two, to those that would carry twenty-five, going down these streets. Sometimes there are as many as two or three hundred at a time. Persons of all ranks and denominations will stand and look on to see the boys enjoy the sport. The boys, during this season, are perfectly united, they will not suffer any one to be imposed on; it is the only time you will find among children all prejudice cast aside. All sizes and ages, nations and ranks, are here collected together, and all are on a footing of equality; the ragged and neat, rich and poor children go down on the same sled.

Going on a little farther, I found the boys had made a slide opposite the church; I slipped on it, and down I went. The little ones enjoyed it very much, to see a big woman fall down on their sliding place, not breaking any bones. I got up and went on to my work, for notwitstanding the pavements were one sheet of ice, the ladies were determined to be dressed for a party that was to be given in the west end.

This was the first party given by this west end lady. Some of them thought the east end ladies would not go, and as they did not wish to go if the east end ladies

did not, they discarded their beaux and decided on not going. One lady in particular, who was very gay, I usually dressed late, and I went to her at ten o'clock, and she began to regret that she had discarded her beau, as she could not now go to the party. I told her I would take her. She said it was so slippery she was afraid to walk, and her coachman was away. She had never walked to a party and did not know what to do. I told her if she would not fall I would would not; and away we both started, in spite of the sleet and rain. I never saw such a rainy, sleety evening in my life, but we got there safely, when I gave her up to her friends and beaux, and she enjoyed herself just as much as if she had gone in her carriage.

I can not refrain from telling you a circumstance that occurred with some young ladies, as young ladies like their fun as well as those little boys I have mentioned enjoyed their sled rides. I was crossing the Alleghany mountains, in company with some young ladies, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters; the party was so numerous they had chartered a stage. At night we stopped at a house on the mountains where travelers usually stopped, and this night the house happened to be full. The most mischievous of these young ladies was an heiress. When the travelers' boots were put outside their doors to be cleaned, this young lady changed them. She would take a large boot from one door and put a small one with it, and so on, all over the house; then she made me get her some dough and she put that in the toes of some of the boots. In the morning when the horns were blowing for the up and down passengers, they would rush out already dressed and

commence pulling on their boots; then there was a terrible swearing and pitching, ripping and tearing. Of course, such a dignified set as I was with, never would be suspected.

On one occasion I traveled with the same party on a canal boat; when night drew on, this same young lady said, "Iangy, we must have some fun as the people's faces are too long. Two hundred passengers, and nothing going on, this will never do." All my readers who have traveled on a canal boat know, that only a curtain separates the ladies from the gentlemen. The berths were generally swinging. The young lady having a sharp pen-knife for her own use, secured her brother's before he retired, and gave it to me. We moved the curtain a little bit, and sawed and cut the rope of the upper berth till it was almost cut through. A very portly old gentleman took possession of the berth, and he had just turned himself over, when down he came with a most terrible crash, berth and all falling on a very small man, who was in the berth below him, and away they rolled into the ladies' cabin.

Most of the ladies there had been asleep; being awakened by the noise, they were terribly frightened, and screamed dreadfully; this young lady screamed as loud or even louder than the rest, as if just awaking; while the little man called out he was killed, and the portly old gentleman was trying to make apologies to the ladies for frightening them.

It was altogether a laughable scene. At last the captain and chambermaid came, and the gentlemen rated them soundly for having such insecure ropes. The captain said, since he had been a captain, there

had no such accident occurred before. The whole boat was in excitement, and convulsed with laughter.

I was at one time called on to comb three brides in one day, and the peculiarity of it was, they were in three distinct circles. One was of the higher order, the other in the gay second circle, and the third was the daughter of a mechanic. Should I be asked which of these I admired the most, first, second or third, I could hardly tell. The first was plainly, but elegantly attired, she lives in a princely mansion, and the guests were those I have been in the habit of working for, and been with since I have been in the city. The second was very gay, everything elaborate, the company quite gay, some very refined, some not so much so; I found persons there of every order. When I came to my third little bride, I found her very plain, but very intelligent. The house was plain, but was very neatly furnished; the front room, where she was married, was carpeted with a very neat three-ply carpet, on the walls hung the family pictures, and on the center table were books of all kinds, by which any one would know our little bride had applied herself well to her studies—and there was also, in the parlor, a piano, with some very choice and difficult pieces of music. In the next room, which was their dining-room, was a very neat home-made carpet and everything else was neat and nice. I went on to the kitchen; the tins on the wall looked like silver, and the floor was as white as a floor could be made. I did not know there could be so clean a house as that, in our smoky town. Though this lady was raised in this little spot, she now lives in a three story brick of her

own; and instead of remaining in one position, she is always going higher.

The following week I was called on to go seven miles above Covington Ky., to comb a bride there. When I was sent for I had a previous engagement, but promised, if they could bring me home again by seven in the evening, I would go. So when they sent a carriage and fast horses, I went; and I must confess, I was a good deal disappointed, for I expected to find it about such a place as I once went to about eleven miles above Covington.

Some few years ago some ladies called on me in a very elegant carriage, engaged me to go there and comb and shampoo their heads. On my arriving at the place, I found the grounds and the house itself in a sad, reckless state; the grounds seemed as if at one time there might have been a fence aronnd them, as there was here and there a picket, while in the house there were bare floors. Silver goblets were scattered here and there. At one end of the room was a piano, but there were no curtains to the windows. It was altogether a peculiar place. From the conversation of the ladies, I found they had received but a limited education. When they engaged me, I thought it strange they should give me such a high price merely to shampoo their heads, but when I got there, I found one of them was to be married, and I was more than astonished to see three such elegant looking ladies, and two such elegant gentlemen in so queer a place. While the ladies were getting ready for me, I walked round a little, and on coming to the dairy, I found three or four little boys, black and white, with long straws poked in through the crevices or holes in the

walls of the dairy, and then in the pans of cream and milk, busy sucking it. I took a good laugh at them and then went on to a kind of old shanty, where I heard the noise of fiddles and banjoes.

In here were several old men laughing and talking over the fun they anticipated to have at night. One of them said to me, "Lor', child, just you stay over here to night and see the fun. I played my banjo at the wedding of this child's grandmother and her mother, and now I'm gwine to play for herself and husband that-is-to-be; he says he will take me to Ohio State and set me free."

I said, "Uncle, you will be too old; you won't be able to earn your living." His answer was, "Lor', child, I will die free, any how."

While I was talking to the old man, there was a scream from the house for uncle Bob, as if the whole place was on fire, or some other dreadful occurrence had happened; I started to see what was wrong, when I found the little boys, tired of drinking the cream through their straws, had turned off the cider barrel, which was placed on the porch, and surrounded by old fashioned jugs of old Bourbon, and the best brandy. The boys not daring to drink so much of the cider as they did of the milk, turned it off to see the fun, and before they were found out, had the barrel nearly left empty. I asked one of the little urchins what they did it for. He told me they were promised they should have all sorts of fun when Ann was married, and he says, sure, that is fun.

I then went to my work, and promised when I was through dressing their hair, I would set the table for them. After combing them, I went to get the things

in readiness for the table, and found, to my surprise, and I must say, amusement, that the best and only large table-cloth they had, the boys had taken and cut up into strips, to tie on the cows' horns, and the horses' heads for flags; so that all the animals about the house, were running around with white flags on their heads.

The old woman was crying, and did not know what to do, while the old man ran out in a rage, and caught the little white boys by the hair and gave them a good pulling; but the little blacks, from their hair never having been combed or attended to, had nothing to pull, so they slipped through his fingers and off to the orchard, while I got some sheets and sewed them together so as to make a table-cloth, and commenced to set the table. Before I got through, the parson came: so they concluded to get married and send the parson away before the frolic began. It was then about six o'clock. While the parson was performing the ceremony, to the great surprise of all—as the boys had faithfully promised to behave themselves—the door was suddenly thrown open, and in rushed a large pig, grunting and squealing as only pigs can. The boys had pulled out the bristles, and then rubbed the sores with brandy—by that means making the creature mad with pain; then they opened the door and, while the parson was in the very act of performing the ceremony, they turned him right into the room. For a moment every one ran round, trying to get the pig out, but could not manage it, and at last they had to let him stay there while the parson went on; but every time the parson would begin, the pig would again commence squealing. The bride and groom both

roared and laughed, and even the parson could not contain his laughter. As for myself, I have witnessed scenes in America, England and France; but I never saw anything, before or since, so ludicrous as was that scene. The parson, however, at last succeeded in joining the happy couple, and after partaking of refreshments, and, I expect, being well paid too, left.

After I had finished setting the table, I asked them to have me sent home, and they did so. Had I not received anything, I would have considered myself well paid by the scenes I witnessed there; but on leaving I was paid doubly, I may say trebly, more than I expected.

It was to such a place as I have described I expected to go when I consented to comb this other bride; but I was agreeably disappointed when, on reaching the place, I found everything in front of the house passable; the grounds around the house were extensive, and in pretty good order; the house itself was an ordinary-looking building, and had apparently been built for many years. The two parlors were neat and plain; they were lighted up in the old style of illuminations—candles, in little sockets, stuck here and there. The bride's room was furnished plainly, and, though it was in the spring of the year, a bright wood fire was burning on the hearth, on the old-fashioned iron andirons. Though the house was nothing compared with those I had been in the habit of visiting, it had to me a quaint, cheerful, country look, that reconciled me to its want of ornament. The appearance of the ladies was not in keeping with the house, as their dresses were rich and elegant. The bride's dress was silk, of the latest style; illusion vail, fast-

ened on with a wreath of orange buds; her bridemaids were dressed in keeping, while her aunt had on a rich black velvet, with angel's wings of black lace. Occasionally were seen two or three slaves moving about through the house; there being no more, was owing to there having ten or twelve ran off from them a month or so before, over the bridge erected by a special Providence for them. That season there were two or three hundred crossed over on the ice to the land of liberty.

Some few weeks passed, and it was rumored that Mrs. Colonel H. was going to give a party; every one expecting an invitation, had their dresses ordered beforehand, as all wished to go to her parties on account of the elegance with which they were conducted. Before the invitations were issued, those who were doubtful of getting invitations, when they would meet me on the street, would ask, "Oh, Iangy, am I invited?" "Do you know whether I will have an invitation?" or, "Oh, how I wish I was going—I would so like to be there;" and such like, knowing I generally knew the different circles, and who would and who would not be invited; they did not like to ask me to try and get them invitations, but, by repeating, "I wish I were going; I would give anything to go," they, as plainly as they could, hinted it to me. I have obtained many invitations for ladies to large parties, where they would not for one instant think of asking them had it not been for my request, as I work for a great many of those who give large parties, and they know I would not ask for any one unless I knew them to be ladies, both in manners and principle.

The hostess at these large parties receives many la-

dies that are not on visiting terms with her, or that she would not even know were she to meet them on the street. Many ladies would be entirely forgotten but for me, as, many times, at the issuing of invitations, I have been asked by the hostess, "Iangy, do you know any one I have forgotten?" when I would call over some names; it may be all had been forgotten, but then they received their invitations. I will now tell you how I got an invitation for a young lady of this city, to the party of one of our grandest places in the city. I went to the hostess and asked her to do me a favor; she inquired what it was. I asked her to promise me she would do it; she said she would if possible. I said she could easily. "Well, then," said she, "you may consider it done; now, what is it?" When she had promised, I knew she would do it, no matter what it might be; so I told her I desired that she would extend an invitation to a young lady I knew, who was of good family, and in every respect worthy, but did not go out much in society; and I knew if she invited her to her parties, she would then be sought after by every one. She said she would do so willingly, and she called on the young lady and left her an invitation for the ball. On going to comb the lady, it was amusing to hear her express herself, and wonder about the lady inviting her to her party. She said, "Oh, Iangy, such a lady has called on me, and asked me to her party; I expect it is through Mrs. or Mr. So-and-So"—when I knew I was the person, and the only one, but did not commit myself even by a look.

I will now explain a little circumstance that occurred between a lady and myself; she was a lady,

indeed, and I worked for her a number of years; she moved in the second circle, but never had got into the first. One of the ladies of the first circle was about to give a large party, when I went to her and asked if she would not give this lady an invitation to the party. She gave me the invitation, which I carried myself and left at the door, thinking she would be happy and proud of the honor—but, of course, thinking she would know too much of the etiquette of good society to go when the hostess had not visited her personally before the party; but she did go, and seemed to enjoy herself very much. After combing her, a few weeks after, I saw a great change in her; she had given up talking of her own circle, and her whole talk was of the ladies of the upper circle—Mrs. So-and-So that she had so recently met. By much dashing and elegance, she at last got on intimate terms with a lady who had not been very long in the circle herself, and who was no friend of mine. She quite poisoned the mind of this lady against me, though I was the first one who ever got her into the position she then occupied.

I promised to give you a little description of Mrs. H——'s grand ball—and a grand affair it was. Her house is a large double one, with a very large hall; on one side of this hall is a large double parlor, which has window-hangings of crimson and lace, and two extensive mirrors, together with mantle ornaments and pictures, the most beautiful ever imported from foreign lands. On the other side is a reception-room, of blue and gold; her dining-room is purple and gold; these two rooms are hung with very appropriate pictures; there is a painting of the Empress there, and of many of the old Kings and Queens, together with many pic-

tures of royal families. On the second floor were five elegant rooms thrown open—a gentleman's smoking-room and dressing-room, and two dressing-rooms for the ladies; the fifth was a coffee-room. A great deal of beauty and elegance was displayed on that night. As for the hostess, she is the most queenly lady in our city. Among her guests were several *belles*. These grand entertainments she generally gives once or twice a year.

I will now give you a description of a calico ball, which was given a few winters ago by one of our first ladies. I had often heard of calico balls, but was never fortunate enough to be at one before. It created quite an excitement through the city; those who were going were in a state of excitement about what they would wear, and those who were not were continually talking about what they would have worn if they had been invited. The hostess wore a dark chintz, very plain and neat; her sister-in-law wore a rich colored chintz, with a very long train, its figures representing clusters of roses; it resembled a very old fashioned brocade; her costume altogether was after the old style of Madame Pompadour. Mrs. —— wore a dress with delicate blue stripes, made with all the simplicity of a school girl. Mrs. Colonel H——'s dress very much resembled that of the hostess's sister; her coiffure was of the old style of Madame Pompadour. Many of the dresses at a little distance, looked like the most elegant brocade. One lady, a Miss R. wore a corn colored dress, her head-dress and bosom piece were composed of pop-corn. Among the rest was a party of ladies who all wore bright crimson dresses. Mrs. P——'s dress was a plain, red oil calico, with

black side stripes; she is well known as the authoress of "Belle Smith Abroad." The most beautiful scene of the evening was a quadrille, danced by four ladies, dressed in the style of the olden times. Mrs F——'s train was held by her nephew while she glided through the dance. The whole house was thrown open and I assure you every one enjoyed themselves very much. There came to my house one day, a very nice looking gentleman, who told me he wanted to engage me to go to a lady's house to comb her for her marriage. I agreed to go in the evening. To my surprise, while I was engaged with the lady, the gentleman who had come for me came into the room and gave orders about the dressing of his sister's hair, and also the bride's. I found he was the groom, and that not only had he given orders about the dressing of her hair, but had ordered her dress altogether; it was a heavy brocaded tan colored silk with a long vail of illusion, with a wreath of choice flowers. There were several children about the house, who made a great deal of noise, crying and yelling. The lady was very uneasy and restless in her movements, and apparently much annoyed, but I could not tell the reason until she was dressed and the guests were beginning to arrive; when I found she feared the children's guardian would interfere with her marriage. As there was no one there to receive the company the groom came up and wished her to go down and receive the company, saying that when the clergyman came she could come up stairs again; put on her vail, go down and be married; but I advised her to do no such thing; to let the guests receive themselves. It certainly was amusing to see the groom introduce his company, clergyman and all,

to the bride. Just as the lady was going down stairs to be married, a servant rushed up and said that her guardian was there. For a moment she appeared quite alarmed to hear of his arrival. She trembled, and the color forsook her cheeks ; but soon recovering herself, she said, "He will not dare say anything to me, and if he does I will pay no attention to him." She went down and when they were pronounced man and wife the groom was perfectly delighted, as all New England men are when they think they have made a good "spec."

The house was very handsome and was beautifully furnished ; it reminded me of the palace of beauty and the beast ; the palace was perfectly elegant, all it wanted was beauty to grace it.

I remember hearing of a wedding which, although it did not take place in Cincinnati, will be recollected by many here. While in Saratoga I was combing a lady who remarked to me, "I have a school acquaintance who is going to be married to a gentleman from the neighborhood of your city. Her mother was at first very much opposed to the marriage but is now somewhat reconciled to it." She mentioned his name. I told her "I had heard of such a gentleman, but did not know him, as he did not visit in the circle that I worked for." She laughed and told me the circumstances.

"He courted the young lady in the Queen City, and determined on following her home and asking her mother for her. The old lady did not like this gentleman, and her daughter being already engaged to a gentleman, though not so wealthy as this one professed to be, decided on opposing the match ; but the young

western gentleman, before he went, bought a thousand dollar carriage and a pair of fine horses and drove up to the house in style. The old lady looked out of her window and seeing the fine carriage, while he was alighting and coming in, changed her mind and said, 'Yes.' I am acquainted with the young gentleman who, it was rumored, the young lady was engaged to; and he and his family were very much grieved at his disappointment. They are to be married in a short time, when her mother is to give up her boarding house and all go to the west to live and dash about in great style. I think some of coming to your Queen City to see the wealthy beaux, and try to get a fortune for myself."

The eastern ladies think there is a great deal of wealth out west and they wish to come and take part. I often laugh at them when they come to Cincinnati, as after dashing around a little they find the people are not so green, nor are wealthy husbands so easily picked up as they think for. I have often seen ladies from New York, who moved in a preety good circle at home, struck with perfect astonishment on entering some of our parlors here. It amused me, during the railroad convention here, to observe some of the ladies who had invitations to the parties of our best families. On their entering the parlors they could not suppress their astonishment at the elegance of the surroundings, but so plainly showed their amazement that both hostess and guests saw it plainly. One lady, in particular, I combed in the Burnet House, and advised her to have an elegant head-dress, as I told her she would see some elegant ladies where she was going. She laughed at me, and said if she was in New York she

would, but did not think it worth while to take so much trouble for a party in Cincinnati.

The next day on my going to comb her she was very much mortified, and told me if she had known the Cincinnati ladies dressed so well, she would have bought the head-dress; however, she said, if there were more handsomely dressed ladies at the party, there was no one there any prettier than herself. I told her she did not see our prettiest ladies, for some of them are in mourning, and the others are out of town.

While I was combing her, two ladies came to visit her, from the west end, that I was not in the habit of combing. One of these ladies who knew me only by reputation, had heard of my former name, but not my marriage name, so after watching me comb the lady, she said, "I like your combing very much; I do not like Iangy, though I have never seen her, they say she is so cross and proud: but I think you and I would get along, will you comb me?" and she gave me her name and number. I readily consented to go, more from curiosity than profit. The first day I went, she talked very hard of Iangy, and after I had combed her, she engaged me for a week. I did not care much to go, as I did not work in that part of the city more than twice a week, but as I said before, I went out of curiosity. During my combing her, she said, "I would like to have Iangy comb me once or twice. Some think she is a good hair-dresser, and others again don't like her, but I am sure she can not comb any better than you can, for I have had my hair combed, north and south, but have never had it put up better than by you; moreover, they say Iangy charges too high a price, I don't know why she

should." "Madam," I replied, "I suppose Iangy has combed so long, that now she is getting old, and has a certain price; those who will give her this price she combs for, and those who will not, she won't comb."

"But that need not make her so cross, or so hateful as they say she is."

"Madam, hair-dressers have a great deal more to contend with than ladies know anything about. All ladies are not alike, any more than working people, they should be more charitable toward Iangy, for she has been with them all her life, and like a child with its nurse, she has imbibed something of their disposition."

"I would like to see Iangy," said the lady, "and as I intend giving a party for children next week, I will send for her to come and take charge of the little ones."

"I don't think she will come," said I, for she will not have herself annoyed by them."

The lady then said she would try the next day, as she had a particular friend whom Iangy had been combing for some time, "and," she continued, "this friend and two or three others, are coming to-morrow to see you comb. I have said so much about your combing, that this lady says she would like to see one who can be compared with Iangy."

I went home feeling a little annoyed that I had deceived the lady two weeks, combing her merely to gratify my curiosity to find out what she had to say about Iangy. On the following morning, I got through my work as soon as possible, and went to my friends in the West End to see those ladies that

langy combed. I got there before they did, and found a neighboring lady there with her. She sat before the glass while I was combing her, and hearing a slight noise at the door, I glanced in the mirror, and saw somebody peeping in, then the door was shut, and I heard their foot steps going down stairs. In a few moments the servant came up and requested her to go down to the parlor, as there was a lady there who wanted to see her.

She excused herself to me and went. After a little, she came up again; she was perfectly colorless, and evidently out of humor. After sitting down and trying to compose herself, she said, "Why, you are langy. What is the reason you deceived me so?" I told her, "Madam, the reason I did so, was because I found you inclined to speak harshly of one you had never seen, but only knew from the report of others."

At this moment two ladies came up stairs that I knew, and after asking me, laughingly, what game I had been playing with their friend, commenced talking about different persons. At last mentioning a certain lady's name, they asked if I combed her, I told them no, I did not, as I combed none but ladies. They then wanted to know what I thought constituted a lady. Laying down my work, I rose to my feet and said, "Ladies, I can not tell you what I think constitutes a lady, and keep my seat. I must get up. I do not think all those are ladies who sit in high places, or those who drive round in fine carriages, but those only are worthy the name who can trace back their generations without stain, honest and respectable, that love and fear God, and treat all creatures as they merit, regardless of nations, stations or wealth. These are what I

say constitute a lady, not those who would move out of one neighborhood into another for the sake of society, crowding into high circles, making themselves the veriest toadies for the sake of society; they merely put themselves out of society trying to get into it, for their old friends will have nothing to do with them, and the new circle they try to get into are disgusted with them. I do not call those ladies who drive around, call on ladies, and invite them to their parties without knowing them. I have frequently been asked who is such-and-such a lady, as I have been invited to a party to her house."

I saw the ladies were getting very uneasy and restless under my sarcastic remarks, and one of them, a lady I had worked for for some years, I thought a great deal of, now said, "Iangy, you are too much excited, you don't know what you are saying." I remarked to her, "Excuse me, madam, I do know what I am saying, and want you all to hear me—you all laid a plan to come here to-day and have some fun, and I am determined you shall have enough of it; if you want fun, I will furnish the material. I will now tell you of some ladies—I will not name them as you know who I mean—who left the neighborhood in which they were residing, and went to another, for the purpose of getting into a higher circle, but they failed, and then left there and then went to still another, and are now in the neighborhood of the highest circle in our city, and I think they will remain there till they exhaust their means, before they get an entree to the higher circle.

"Now you know my principles and my feelings, and know what I call a lady. I do not appreciate

those ladies who employ me simply because other ladies employ me. I like to work for a lady who puts confidence in me, and treats me accordingly as I merit. I have had ladies come to me and give me double price, not because they had any respect for me, but merely to have it to say they had Iangy to dress their heads, who dressed the hair of Mrs. So-and-So.

"There are numbers of ladies you must flatter all the time you are dressing them, by saying they are much handsomer than others; or, if they happen not to be in the higher circle, you must make out as if you thought they were, as their chief talk is their acquaintance with Mrs. So-and-So; but I can not do that, for I can not flatter anybody; I would sooner die than do so. I have known ladies who, having wealth and a reasonable position in society, were so anxious to get into a circle they considered a little higher than that they occupied, they would crouch and bend, wire in and out, to get in, and often would go to people they had no acquaintance or business with, and tell them something they had heard, for the purpose of speaking to them.

"Affairs in our Queen City are not managed as they used to be; for I remember the time when a lady would never for a moment think of speaking disparagingly of another in any way; but now the ladies have got a habit of talking about others to make themselves grand; they pick to pieces and talk about every lady they know; some will talk to their hair-dresser, and some to their milliner or dressmaker, about Mrs. or Miss This-or-That, and pick her to pieces. There can not the slightest thing occur among a certain set, either in their own family or among others, but who-

ever works for them must know—more particularly their hair-dresser; but there is a certain set above all such things, and I am happy to say I work for those in that set; and there are no tell-tales or slanderers there—no talk of what is said or done here or there; each one has something agreeable or pleasant to say. Now, ladies, I think I have said enough to let you know my opinion, and as I have other engagements to fulfill, I will bid you good morning," and I left.

One Sunday, as I was returning from church to my own home, a gentleman passed by in a carriage. I did not see him; but the next day, on going to my work, I met him; he stopped me and said, "Iangy, you dress too fine." I did not know what he meant, till he continued, "Your patrons will treat you as mine did me. One gentleman I had been in the habit of furnishing goods to, came to me and told me I lived in a finer house, dressed better, and drove a finer carriage than he did, and he was going to take his custom from me and give it to some person that was not so well off. I told him he might, and be blessed. So, Iangy, if you are not careful, your patrons will treat you in the same way."

I told him I worked for my patrons for their money, and when I earned and got it, I did not ask them how I should spend it, or anything else connected with it, what I should eat, drink or wear, or how I should dispose of my money. It remains a mystery to me, to this day, why he spoke to me in that manner; for he is a gentleman I can not accuse of being either envious or covetous.

Among the many strange occurrences of that time, I will tell one of a young gentleman of our city, who

was boarding at one of the fashionable hotels. The ladies who were boarding at the same hotel, thinking he had plenty of money, were continually insisting on his giving them a party. After some time, he consented, when the invitations were issued, not only to those ladies who were at the hotel, but to many in the city and some from Newport. He then told the ladies his arrangements were made for a certain day. Music and supper were ordered. He went to the head waiter and arranged with him to have all the servants that waited on the table, put on white aprons, standing-collars, and the little fashionable cravat; also, that every dish on the table should be covered, and to have the covers all as bright as silver.

The evening came on. The ladies and gentlemen were seated in the parlor, waiting for the supposed Menter's Band, when in walked a tall, thin, colored man, with a fiddle, and commenced playing: the only tunes he could give them the whole evening were, "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Campbell's are Coming." The guests were very much disappointed, but in anticipation of a good supper they said nothing. After a merry dance, they were invited down to the supper-room, where they were all delighted with the appearance of things. A long table was set out; the waiters, with their white aprons and fashionable cravats, looked very neat, and the covers of the dishes glittered like burnished silver. After they were all seated in order, the covers were removed with as much ceremony as if the dishes contained all the luxuries and delicacies that could be procured: when, lo! there was nothing in them but crackers and cheese!

The gentleman arose and said: "Ladies and gen-

tlemen, I know you did not come here to get a good supper—all you wished was to see me, to meet each other and enjoy yourselves." The guests did not know whether to get angry or to laugh it off. The proprietor of the hotel was quite provoked, as he had several daughters, and many of the guests were their intimate associates; so he concluded to make amends for their disappointment, and a few nights after, he gave them a fine party.

The ladies were still determined to make this young gentleman spend some of his money: so they commenced to tease him for a carriage ride. He agreed to do so, and went to one of our livery stables and ordered the oldest carriage they had; he wanted it strong, but did not care for looks. He secured the carriage, and drove up to the door. When the ladies came down they looked at the carriage, and hesitated, but, not wishing to offend him, they thought it best to get in. He had told the coachman to drive through the principal streets in the city, which he did; and their acquaintances who saw them riding in that queer-looking old vehicle, could not help laughing, which greatly mortified the young ladies, who concluded they could not make anything out of the gentleman, and gave it up in despair.

I will turn from these incidents to give you some of a more serious character. A slave, who had escaped from bondage, went to Canada, where, in a few years, he acquired some means. Being pretty comfortably situated, he was anxious to have his wife and children with him, and he engaged a white man to go for them. The latter found them, and, with his assistance, they succeeded in making their escape, and had

proceeded some distance on their way to Canada, when they stopped for the night at the house of a preacher of the gospel. They were, seemingly, well received by him, and the next morning they went on their way. I have heard it asserted that this man betrayed them. Whether this be true or not, on their leaving his house in the morning they were so closely pursued by their owner, that the man had to fly to the woods, leaving the woman and children in the buggy. The master took possession of the woman and children, got in the buggy and speedily drove to the Ohio river, where he could easily cross over to Kentucky. While crossing, the woman, preferring death rather than slavery, jumped overboard into the river; it was with very great difficulty they rescued her from a watery grave.

After traveling a short time they reached Louisville, where he placed her in the jail, stripped her of every piece of her clothing, and whipped her till the blood ran from her neck to her heels. This he did more than once, in a jail where there were men, women and children, till at length a trader, who had numerous slaves in this jail, waiting for a boat to take them to New Orlrans, put a stop to it. He had so much conscience left him he could not stand and see a woman whipped before so many men. Her master removed her from the jail to the work-house; the people belonging to the work-house thought she was a white woman, till he told them she was a slave. When they found out what she was, and saw the stripes on her back, they threatened if he came there to whip her, they would make a complaint to the civil authorities.

Many persons wished to buy her but he would not

sell her lest she should fall into good hands, and it might be see her children again. He sent her down to Louisiana and had her put in the fields, where she would never see her children or hear from them again.

After she had been there some six months she gave birth to a child, and in three weeks after her mistress also gave birth to a child and died. She was then taken in the house to nurse her master's child. Finding her quite superior to what she was represented to be, and the child being devoted to her, he concluded to take her and his child to New York. When he arrived there he emancipated her and her child, and then gave her her choice to go to Canada or return with him. She preferred going back, hoping to see her children in passing through Louisville. She did get to see them, and then went back to Louisiana and staid with her master for some years till his child was old enough to go to school, when he took his child, this woman and her child and brought them himself to Canada. He gave her up to her husband, and kept his child at school in Toronto, so as to be near her that she could see to his welfare. "Did this man who treated her so cruelly have children?" "Yes, he had a numerous family, both sons and daughters, and I forbear calling his name at present on account of them."

There are few people can imagine the difference in society, in dress, in manner, appearance, and in fact everything in our Queen City in ten years. In 1850, there was a ball at the opening of the Burnet House. All our best citizens, church members, and our upper classes attended. There were two full bands of music and such a supper, I suppose, was never in a hotel,

since all the old pioneers were there from all the surrounding cities and villages; Kentucky was well represented. Though the grandest affair that had been in Cincinnati, there was no dress there that exceeded in cost five hundred dollars, with the exception of Mrs. C., who wore diamonds valued at ten thousand dollars.

Since that time there has been a gradual increase of elegance until the opening ball of the Opera House, where there were more elegant dresses than had ever before been seen in Cincinnati. For the ball at the opening of the Opera House, like that at the Burnet House, I commenced dressing at seven in the morning and dressed till half past eleven at night. In that time I dressed twenty-seven ladies, and refused thirty-eight, not being able to attend them. I will now give you a description of a few of the dresses of those ladies who passed under my hands. One wore a gold colored silk, of unusual briliance, the skirt was plain and exceedingly full, with a train of half a yard, but sufficiently short in front to expose an exquisitely formed foot, encased in a silk gaiter, the precise shade of the dress; white point lace with buff crape pleatings formed the trimming for the drooping angel sleeves which were gracefully confined at the shoulder by a silk cord and tassel, displaying an elegant point lace undersleeve corresponding with the trimming of the neck, which was a la Pompadour, and long tassels which drooped gracefully upon the skirt from the waist and confined with white and scarlet ostrich feathers; the hair was arranged with ostrich feathers to match those of the *bouquet de corsage*, and corresponded with the statuesque appearance of the lady, which any queen might envy. Her opera cloak, which was oc-

casionally worn on her arm, was composed of white cashmere and trimmed with red ermine. Another dress that attracted unusual attention, was a lavender silk double skirt, richly brocaded with silver snow drops, drooping in clusters upon each breadth of the upper skirt, (the under skirt being entirely plain,) the waist was high to the throat, with point d' Alencon lace collar, and sleeves trimmed with pink ribbon, enveloped in white tulle; pink ostrich feathers ornamented the hair; diamonds of rare brilliance were added to complete the toilet. Another lady wore a magnificent garnet velvet, made high in the throat, with tight sleeves to the wrist; white drooping feathers in her hair and diamonds in such profusion that they were estimated to have cost nearly twenty thousand dollars. Many other dresses I observed as magnificent as those I have described, but it is useless to enumerate them; almost all of the ladies had opera cloaks to match their dresses. A week or two after the great ball it was announced that the opera would commence, and then came another rush as great as for the ball, and I was as much occupied and amused combing for the one as for the other.

Notwithstanding a great many church members went to the ball, and could sit in the boxes till supper, then return to them again, they would not go to the opera, as there was a great green curtain to hoist up and down, which seemed to frighten many of them. This fear was not with all our first ladies, for large numbers of them did not go to either ball or opera on account of sickness or death in their families. I combed a great many ladies every day for two weeks, who did not profess to be in our first class circle, but

I certainly found them possessing all the beauty and elegance any circle might require.

I went one day to comb a young lady in the house of her aunt. The aunt was terribly opposed to the opera and opera house and spoke very hard of the ball, but the young lady's father approved of the opera and ball too and took her to both. While I was combing the young lady the aunt came into the room, in a perfect rage with her cook, and said she would discharge her and prevent her getting another place, as she would not give her a recommendation. The young lady said: "Aunt you should give her a recommendation, for she is an elegant cook." She said she would not do it if she was to starve.

When the aunt left the room I asked the young lady if she did not think it much worse in her aunt to treat that poor woman, who has to work for a living, in that manner than to go to the opera. She replied, "Aunt has a very high temper, and when she is angry she says a great deal more than she means; she is very different from Papa—he looks very stern, but is very gentle, and thinks a long time before he speaks."

Then I told her I would rather work for ladies who will speak out what they have to say than for those mild, gentle ladies who can scarcely speak while in company. I had met many such ladies in my lifetime, one in particular, in this city, who, just by accident, drives her carriage through the lower parts of the city where lovers often walk, and occasionally she sees horses and buggies hitched where they should not be. These things come out and many people are injured by such reports and no trace can be followed up of where they originated.

While we were talking, her aunt came in and asked me to comb her the next night, for the concert. I told her I hoped she would excuse me, but I had made a vow I would not comb any one for the concert who was too sanctimonious to go to the opera; that I would be pleased to comb her at any other time, but she must excuse me now. She wished to know if I positively refused to comb her; and when I told her I did, she said if I did not comb her, I should not comb her niece. I told her there were plenty of other hair-dressers, but she was so provoked, she went off and bought her a splendid bonnet to wear to the concert.

On my leaving, I told the young lady I was not coming back, so she said, if I did not go to her, she would come to me, so it would be all the same. On my reaching home, I found various orders for the next day for the concert. On going to the places, I would always ask if they were going to the opera; if they said no, I just walked out.

There were four ladies in one house where I called, two of them were very much in favor of the opera, while the others were opposed to it; before laying off my things, I asked the usual question, and the two replied they had been to the ball, and intended going to the opera, but had not yet been there. I said I would comb them. The others asked me, "and why will you not comb us." I told them I was actually afraid to comb any one that was so good that the sight of a green curtain frightened them, for such good people were unusual." They then wished to know what was my object in taking such a stand, whether I was over religious, or had no respect for christianity at all. My reply was, "I have respect for religion, and

for all denominations, and I try to do right to all creatures as far as I can. I have not forgotten when Camille was first played in this city, how some ladies blushed even at calling the name of Camille in their own parlors, and others said they would not go to the theater while Camille was played, and at the same time disguised themselves and went to see the plays.—Which did the greater evil, those who went openly and above board, or those who went in disguise? I leave that with you to judge. There were several ladies boarding at the Burnet House, who vowed and declared they would not go to see Camille, and by their remarks gave great offense to other ladies. Yet one of those very ladies was so anxious to see the play, she actually went to the theater disguised. Some of those self same ladies who would not go to see Camille, now go to the opera to see the play of Traviata; they ease their conscience by saying the music is so elegant. If it was such a sin to look on Camille, I do not think the music sufficient atonement.

I remember one evening in 1857 walking behind several gentlemen. The topic of conversation was the Opera House, some thought it would not be built; it would cost too much money; others seemed to think Cincinnati could not sustain such a place; some laughed at the very idea of it. There were five of them, and but one of the number was in favor of the house. The other four seemed to be very bitter in their remarks. It is really laughable to think I have combed the wife of one of the gentlemen who were so bitter against the opera, four nights out of the six, during the time the first troupe was in Cincinnati.

The building of the Opera House, gave employment

to a great many men for a length of time, and when finished, every kind of makers had employment; dress makers, cap makers and cloak makers, and the dry goods merchant realized his profits in the increased demands for silks, satins, velvets, feathers, and flowers, and rich laces of every kind and texture.

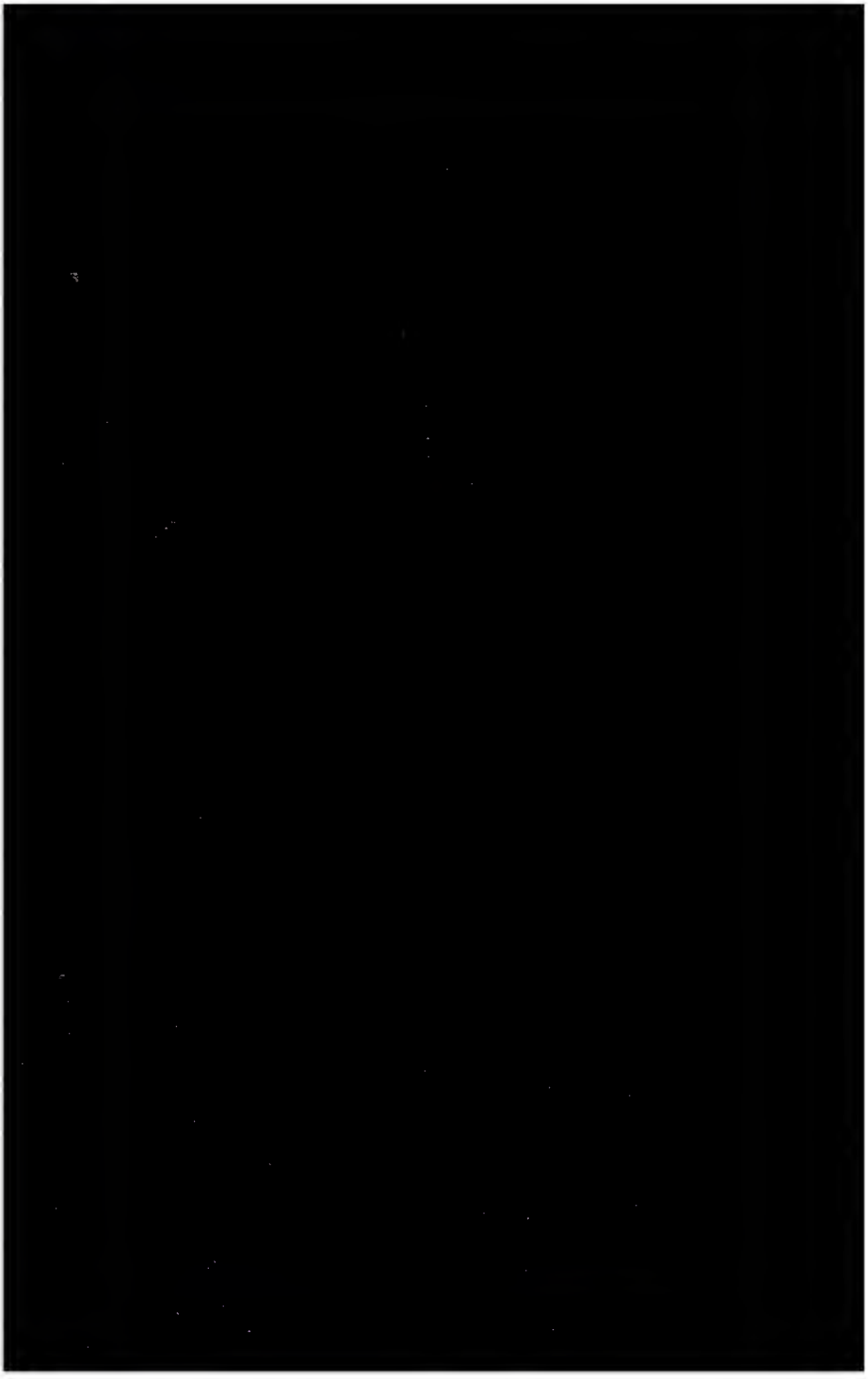
I have combed many ladies for the opera who are christians, not only in profession, but in reality, and are as good ladies as ever belonged to any church. They did not think it any sin to go to the opera, or they would not have gone. These take conscience for their guide, they don't move with the mass for excitement; they go to please the eye and gratify the sense, and their conscience does not condemn them. Ladies, when in New Orleans, attend the opera, but while here, they condemn it. But, indeed, I don't wonder at their wishing to go in New Orleans, as it is a most beautiful sight to see the ladies at the opera there, to say nothing of the most enchanting music. The young ladies all dress in white, while the married ladies go in full ball costume. All have the most beautiful boquets. In the New Orleans opera house from the parquette to the highest tier, which is appointed to slaves, every one has a boquet, and the whole house is filled with the odor of flowers. There are boxes appointed to the beautiful quadroons, which New Orleans is famous for, and they are considered among the most beautiful women in the world.

In New Orleans all go to the opera, and to concerts to hear the music, and pay so much respect to both performers and audience, as to keep still and lady-like, during the performance.

Every city has its own mode of putting down those

they think are getting along too fast. I will give you an instance. One morning I was going very early to comb a lady for her marriage, who was going off on the early train, and on passing along the street I saw hanging on the knob of a lady's door, an old dress, with needles, thimble, spools of cotton, scissors and everything belonging to a dress-maker. I made inquiry a few days after and heard it was done by a neighbor, who thought the lady had forgotten her mother's occupation, so that she might be reminded from what she had sprung. Then again there will be left at doors old shoes, old hats, cloaks, nails, pieces of iron and everything to remind those who are getting high in the world from what they sprung. In New Orleans I have known ladies go to mask balls and, under cover of their dominoes, say very disagreeable things, then fly home, change their dress and come back, leaving those they said the disagreeable things to, very unhappy. In some cities they write anonymous letters, saying in them all kinds of bitter things. I was stopping with a lady once in Louisville, who got one of these anonymous letters, and it caused her great uneasiness, but I am sure the writer felt more uneasiness for doing such a mean action than the lady who received it. I have seen many actions and deeds of this kind done by those who are in high life.

The opera continued a whole month every night, except Sunday. I am sure there must have been satisfaction given to all. The musical portion were satisfied with the music; others who did not care for the music went to show off their own elegance and see the elegance of others, and some went to see who went

with Mrs. So and-so, and to observe things generally, so all were satisfied.

I was amused to hear ladies say, "I am not going to-night, but am going to-morrow night, when there will be a crowd," as if they went to see the crowd and not to hear the music. Those who did not care for the music were the very ones who wanted some of the scenes cut off. One day I was combing some ladies and heard them rail at the dancing in one of the scenes of Robert Le Diable. These same ladies I have frequently dressed to go with their whole families to see the Ravels. I said, "Ladies, have you not gone yourselves and taken your whole families to see the Ravels?" They said, "Yes, but the Ravels were the Ravels, but we do not want dancing in the opera, that piece must come out, see if we don't have that part cut off." I laughed, and said to them, "I have never before heard of any one having an opera altered to suit themselves, but I will tell you one thing you can do, and ought to do, and that is, prevent little misses and masters from examining the different plots. I myself, the other day, saw some little ladies and gentlemen very busy in examining the plot of Don Juan, and I do think that is a little too far to go. I don't object to little people seeing the play and hearing the music, but I do think they should be prevented from examining such plots; that is, in my opinion, much worse than the dancing, and I do think in place of trying to raise a fuss, those who attend the opera should be perfectly satisfied with having such an elegant house as an ornament to our city and should give all praise to him through whose energy it was erected."